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WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM
WYCHERLEY

Edited by

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

THE THIRD VOLUME, *containing the*
first portion of MISCELLANY POEMS

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MISCELLANY
POEMS:

AS

SATYRS, EPISTLES,
LOVE-VERSES, SONGS,
SONNETS

&c.

BY

W. WYCHERLEY, *Esq*;

—— *Et precor integrâ
Cum mente, nec turpem Senectam
Degere, nec Cithara carentem.*

Hor. lib. 1. Ode 31.

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THE P R E F A C E

TO MY

CRITICKS ante manum,

Who were my *Criticks*, before they
were my *Readers*.

TO you (I say) you Anti-Wits, I direct my Discourse; who, like Gamesters *ante manum*, venture your little Stocks of Wit, or Credit, in *Parnassus*, but to deprive others of theirs, tho' you have no other sort of Wit, but what you first borrow or purloin, from the Bold Pushers for Fame, the Scriblers, your Adventurous Benefactors; whom you, like Rooks at Play, (when you have gotten all you can by 'em) attack, and push with their own Coin, and Stores of Sense; so, like the other Rooks, live on the Destruction of your best Friends, and Mantainers of your Credit: Thus, you Judges of Wit, as Judges of the Law, support the Reputation, and Justice of your Judgment and Equity, by the Severity of your Humour, rather than the Justice of your Sense; by your Partiality to your own Judgment, rather than your Justice to that of Others; by your condemning your own Faults in other Men; so, by your own Weakness or Frailties, become Censurers and Judges of theirs: Thus you, the Damn'd Authors, or Criticks above, like the Damn'd below, are the greatest Persecutors of your Guilty Brethren, the Scribling Wits; for generally they are the most Faulty, Damn'd Scriblers, who are the severest Judges of other Mens Faults or Offences; so Thieves in Poetry, as other Thieves, have their most guilty, faulty Brethren, to be their Accusers, and Informers of their Crimes, nay, Persecutors and Execu-

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tioners of them, who save themselves from Condemnation by bearing Witness against 'em; Thus you, Damn'd, Damning Wits! call'd Criticks, damn others to justify your selves, which is the Reason you have condemn'd me before-hand; and, like the Midnight Judicature, (or the *Posse* of the Street) down with a Man first, and examine him afterwards; who live, O you Mobb of *Parnassus*! upon Gutting a Book, as the others upon Gutting a House (if a Writer or Author may be said to have Guts in his Brains); so you have condemn'd me before you have read me, or heard me; but for your being conscious (like other Mobbs) of your own Want of Brains, will not allow of any Sound ones, in any other Head whatever; Wherefore, Damn'd, Damning Readers! Criticks! or Anti-Wits! I (well-knowing from Experience, the Severity of your Malice) will anticipate it by my own Self-Condemnation; and, since Detraction is your Pleasure, I will deprive you of it, by owning more Faults, or Follies than you can lay to my charge: First then, (that you may not say it) I will say, and own, That he who is too much a Poet, or Author, is too little a Wit; that there is no greater Sign of a Little Wit, than a Great Book, and a Man may Rhime, till he has no Reason for it; wherefore, (as malicious as you are) I hope, you think not so ill of my little Wit, or Judgment, as to judge them capable of falling into the Damn'd Scribler's last Folly, that of Vindicating my Book, or Writing, or that of endeavouring your Conversion, (O Inflexible Criticks!) from your wonted Malice to Writers; especially, since the Scribler's Vindication of his own Censur'd, Self-conceited Performances, gains even a tolerable, modest Man, of Sense or Wit, the Attribute of the most harden'd, impudent Fool, and is rather a new Provocation to the Critick's Censure of his True Sense, than a Justification of it, or an Excuse for the Want of it; since Glory here, as hereafter, is obtain'd and preserv'd by the Self-denying Man, and Self-accuser, as lost by the Presumptuous Pretender to Immortality; So, there cou'd be no greater Folly, in a Book, than its own Vindication of itself, especially of a Great Book, whose Outside condemns its Inside before 'tis open'd; for, Great and Vast Bodies, or Volumes of Books, like Great and Vast Bodies of Men, have their Outside-Bulks to discredit their Insides; since Greatness of Body or Proportion, is every where judg'd a Mark of Littleness of Wit or Sense, as a Great House is often thought and found emptiest, and worst furnish'd, or a Great Garden worst cultivated; thus 'tis with Books, as Women, when a large or disproportion'd Bulk is seen, 'tis odds, but Crookedness, or some inward, hidden Defects, are the Cause of it; so, the Sense of a Book, stuff'd out to an unusual Magnitude, will be Censur'd to be Bombast, for or by some hidden Insufficiency of Nature within; for 'tis with Books, as with Women, who are generally bigger, with False Conceptions than True Ones; and which, likewise give their Teeming Producers into the World, more Labour and Pain, as they are less True, and Live the least while, as

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they are most Monstrous in Size; so Shining, or Sparkling Wit, in too great a Proportion, or Volume of a Book, like the True Jewel's Greatness of Size or Proportion, often begets the World's Censure, of its Littleness in Value, nay, of its being True or Right; for True Wit, like a True Diamond, best appears, as it is least drown'd, by its setting off.

But, let the Book be what it will, the Author's Justifications or Encomiums of it, like the Prating Trader's Commendations of his own Wares, (which he wou'd recommend to the World) rather give Customers Suspicion of their real Value, than are Invitations to the taking them off of their Hands; But of all sorts of Traders, for Fame, as those for Money, the Poet is least allow'd to commend his own Works, or Wares, which other Translators or Botchers, (Thieves, like the Poets) have Privilege to do: In short then, there is nothing more ridiculous in any Man (who deals with the Publick) than to talk of his own Performances, or of Himself, much more to Write of Himself, since the Testimony of a Man's self, for himself, is never taken by others, but to be against himself; for Self-Justification is our Cause's, Reason's, or Wit's Condemnation; and the more a Man Talks, or Writes of Himself, or endeavours to prove his Wit or Judgment more True, he demonstrates them, the more False or Impertinent; and instead of Vindicating his Good Sense, or Fame, he but more Exposés his Folly and Vanity, more to his Guilt, or Shame; especially, since, O Readers! as you are such, you are Curious, and 'tis your Desire of being inform'd of something you know not, makes you Readers, for you seldom see a New Book, but you straight are Inquisitive after the Author, and perhaps wondering he became so Voluminous, if he design'd to pass with you, O Criticks! for a Wit; which is indeed, no great Sign of one, or Reason for your thinking him one, since you generally suspect the Goodness of his Ware, of which the Publisher is so Lavish; but Poets, as they are Singers, like other Musical Fops or Fiddlers, force (uninvited) their Songs upon Men, and never care how much they give you for your Money, by which, the Poet, as he wou'd demonstrate his Wit more, proves his Judgment less: But you must know, Poets as Soldiers, (who are both Vain Fame-Seekers, rather than Fortune-Seekers) are generally made Wits and Heroes by their Misfortunes, and the Poet, as the Soldier, most often lays about him, rather from the Uneasiness of his Condition or Life, than altogether for Vengeance or Fame; which makes neither of them give over their Trades, when once they have undertaken them, (tho' they starve by 'em); and one good Reason for their Perseverance, is, because when once Men have been Adventurers for Fame, in Poetry or Arms, they scarce ever after are fit for any Civil, Thriving, or Useful Employment whatever, but live in Peace, as War, upon Thieving from others both their Sense, Money and Fame; so, because Fear'd, are never Belov'd, because Vain Seekers of Fame, are the more Despis'd by the rest of Man-

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kind, as they more Over-value themselves; whence, 'tis Fortune has always Frown'd upon 'em, and the World Laugh'd at 'em; tho' by the Labours and Arts of these Adventurous Fame-Seekers, both the Safety and Honour of Nations, and their Rulers, have been Preserv'd and Maintain'd; whilst one's Business is to make Men Mortal, as the other's Immortal, (as they call it) in spite of Detractors, Satyrs or Criticks; Judges of Poetry and Wit, who live, like the Judges of the Laws, upon the Fools and Knaves, the Authors and Thieves of Wit, as Robbers of Men's Fame, whom they bring to Shame and Judgment for Faults they are all alike Guilty of, till by their falling out, right Owners reassume what does to them belong; and the first Impeacher frees himself from Shame by his Accusation of his Brother-Thief, who will confess himself Guilty of Frailties, not to be Suspected of Crimes; so Criticks, like Hypocrites, will own some small Imperfections, to have a Pretence to the Virtue, Honesty, and Sincerity of Self-Accusers; to prove their Wits good, will own their bad Memories; to magnifie their Fancies, will lessen their Judgments; to commend their Judgments, will own their Flegm, or Slowness of Thought, and call that their Mature Consideration, which was their Crude Stupidity; So the Vain Wits, like all Conceited Talkers of themselves, divulge their Petty Faults, not to be thought to conceal greater: Therefore, O Damn'd, Damning Reader! or Critick! if thou wou't but confess, thou art a Malicious, Envious, Captious Coxcomb, I will confess my self a Vain One; if thou wou't but own thy Want of Wit to Write, I will my Want of Judgment for Writing too much; if thou wou't own thy Judgment to be False to prove it True, I will own my Sense to be Wrong, to think that thine cou'd do it Right; or cou'd expect that thou (who dost gain thy Reputation by taking it from other Men) shou'dst give me any from thy Selfish-self; but, if thou wou'dst once show thy Ingenuity, and own thou dost but aim at Praise, or Fame, by thy Detraction from Others, I will own my Flattery of thy Judgment is but *Irony*; if thou wou't own, thou hast more Satisfaction in being displeas'd with other Men's Writings, than pleas'd, I will own my Vanity and Folly, in endeavouring to please you and yours, with my Little Sense; which yet it should do more, as it proves yours more, since the Deficiency of mine is the Justification of yours, which gives you your greatest Satisfaction, Contempt for others, to the magnifying your self: Then, if you shou'd say, (in Proof of your Judgment) you wonder I come to Write so ill; in return, I shall wonder you come to Judge so well: If in thy Opinion, what I Write cannot well entertain the Ill-natur'd World with much True Wit of my own, I shall at least, with thy Censure, or Satyr, upon what I have written, which must please the Brutish, Captious World more, since it always lov'd False, Dull Scandal, more than True Sense or Wit: Thus, an Ill Poet obliges the Ill-natur'd World better than a Good One, since

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the Carping Readers, who are made Good Criticks by Bad Authors, wou'd take it ill of a Good Author to be well Pleas'd; Then, if an Ill Poet cannot be Witty on others, he can make (at least) others so on him, which is the same thing for the Entertainment of the Ill-natur'd World; nay, rather a better Thing for them, whose Pleasure, as Honour, is their finding Fault with others; nay, have the most Honour and Satisfaction, as they can find most Fault with Men of most Wit: Then an Author's Vindication of his Sense, is his Critick's Provocation, to their Arraigning and Condemning both him and it more; So he, who Vindicates his own Writings, does not only forbid others doing it, but provokes their Calumny and Censure, nay, deserves them; as he, who laughs at his own Jest, prevents others from doing it, nay, gains Contempt instead of Applause; So that Vanity loses its End, Reputation, or Fame, by seeking them; and a Sturdy Beggar of Fame, forfeits that which otherways wou'd be his Due, if it were not his Claim, since Modesty is the best Proof and Aid of True Wit, as Humility is the best Sign of True Merit, as the best Pretence to Popularity, Honour, and Publick Fame: But why shou'd Modest, Rare, and Friendless Wit, expect Friends in the World, where Fools are the greatest Party? And the Proud, Politick, or Great, are most shie of Wit, since it is commonly too Familiar with its Betters, and is the greatest Spy in, and upon Courts, where Proud, Guilty Men, wou'd least be known what most of 'em (in truth) are; where they, whose Crimes are their State-Secrets, hate Wits, because they are Discoverers; where the Proud and Ambitious think, they never have enough of Wealth or Honour; but no Man, at least, ever doubts that he has not enough of Wit: The Merry Fool, Droll, or Buffoon, thinks he has it, because he supposes Men laugh at his no Jest, when it is at him, who is one; so he has (at least) the Wit not to take the Contempt of others to himself, which wou'd spoil his Good Humour, that depends but on his Self-conceitedness, which is the real Happiness of Mankind; for Man is not Happier as others think better of him, but as he does so of himself, for his Folly, Vanity, and Want of Knowledge of himself; so is the better Wit, as he less Understands himself, the Reason why he thinks better of himself; whilst t'other Nice, Captious Wit, is still but less pleas'd with himself, as his Wit is more; who, for being more hard to be Pleas'd, Displeases and Diseases himself, to Please and Humour others more, who are most satisfy'd in being least Pleas'd with others, and laugh at them, for the Pains they take, to Please them against their Wills; tho' the Scribler's Vanity makes him think, they laugh not in Contempt, but rather to the Applause of him, for what he Says, Writes, or does; so turns his False Wit, or Sense, to True Prudence, by his Vanity: But, True Wit, in the Wife of the World, is as hard to be found as True Faith, from the Multiplicity and Variety of its Professors, which every Man has a different Notion of, according to his

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Education, or particular Humour, Fancy, Inclination, or Complexion: The Melancholy Man, thinks Reserv'dness, or Silence, Wit, or (at least) Judgment; the Jocial or Converfable Man, thinks much Prating Noise, and Laughter to be Wit; the Confident, Open Courtier, thinks Lying Invention, and much Babling much Wit; the Cautious, Close Politician, thinks his Silence the Proof of his Sense; the Airy Court-Wit, believes his Wit is shown best, by the Quickness of his Apprehension or Reply, which proves but the Immaturity of his Judgment; the Heavy, or Dull Talker, judges his Wit or Sense, to lie in his Slowness of Thought or Speech, which others think Stupidity, but he calls Deliberation and Judgment: In fine, Wit in the City is Craft, where they call Couf'ning, Cheating, or Betraying a Man, Out-witting him; amongst Lawyers, Wit is Having the Last Word in any Dispute, Right or Wrong; so with them, 'tis Impudence and Lying, which are the Supports of their Reputation; amongst Little Courtiers, 'tis call'd Address, which is Fraud and Flattery; amongst Men of Honour, and the Great, 'tis Policy, which is Treachery, and Villany, amongst the Poor, and Little Men; Old Men think Sense, or Knowledge, the Effects of Years and Experience, the Young believe it to be Novelty of Thought, and to proceed rather from sprightly forward Nature than tardy Deliberation, tedious Art, Observation or Experience; from Levity of Fancy, rather than Weight of Judgment; from its own Conceitedness, rather than the Opinion of others; not what Wise Men thought, or said before, but that which was never thought or said by any before; so that Wit in the flashy, fantastical Young Man, is Fancy, which is no more True Wit, than the Old Man's Cunning or Craft, True Judgment or Prudence; Fear is often call'd Wit, by the name of Caution; Boldness, or Impudence, is often term'd Wit by the Name of Assurance; sometimes Wit is thought Wit, because it scorns Imitation; another time 'tis Wit, because it is nothing else but Imitation, that is, Mimickry, and makes a Man to Play the Fool to be thought a Wit, (which is no more than all sorts of Wits do); tho' a Droll (in truth) is no more a Wit than a Jack-pudding is an Actor, who, like the Fool, Plays upon the Low Rope, (for the Diversion of the People) but to set off him who Plays his more Dangerous Part on the High One; some are Wits, not from their Good Sense, but Ill Nature, who call themselves Criticks, or Satyrs, but indeed are no otherways Satyrs, than half Men, half Brutes; but, because they have the Vanity of Men, and the Brutality of Beasts, wou'd Please some by Offending all Mankind; such is the Inhumane Critick, who thinks he makes his Fame Immortal, by Murthering in Cold Blood that of others; by which, he less shows his Spirit, or Vigour of Mind, than his Conscious Fear of the Bold, Satyrical Writer; which makes him first fall Foul upon him, out of his Apprehension of t'other's falling first on Him, and his Fame, as the Conscious Strumpet cries *Whore* first: In short, The Wits

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or Geniuses of Men, differ as much as their Faces, or Opinions; some Wits are Great Talkers and no Thinkers, as others are Thinkers and no Reasoners; some, for too much Thought, are less Intelligible; others, from too much Talk, or Scribbling, are less Conversable, or less Read, or Heard, as more Voluminous in Writing, or Discourse; some are more Tedious for their Unintelligible Brevity, or Quickness of Speech; others less Comprehensive, for their Multiplicity of Words, and Deliberation in Thought, or Speech; some Talk so little, that their Meaning can but be known by their Gaping; others Talk so much, that their Meaning seems less, or none, by their Gaping; so are but less Intelligible for their much Speaking, and perhaps are cry'd up by the Ignorant, not for their Understanding much, but for being little Understood; others, by their Want of Speech, prove their Judgment, and make their Silence, or Little Talk, their best and greatest Arguments, of their good and much Sense; for many Men, from their Silence and Modesty, are esteem'd Wits, more for concealing the Defects of their Understandings, and their Blind Sides, by their Silence, than by endeavouring to demonstrate their Sense more, by their Talking too much; for Conceited Fools, or Half-Wits, by much Talking, give Proof of their Little Sense, or Want of it, which (perhaps) might remain in Doubt, (at least, with those who are not their Acquaintance) by their Silence; So most Men Talk, or Write away their Sense, Judgment, and Reputations, by endeavouring to prove and maintain them more; since Good Sense, or Judgment, (they who have them, know) are as seldom found by, or with an abundance of Scribbling, superfluous Babbling, or plenty of Words, as true Generosity with plenty of Wealth, or much Courage, and Honour, with much Boasting, or Pride; and Men's Tongues, or Pens, (as Swords) drawn too often in Publick, in Defence of their Understandings, or Fame, most expose 'em to Censure and Disgrace, nay, cause them to be Worst'd by that which they design'd their Reputation's, or their Understanding's Defence; for some Men have been thought Wits, till they us'd their Tongues, or Pens, in Defence of their Wit, as Bullies have been thought Stout, till provok'd to use their Tongues more than their Swords, in Defence and Proof of their Honour; so that they, who are most Capable, tho' most Slow or Negligent, to break a Jest, like those who are most Slow to Anger, or to Break a Head, seldom Talk much, or Reply to much Talking, till they are forc'd by Strength of Argument, as t'other by Strength of Arm, to knock their Opposer, or Aggressor, down, to Stun or Silence him: Fluency of Words, like that of Waters, makes often Current Sense, flow the faster on, to its Diminution, or End, to the Discovery of its Shallowness by its Precipitation, and loses its self in an Ocean of Words, as the River in the Ocean of Waters; so, from Gliding, Smooth Eloquence, becomes boisterous, turgid, superfluous Tautology of Sense, as well as Words; Water flows, but Honey

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drops; and the most Spiritous Wine, is not that which is press'd by Weight, or Force, but voluntarily drops; The Words of True Wits are Slow, because they stay to drag Weighty Judgment along with 'em, well knowing, if their Wit loses its Guide, (their Reason) it may lose its Way, and End; The Brain's Costiveness, in Conversation, is like the Body's, but flows, and proves more its Heat, and Strength of Nature, when a Flux of Words, like the Body's Flux, demonstrates but the Weakness of the Parts they come from; The Tardy, or Slow, to bring forth, are not Barren, but stay for Perfect Productions, whilst the Hasty, or Precipitated, are often Abortive, Imperfect, or Monstrous; the Brains, slow to bring Forth, are not Barren, no more than Heavy Soil's Unfruitful, but, for being a little too Hard-bound, or Close, are at first uneasily improv'd to Fruitfulness; but when once, by Industry, they are made Productive, bring Forth Powerfully and Plentifully, and preserve themselves longer from being Worn-out; whilst the Light Brains, like the Light Sandy Soils, for receiving Impressions soonest, soonest lose 'em; and as they are easiest prepar'd, or fitted for Production, bring forth little to last long, and hardly any thing, without Help or Foreign Assistance, to their Improvement; so are soon Reduc'd, or Worn-out, to Barrenness; But of all sorts of Wit, that which Men call Craft, or Cunning, is generally found amongst the Weakest Animals of Men, as well as in the Weakest and most Inconsiderable of other Animals, which are yet held the most Mischievous, Contemptible, and Ridiculous; as appears by Stotes, Pole-Cats, Foxes, and Monkeys; whilst Lions and Elephants, who have most Courage, Sagacity, or Conduct, are heaviest in Motion; but the quickest and nimblest of Understanding, and surest in Thought or Action, as slowest and most circumspect; who, tho' they have more Power, to be more Head strong, are more Flexible or Docil; and as all the most Thoughtless, Stupid, Brutal Animals, seem by Nature, design'd more for Preying on their Fellow-Creatures, than the Sagacious or Tractable; so are the Heavy, Laborious, Thick-Skull'd Brutes of Men, (who are least fit for Thought, or Contemplation) design'd most for Drudgery, or Business in the World; (which is amongst Men, as amongst Beasts) Preying on one another; and the Folly of the most Stupid Brutes, as that of the most Brutal Men, is distinguish'd, by their making more a Stir, or more Noise, than others of a more Noble, and Useful Kind; as the Monkey is more Active, than the Man, (his nearest Likeness) as he is more Mischievous and Ridiculous; who, like the Ambitious, Active, Rising, Proud Man, is always Climbing, tho' the Higher he goes, the more he shows his Breech, to his Shame, and Hazard of Falling; so, the Humane Ape's Pride, and Busy, Impertinent Industry, expose him to more Danger, or Shame, as they are more, and the Higher he rises by them; then the most Ridiculous of Brute-Men, as the most Ridiculous of Beasts, or Birds, are more Loud and Noisy, than the rest of a more Noble

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Kind, as the Braying of the Afs, is much Louder than the Neighing of the Horfe, and the Hollowing or Whooping of the Owl much Louder, than the Notes of the Nightingale, which we covet to hear, yet cannot do it but at a Distance, and with Difficulty; fo is it amongst Mankind, The Humane Affes, and Owls, who refolving to hear none but themfelves, are always Louder, in Publick, as they lefs deserve to be heard, or minded by others; Such is the Noifie, Mifchievous Screech-Owl, the wou'd-be Wit, call'd the Critick, who, as he wou'd be liker a Nice, Captious Wit, or Man of True Senfe, is the more Noifie, Impertinent Brute, or more Offensive Animal, as the Chattering Monkey, for being likeft a Man, is the moft Impertinent, Mifchievous, and Ridiculous of Beasts; fo the Snapping, Chattering Critick, by his fcurvy Refemblance of a Man of True Wit, the Cenfurer of Mankind, wou'd eftablifh the Reputation of his Senfe, and the Dominion of his Judgment, over the reft of Mankind, and Theirs; who expofes his own Faults, and Follies in others, to hide them in himfelf, believing that his Detraction from another's Senfe becomes the Praise of his; who wou'd have you think, that finding a Fault is mending it, and his Difcovery of another's Folly, is the Demonftration of his Wit, or Good Senfe, whereas, it was rather a Proof of his Ill Nature, than of his Good Senfe, or Good Will, rather to Expofe t'other's Ignorance than to Inform it; fo is the greater Enemy, as feeming the greater Friend; and the more he is like a Captious Wit, is more a Persecutor of thofe, whom he wou'd Refemble, as the Fox's worft Foe, the Terrier, is likeft him; Then the Critick is a Kind of Vermin-Wit, who invades and frequents the Recefles, and Retirements of *Parnaffus*, and the *Mufes*, only to deftroy them, as Stotes, and Pole-Cats, live in, and amongst Warrens, only to live by, and to the Deftruction of thofe, whom they are beholding to, for their Shelter, and Security, from Cruel Men, their Common Foes; fo make their Benefactors Recefles, Labours, and Securities of their Lives, their Hiding-holes, or Retirements, the Ambufcades of their Treachery, to the Ruine, or Disturbance of their Friends they live by, or upon; Thus Ill Natur'd, Lazy Brutes, who call themfelves Satyrs, or Criticks, (the Vermin, I fay, of *Parnaffus*) Affociate with Men of Senfe, not out of Friendship, but Malice to them, call themfelves Judges of Mens Senfe, and Reputation, when they are but Lazy Murtherers of them; and by the Appearance or Pretence of Friendship, are the fevereft Enemies; and the Critick, who is a Quarrelfome, Cenforious, Bully Wit, endeavours to get, and fupport his Reputation, by taking it away from others, as the Barbarous *Indian* thinks, he fhall enjoy the Parts and Fame of thofe, whom he deftroys in Fight; and generally, they who have leaft Wit, have moft Malice; So the Ill-humour'd, Crofs-grain'd Cenfurer, is more Ill-natur'd, as more Imperfect in Mind, as the Crooked, Lamè, Deficient, or Deform'd in Body, are the greateft Satyrs, and Scoffers at other Mens Imper-

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fections of the Body, as they have more of their own; Thus the Ridiculous Buffoon, whose own Deformity, or Folly, has made him a Jest, is most Industrious (out of Envy) to bring down his Superiours in Sense to his own Level; and, as he is most Ridiculous himself, is most a Derider or Contemner of others, whose Want of Reputation, makes him a Detractor from that of others; as the Ass's Malice is most, for being the most Stupid of Beasts, or the Mule's, for being liker the Ass; so the Mongrel Wits, or Humane Ass's Malice, is more, as his Sense, or Credit in the World less; and the Mongrel-Wit, the Critick, will (those, whom he cannot keep Pace with in Wit, equal, or at least imitate) obstruct, push down, or lessen, to the Raising, or Magnifying himself, and will ruine their Credit to support his own, whose Fear of them is the Cause of his Malice to them; as the Envy of their Good Reputation, the Cause of his Detraction from them: Then know, O you most True, since most Captious Wits! because you have the Wit, to chuse rather to be Judges than Criminals, rather Criticks than Writers; if you wou'd yet pass for Great Wits, you shou'd meddle with your Matches in Wit, since the Weakness and Submission of the Conquer'd, not prevailing upon the Conqueror's Mercy, turns to his Shame; especially, since the Honour you will get, by taking away my Little Reputation, will be as Little as the Credit I shou'd get by your Commendations, who most often commend, as accuse in the Wrong Place; and are rather glad of an Occasion of showing your Wit, in the Detraction from that of others, than in your Approbation of them, to the less'ning your own; Therefore, if you are True Wits, and never Write your selves but to the Disparagement of others, you shou'd be glad you have an Old Fop of an Author, to give you an Occasion of Justifying your Sense, by Railing at, and finding Fault with his; and, if you are Fools, and Write your selves, you shou'd be pleas'd, that you have gotten another Sharer with you, of the World's Scorn, or Malice; since you, Damn'd, Damning Wits above, like the Damn'd below, have a kind of Pleasure, to see others in no better Condition than your selves, *Quia cupiunt Fortunâ, aut Ingenio, infelices, cæteros omnes, in pari secum gradu, videre*, D. Cart. since they, who cannot be Lower in Mens Esteem, are for levelling all Above 'em, to their own Infamy; because they cannot raise themselves to their Glory; *Sperantes illorum dignitatem, suæ tenuitati æquare, aut gloriosis inimicitiis inclarescere, & per ruinam alienæ existimationis, ad Famam grassari*. In fine, Readers! or Criticks! in either Capacity, or of no Capacity, to oblige me, say not one Word in my Praise, or Vindication of this Book; let not the Witty Man Praise me, lest his Commendations shou'd be thought Abuses, since (most often) all he says, is in Raillery, or Jest; nor let the Fool, or Man of Wrong Sense, Praise me, lest his Praise of me shou'd be thought in Earnest, to the making me a Jest; since, there is a sort of Praising, which is the worst sort of Calumny from some Men; *Sic laudant quos in*

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odio habent, ut maligna deinde inferentibus, sit pronior fides, & interdum, æmulos æmulis laudibus attollunt. Some Praise Maliciously, but to provoke others to Contradiction of their Assertions, and call in question the Truth of their Praise by the Excess of it; so, never Defame their Friends so much as when they Praise 'em most; for Ignorant, or Malicious Flatterers, are never more Enemies, than when they wou'd seem most Friends; who turn, by Immoderate and Profuse Commendations, their Praise into Raillery, or Abuse; *Pessimum genus inimicorum, Laudantes, says Tacitus :* In fine, Then Reader! or Critick! Courteous or Discourteous! speak well, or ill of me, 'tis all one to me; for, (to speak Truth, my self) I am more afraid still of the Fool's, or the Flatterer's Compliment, than of the Wit's or Satyr's Railing; since the first is to my Face, and in my Hearing, more to my Shame, and Confusion; but t'other's Railing, is more obligingly behind one's Back, and out of one's Hearing; so is rather the Proof of Envy, than Contempt: Therefore, O Readers! or Criticks! whom I wou'd call my Friends, to make you so; but to expect you to be so, or hope, that you (who have no other way of gaining your Reputations, but by taking other Men's from them) shou'd, for any Cause, speak well of any Author, or Book, I shou'd more Disparage my Little Sense, Judgment, or Wit, than you wou'd, or could do for me, by your Satyr, or Wit: Therefore, to conclude, O Incurable, Correcting Criticks! since you think, doing Right to any Man's Understanding, is doing Wrong to your own, you still speak worst of the Men of best Sense, because the greatest Despisers of your Judgments, or Praise, who never think, or speak well of any Man's Sense, but your own; then, since your Ill Nature (in your Opinion) is your Good Sense, or Wit, your Vanity your Honour, and you approve, like, and depend upon your own Understandings only, to the Disparagement of your Judgments, which are so Little, or so Wrong, as to pass Ill Nature for Wit, Envy for Judgment, and to expect the Praise of all Mankind, for your Detracting from all Men; pretending to be Friends to Judgment, by being Enemies to Wit, and Authors; the best of which, you hate most, because you can Detract from 'em least; Then speak of me, Friend Readers! or Criticks! to be my Friends, as if you were my Enemies; for, as some Peoples Tongues are no Slander, some Peoples Commendations are no Praise; and, since Men of True Sense are most Disparag'd, by the Friendship of Men of False Judgments, pray, speak Ill of me, to deal well with me; for, if Mens Understandings are judg'd Good or Bad, by the Choice of their Friends, speak of me as if you were my Enemies, to oblige me to be your Friend; say, if you will, I am no Poet, since a Lover of Truth, and no Wit, since the

PLAIN-DEALER.

POSTSCRIPT

IN fine, It is with the Beauties, and Graces of the Mind, as with those of the Body; with one's Fine Thoughts, or Parts, as with t'other's Fine Features, or Parts, which may Displease, or Disgust most, by affecting to Please all too much; so 'tis the Good Management of Good Sense, or Wit, as that of Money, or Beauty, which proves the Man's as Woman's Good Understanding, since Ill-imploy'd Wit, as Ill-imploy'd Money, is often to the Shame, rather than Honour, of the Vain, Profuse Squanderer on the Publick; and there is no way of making Wit, as Beauty, seems less, but by their Owner's Affectation, to make either appear more, since True Wit, as True Beauty, takes more by its Natural Modesty, or Negligence, than Pains, or Art, to set it off more; for none are more Offensive than the Vain, and too Officious to Please:

Sedulitas autem stultè quem diligit urget.

—— Hor. Lib. 2. Epist. 1.

As to, or for the following Book, I have nothing else, or more to say, than that it was Written at a certain Time, when 'twas not so much my Head's Need to Write, as my Pocket's, when I had rather my Works shou'd have made me Live, than I to have made them Live; so that it was my then Necessity (which is always an Excuse for all Thefts) made me since, a Poor Wit, a Scribler, or Thief in Poetry;

—— *Paupertas impulit audax,*

Ut Versus facerem.——

Therefore, I Wrote not to give Pains to my Mind, but to Ease it from Pain, to Play the Fool with Ridiculous Thoughts, rather than to be Mad with Anxious Ones:

*Prætulerim, Scriptor delirus, inersque videri,
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel denique fallant;
Quam sapere, & ringi: — Hor.*

But to show you, Inquisitive, Cenforious Reader! I have, or had some Modesty, most of the following Sheets were Written Nine or Ten Years since; which, according to *Horace* his Rule, may not make a Book the worse;

—— *nonumque prematur in Annum.*

since Good Sense, no more than Good Wine, can be the worse for Keeping, before 'tis Vented:

Si meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit.

—— Hor.

MISCELLANY POEMS

To conclude, O you most Sour, yet not Tart Criticks! I must needs say, (from my Observation) most often, Ill, and Weak Sense, makes the Sharpest Criticks, or Criticisms, as Weak, and Ill Wine the Sharpest Vinegar: Now, I am to beg my Reader's Pardon, not only for my Faults of the Book, but the Stationer's, for the Badness of the Paper, since even Good Sense, on, or in Ill Paper, is like a Beauty, in Course, or Foul Linen; In fine, Since a Preface is generally, a Vain Excuse for Writing too much, by Writing more; in Good Earnest then, (Friend, or Foe-Reader) Farewel, as you let me Farewel.

The End of the Preface.

THE
DEDICATION
TO THE
Greatest Friend of the MUSES
VANITY

SINCE it has been, time out of mind,
The Custom, (as we Scriblers find,)
For Men, to Public Feats inclin'd;
Them, and themselves, to recommend
To their Seducer, call'd their Friend;
That, to his Instigation, they
Might their bold Faults, or Follies lay;
To his importunate Persuasion,
Lay their own senseless Inclination;
Their wrong Sense, they take for true Wit,
To those, who first encourag'd it.

Then VANITY! (to Thee, my Friend,)
This and my self, I recommend,
That Faults, You cause, You may defend;
For 'tis but reason, I to You
Shou'd lay the Faults, You made me do,
Who wer't my Muse and Genius too,
Since ev'ry Scribler who does write,
Will call his Maggot, which does bite,
(According to Poetic Use)
His Inspiration, Genius, Muse;
So, makes some Heathen Deity
Club, to damn'd Christian Poetry,
It, to the World to justify;

MISCELLANY POEMS

As Quakers, on the Spirit lay
The Nonfense, which they preach, or pray;
Make their dark, senseless, Fustian-Stuff,
Their sole Illumination's Proof.
So Bards of old, and present Time,
Their Sense i'th' Clouds, will call *Sublime*;
Their Crochet, which does them incline
To wicked Rhythms, their Aid Divine:
Then, disingenuous not to be,
My Nonfense, fancy'd Wit, to thee,
Great Aid to Fancy, VANITY!
My Fictions, flimflam Poetry,
I dedicate unfeignedly;
Since Bards to feign, were never known,
Or so much of Thee, to have shown,
As when that Thee they most disown;
Whence, this, my self, I recommend,
To Thee, my best Support and Friend;
Since the sole Friend the hapless have,
Who them in Want, nor Age won't leave,
Nay, dost thy Friend but less forsake,
For growing poor, old, craz'd or weak;
Who, tho' then left by Friends he be,
Till death will ne'er be left by Thee;
Nay, he will by Your aid contrive,
Ev'n after Death it self, to live.

If Dedications are Friends due,
Damn'd Scriblers, sure have none, like You,
Who more than our inspiring Nine,
Dost Men, to Public Feats, incline,
Nay, giv'ft 'em first, their bold Design;
Their aid art then, to carry't on
Then, mak'ft 'em pleas'd with it, when done,
Nay, to please others too, since none
Wou'd any others please, unless
Themselves, the same time, they cou'd please,
Which, the best Wits, but worst cou'd do,
Friend VANITY! wer't not for You;
So true a Friend, to those, who write,
You Books against your self indite;
So far from being Virtue's blame,
Reason's, or Honour's guilt or shame,

MISCELLANY — POEMS

You Cause, Preserver, are of them,
 Which (if conceal'd) none cou'd esteem;
 Then good and great Deeds, still were done,
 In vain, if not by You made known;
 The best Assistant, are You so,
 To the bold Writers, Fighters too,
 Wo, ne'er had been such, but for You;
 Nay, 'tis thought, but for You, had been
 Neither good Thoughts, Acts, Books, or Men,
 In this World heard of, known, or seen;
 The Poets best Muse are You, so
 His, and the Hero's Genius too,
 Since Courage, Wit, in vain inspire,
 If Fame, You made us not desire,
 And Wit deserves no Praise, till shown,
 Nor Courage, Honour, till 'tis won,
 Nor Knowledge, Credit, till made known;
 Which never cou'd so public be,
 Friend VANITY! wer't not for Thee:
 So, tho' none Thee true Virtue call,
 Yet, but for Thee, were none at all;
 Since none, wou'd Truth's Professors be,
 Honour's best Friend! wer't not for Thee;
 None wou'd in Verse, but for Thee lie,
 Thee, but for Thee, so VANITY!
 The vainest Men, wou'd not deny:
 Nay VANITY! wert not for Thee,
 No Man, wou'd high, or lowly be,
 No Hero, Bard, Philosopher,
 But for Thee ne'r, I dare to swear,
 Had in torn Skin, and Gown, been seen.
 Nay VANITY! oft hast Thou been,
 Vain Mens Cause, for their showing none,
 Who Thee, for Thy sake, will disown;
 Thou dost those Books, to Sophs indite,
 They but against Thee for Thee write:
 So Thou, to Wit and Honour too,
 Art the best Friend, tho' thought their Foe,
 Art Proud Man's Guard, from Infamy,
 The fickle Woman's Constancy,
 So Man's, and Woman's Honesty;
 Thus, no Shame, canst to Virtue be,
 Since none, were seen sure, but for Thee:

MISCELLANY POEMS

We Thee for Virtue's Legion own,
Tho' Priests, Thy false Friends cry Thee down,
Who, Foes to Reason are, we see,
Else no Friends to blind Faith cou'd be,
Who, tho' they rail so, still at Thee;
But solely can on Thee rely,
For Mens Faith, Truth, or Charity,
Who but for Thee, of Thee complain,
So, but for Thee, we might maintain,
Virtue, Wit, Courage, were in vain;
No Brave wou'd 'gainst Thee, for Thee fight,
No Wit against Thee, for Thee, write,
Or Priest against Thee, Scripture cite;
For howfoe'r, Wits, Priests, or Braves,
May play the Lyers, or the Knaves,
Say, They were ne'r inspir'd by You,
All comes from You, they think, say, do,
Which does, for Sense, Faith, Honour, pass,
Justice, Religion, Virtue, Grace,
Since all the Furies, (certainly,)
Of Valour, Zeal, or Poetry,
Which give Men Immortality,
Wou'd, both conceal'd, and useles be,
Friend VANITY! wer't not for Thee.
Since but for Thee, we never shou'd
Find an Example, great, or good;
Nor, but for Thee, (as 'tis well known,)
Were good Thoughts, good Deeds, thought or done,
Fighters, or Writers, but for Thee,
Fames bold Pursuers, wou'd not be:
In vain, but for Thee, were good Parts,
For neither Sciences, or Arts,
Wou'd known, or cultivated be,
O Friend to FAME! wert not for Thee.
Pedants, Bards, Rhetoricians, Pains
Wou'd ne'r take, tho' for Money-Gains;
Songsters, nor Poets, care wou'd take
To strain their Lungs, their Brains to crack,
To charm Mens Fancies, Sense, or Ear,
But Musick of their Praise, to hear.
Painters, wou'd ne'r their Pencils ply,
But by some others Phis'onomy,
To preserve their own Memory;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Priests, Lawyers, who love Money so,
Wou'd never baul so, but for You;
Nor, for the Truth, for Lyers pafs
For Lying, to get Gold or Praise.
Quaint Orators wou'd (but for Thee,)
To show more Sense, more silent be;
No Soldier, but for Thee be brave,
No honest Man, but turn a Knave,
No Great Prince, but for Thee a Slave;
No proud Dame, but for Thee wou'd prove
True to her Honour, or her Love:
So Man's, and Woman's Honesty,
Art Thou, who, by Thee generally
Their Fame, support and justify;
The Fearful are made Stout by Thee,
Prodigals saving, Misers free;
Humble the Proud, poor Spirits high,
Better to live, better to die;
You, Contradictions reconcile
Betwixt Men, both with Sword, or Stile;
Who most incline most modest Men
To bold Attempts, with Sword, or Pen;
For none sure wou'd, as wise Men think,
But for Thee, shed their Blood, or Ink:
Braves, but for Thee, wou'd seldom fight
Wits, Authors so much talk, think, write,
Sinners, but for Thee, wou'd despair,
Wits, Saints, but for Thee, damning Fear;
So Wits, Divines, Bards, Hero's too,
Are damn'd or sav'd here, but for You:
Since Preachers, (were it not for Thee,)
So fierce against Thee, wou'd not be,
Who call Thee Sin, and Thee defame,
That them for Thee, none else may blame,
Like Lovers, who, but only rail,
Their Passion for Thee, to conceal,
Which it does but the more reveal.
Were each, not Thy devoted Slave,
Not any Sinner wou'd they save:
Nor, did they not fear damning here,
Much more than e'er they did elsewhere;
They'd ne'er lift up Hands, Eyes in Prayer,
Or e'er, to make good Sermons, care;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Nor in the Pulpit, seem in Pain,
 Sinner, or Atheist e'er to gain,
 From Sins 'gainst Nature to refrain;
 Which shows their Doctrine *Vanity*,
 With which their Nature can't comply.
 Thus VANITY! Thou most art shown
 By them, who Thee, but most disown;
 Philosophers, and Church-men too,
 Who, by their Writing, Preaching so
 Against Thee, but more of Thee show;
 Own Thee more by disowning Thee;
 Then still own'd by me shalt Thou be.
 I'll own Thee still, though own'd by none,
 Without whom, little's said, writ, done,
 Which, by the World, is understood,
 For pious, witty, wise, great, good.
 So Thou dost all our Wants supply,
 Giv'st Hearts, and Minds, Tranquillity,
 More than Sense, Faith, Philosophy;
 Since, the best means to gain Content,
 To give Hopes, and Despair prevent;
 So the sole Happiness below,
 Which Man can on himself bestow,
 Whether his cross Fate will or no;
 Who no Want in himself can see,
 As long as he's possess'd by Thee,
 Who All-sufficient art to all,
 We Hero's, Vertuoso's call.
 The Bard's Aid to High-flights in Rhythm,
 With Orators, art their Sublime,
 The Wits Inspirer, Poet's Muse,
 Not the Priest's Doctrine, but his Use;
 Nay, the Court-Atheists Deity,
 Whom yet like God, he will deny,
 The Lovers, Hero's, Gallantry;
 Thou, to Love, Courage, Wit, (in fine,)
 Art needful, as the Vent to Wine,
 For as the Barrel, so the Scull,
 May be (we know) for Vent too full,
 Since Tongues, and Pens, as Taps, (we find)
 Freely to flow, scarce are inclin'd,
 Till vain Men give 'em Vent by Wind.

MISCELLANY POEMS

I Thee, for my sole Aid then own,
Which, by your true Wit, ne'r is done;
Thee yet, I'll own ingenuously,
Since 'tis some Ingenuity,
Thee VANITY! not to disown,
Who, by Mens hiding Thee, art shown.
Then Wits cou'd disingenuous be,
Only by their disowning Thee;
Whom often, they cannot deny,
To be the cause of Modesty,
Which, owning Thee, they justifie.
This Book I then inscribe to Thee,
For All is Thine (of course, we see.)
Inspiring VANITY! which is
Both Great, and Empty too, like this;
Since outward Greatness does confess,
Most often, inward Emptiness,
And great Books as great Heads, (we know,)
Contain less, as they make more show.

*The Author to the Book-feller, who desir'd his Picture
before his Book, in Front of his Follies; pleading
the Custom for it.*

AS Custom makes those, who are no great Clerks,
Set to their Acts and Deeds, Seals, Hands, or Marks,
To show this Book, my Writing, Act, or Deed,
You'd have me to it put, my Mark, or Head.
Thus Poet's Wares, like others, great or small,
Must have their Sign, to put 'em off to Sale,
So must sophisticated Wit, as Wine,
The worse it is, have but the better Sign,
That Men, to swallow both, may more incline.
Each Author puts the best Face on his Book,
That Buyers might on both more kindly look;
Spruce Trader thus, at his Shop-door appears,
With his good Looks, to tice in Customers.
All Lyers, Cheats, Historians, Poets, Quacks,
Divines, Diviners in their Almanacks,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Or Books, tho' but more to their own Disgrace,
Look, in Effigie, Buyers in the Face,
As who shou'd say, they were no small Fools there,
The World, nor yet the fiercest Critic fear,
Stand up i'th' Front, for Book, and Bookseller;
As who shou'd hint, i'th' first Leaf of the Book,
They justifie their Sense by their grave Look,
As formal Coxcombs wou'd their Nonsense pass
On the blind World, but by their grave Grimace,
And oft for Sense wou'd make their Nonsense go,
By setting their best Faces on it so;
Tho' Gravity be rather Folly's Test,
By which each dull and mystick Fool's known best,
For being more in Earnest, more a Jest:
So, by your leave, each Wit before his Book,
With Looks in Print, must like a Coxcomb look;
In the first Leaf, yet (if you'll have it so,)
His Art at least, let the bold Graver show
My Shame, but for your Interest to grow;
For as good Wine wants no good Bush, or Sign,
Were not my Wit flat, you'd ne'r ask for mine:
So where there is but scanty Furniture,
Bare Walls to cover, Pictures we procure;
Yet when ill ones must fill up the void Space,
That Place, by furnishing, we more disgrace;
So, with my senseless Face, thou'lt damn thy Book,
Since Man's Sense suffers for his silly Look,
Or bold one, which none for a wise One took;
Then no Man, in his Book, can show his Face,
But first, sure, he must borrow it from Brags,
The Wit then seeking Praise to his Disgrace.
Who vainly puts his Looks in Print, must seem
To those an Ass, from whom he'd gain Esteem;
As serious Faces put on Follies so,
But more the Shame of their vain Owners grow,
As them but more, they to the Public show.

MISCELLANY POEMS

Upon the Discretion of FOLLY, by which Men are Fortunate and Innocent, which is better than to be Wife. To a Lady, who, in contradiction to the Author, said, It was not better to be Happy than Wife.

FOR my next Subject here, I FOLLY took,
Since none, but for it, cou'd begin a Book;
But for it, or exposing *Vanity*,
Wou'd show their little Wit in Poetry,
Or cou'd (at least,) be brought to publish it;
Thus often FOLLY proves the Cause of Wit.
Nay, since our Troubles, Cares are often brought
Upon us, but for having too much Thought,
Then FOLLY's Sense, since 'tis our Happiness,
By which our Thought, or Care, is always less;
Thus Fools are here, as likewise thought elsewhere,
But for their want of Thought much happier.
Which is most Wisdom? Heav'nly Wisdom, whence
Men have their Faith, their Truth, and Innocence?
Whence Heav'n to Fools wise *Turks* in next Life give;
But Christian Fools are happy whilst they live.
Each Driv'ler, Idiot, Sot, or Natural,
Rest, Happiness, enjoys here above all,
Whom Reasonable, or Spiritual you call;
Is most exempted from all Care and Fear,
Which Slaves to Sense or Fame are forc'd to bear:
Fools fear no Braggers Threats, nor Wits Discourse,
No Stings of Conscience feel, or have Remorse
For past Crimes, or for future Torments Fear,
Or have for Life uncertain, certain Care,
Nor, while they Life and Pleasure here enjoy,
Can Tales of Hell, their Souls Rest here, destroy;
Who from their Innocence, their Safety find,
Their Ease of Body, and their Peace of Mind;
For casual Life, or sure Death, may be said
Neither to have fond Love, or vainer Dread,
By Good nor Ill to Care or Fear are brought,
Are then Philosophers for want of Thought;

MISCELLANY POEMS

From Guilt, or Punishment, exempted so,
Since they, who can't think Right, no Wrong can do ;
Who but their own Will justly may fulfil,
But by discerning neither Good from Ill,
Having no Sense, know no Law but their Will :
No Sense disturbs their sensual free Delight,
Who know no Ruler but their Appetite.
Of Pow'r, or Love, they cannot jealous be,
Whose Minds and Hearts from Fear or Love are free;
Ev'n Hope, which makes Fools of the Patient, Wife,
Can Fools with Disappointments least surprize:
No Flattery can e'er misguide their Will,
Reason their Heads with Contradictions fill;
The thoughtless Fool to his good Humour so,
Is but more constant, as he less does know,
Has less Doubts, less Fear, and less Trouble, as
He but less Care and Apprehension has;
Whilst Men of more Sense, have more Care, Fear, Doubt,
The Fool most wise is, but as most without;
Who, for want of his Distinguishing,
Is more than Wise Men for their Reasoning,
Indifferent in every Thought or Thing.
He neither knows in this Life, Sin or Shame;
So can't in t'other, Punishment or Blame:
No fond Ambition, Envy, Hatred, Love,
His quiet Mind to Perturbation move.
Thus, the Fool's wife, whose Thought will not destroy,
With dread of future Ills, his present Joy;
The more a Fool then, is but more a Wit,
His Friends more to divert, by want of it:
Since no true Wit can more to Mirth incite,
Or be, more innocently, Man's Delight.
The Fool's himself a strolling Comedy,
Still entertaining all, whom he comes nigh,
And suffers near him no sad Company:
He laughs, and laugh'd at, is without Offence,
By having to no Meaning a Pretence,
Nor, like a Pedant, e'er sets up for Sense.
Whence 'tis, best Wits, who Contradiction hate,
And love to hear their own Selves only prate,
To laugh at others, not to be laugh'd at,
Your easy Fool, whom they may laugh at, love;
Whilst some their Sense, laughing at them, wou'd prove.

MISCELLANY POEMS

Whence still the Fool by Mankind is carefs'd,
In this World happy, as in t'other blefs'd;
Amongst the Wife, does least Opposers find,
To his weak Passion, or his headstrong Mind;
Left they, by contradicting him, shou'd be
Esteem'd to have as little Sense as he.
Since Wife Men, much more the Fools Equals seem,
But as the more they set their Wits to them.
The Fool spoils not, but mends Society,
For want of Wit, is better Company;
Who can do, nor resent an Injury;
His Innocence secures him, ev'ry where:
Of whom, lest shy the most Wife Men appear,
Bid him speak, when they will no Wife Man hear;
Against him no Door's shut, in Town, or Court;
Welcome to Sex, or Kind, of ev'ry Sort,
The fittest to make Men and Women Sport:
Can Credit best with Man, or Woman gain;
Provided, best to please, or entertain
The Fair, who not by Talk, but Action, judge of Man.
For King's, as Women's company most fit,
Both which will to their Secrets most admit
A heedless Fool, before a prying Wit:
To whom, because he is a Talker too,
They will have less to say, more Wit to show;
Whom, either will before a Wife Man hear,
And from him more, than from a Wife Man bear,
Since either, who can suffer Earnest least
From the Wife Man, will from the Fool his Jest:
Whence he, who to be laugh'd at most procures,
Most patiently his Better's Scorn endures,
Their Friendship and his Safety best ensures,
At Court is thought no small Fool, there grows Great,
Where Wit by President's unfortunate,
The most old President the World can show,
Since Knowledge did the first Man's Ruin grow.
Whence Fools here, for their FOLLIES, as elsewhere,
Are, as most innocent, the happier:
Who, since they cannot of themselves take Care,
The juster Care of Heav'n most often are.
Whence, for themselves to care, the Men of Sense
Are always left (we see) by Providence.
So Kings, as here they Heaven's Vicegerents are,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Of Fools (call'd Innocents,) will take most care,
 And raise them still most high in their Esteem,
 For having least Sense, so most Faith in them.
 Then, since we find from our Experience, that
 Men, as they've more Sense, are less Fortunate,
 And in the World, just Providence or Fate
 Still with good Chance, Want of good Parts supplies,
 Which to the Knowing, it but most denies,
 The greatest Folly sure, is to be Wise.
 Since Knowledge is Man's Curse, as worst Offence,
 Folly proves Wisdom, as 'tis Innocence;
 Since Folly has, for Want of Thought, no Care,
 For Want of Sense, has all Hope and no Fear;
 So has, to Happiness above, below,
 But more pretence still, as it less does know:
 Since Faith but only Want of Knowledge is,
 By which Men here, elsewhere gain Rest or Bliss;
 So Man is most Wise, as he less does know,
 By which, more Safe and Happy does he grow.
 Then FOLLY's Prudence, as 'tis Happiness,
 Since our Content's more, as our Thought is less;
 So, too much Sense sure but too little is,
 Which makes itself its End it seeks, to miss;
 Which does our End of all our Care, Content,
 The more we seek it, by Thought, Care, prevent;
 Since but by more Thought, we must needs confess,
 Our Cares grow more, our Joys and Pleasures less,
 Then FOLLY's Wisdom, from its Thoughtlessnes.

*Upon the most useful Knowledge, Craft or Cunning,
 which is more Wisdom, as 'tis less Wit.*

CUNNING, Wife, Cautious, Folly is, by which,
 (Whilst Wit does beggar Men) they grow more Rich;
 Wife Folly, on which Weak Men most rely,
 And the most honourable Knavery,
 Term'd by the Wise and Great, Sage Policy.
 Wife Folly, and most honourable Fear,
 Does most, in hiding of itself, appear;
 Whence they, who seem of Wit and Wisdom too,

MISCELLANY POEMS

More shy, as more they seek themselves to show;
(Since Cunning hides it self,) distrust not it,
Which better Sense most often does out-wit,
And speaks itself, by Taciturnity,
Which, ev'n in Fools, were Sense and Policy;
So, by its subtil Silence, still thinks fit,
To prove more Wisdom, as it shows less Wit;
Which minds its Int'rest most, as Honour least,
Then, as most useful Wisdom, 'tis the best,
Whilst Wit seeks Fame more than its Interest;
When Craft prefers its Int'rest to its Fame,
Thinks nought, that's its Advantage, is its Shame,
Whose Prudence, 'tis its Wisdom's to conceal,
Whilst Wisdom, is its Knowledge to reveal;
By which it is incapable to do
The safe, wise, great Things, which by Craft (we know)
Are done, since Wisdom's open to its Foe;
Will him, to his opposing it, defie,
Whilst Cunning for her's does in Ambush lie;
Wisdom does lose its End, for being known,
Gives Foes Suspicion, by its being shown;
Whilst its Design, wise Cunning cannot miss,
Since it by true Sense least suspected is;
Which since half Sense, half Policy, half Wit,
Puzzles true Sense, the more to deal with it;
In spite of Wit, it plays Discretion's part,
Since the best Skill is, to conceal one's Art;
And the Head's Prudence, not to show the Heart:
He's most Wise then, who seems to be so least;
Who hides his Wit, his Sense to manifest;
So Cunning proves the truest Wisdom then,
Which has no vain Aim ever to be seen;
True Wisdom, if sage Prudence, subtil Wit
It be, to be most shy of showing it;
And that is the sole Reason, Cunning can
Its Credit more i'th' World than Wit, maintain;
More in the World, than Wit or Wisdom do,
Who seem so bold, so busie, forward too,
To show themselves; that they by their Pretence
To more Sense, show more their Impertinence;
'Till they their Folly, by their Sense proclaim,
Seek Praise, before their Profit, (to their Shame)
Whilst Profit before Praise, is Cunning's Aim:

MISCELLANY POEMS

When vainer Wisdom gives it self the Lie,
 From ostentatious Self-sufficiency,
 Becomes the greatest Folly, Vanity;
 Whilst Craft proves Wisdom by its shunning Pride,
 True Prudence, which itself to show, must hide,
 Since ineffectual 'tis, when once 'tis spy'd;
 If the true Politician's wisest Aim,
 Be, not to keep from Guilt, but Guilt from Shame;
 And since the greatest Aim now Wise Men have,
 Is less their Virtue than their Fame to save,
 They Credit keep, safely to play the Knave;
 Stand on their Honour, tho' dishon'rably,
 But by their false pretended Honesty,
 To cheat those most, who most on it rely:
 But by their Knavery, their Honour gain,
 Since without Wealth, none Honour can maintain;
 Whilst foolish Wits, more to their Reason's blame,
 Will to their Profit still prefer their Fame,
 To make sought Praise, by Vanity, their Shame:
 When Craft its Sense, concealing it, has shown,
 Since better thought of, but as less 'tis known;
 So does, because itself it wou'd not show,
 Too hard for Pow'r, Wealth, Wit, or Wisdom grow;
 Then shou'd go for true Policy, nay Wit,
 Since Men, undone by that, are made by it;
 Whilst down-right Honesty, Wit, Wisdom, are
 Foes to their Friends, whom they keep Poor, and Bare,
 To keep Men in more Want, more Fear, or Care.
 Then, dull Plain-dealing, which by Truth seeks Fame,
 By Man's pretence to Honour, grows his Shame;
 And Wit preferring still, to Profit Praise,
 Shou'd of the Proof of Sense, turn its Disgrace.
 But Cunning's Wit, nay Wisdom, Honour too;
 Which can for all Three, without either go,
 And can more than all Three together do,
 To make Knaves gain Trusts, Int'rest, Credit, Fame,
 To merit Censure, yet to bear no Blame,
 To make their Fraud their Praise, though others Shame:
 Then Cunning shou'd for the best Science go,
 Which, without Learning, does best Knowledge show;
 Does Wit, Pow'r, Art, by Nature best out-do;
 Strange Science! since all Wisdom, Courage, Wit,
 Must to it universally submit:

MISCELLANY POEMS

It rules the World, in spite of True Wit, so,
 (Tho' but its Bastard-Brother) ought to go, }
 Like Bastards, for the Wifer of the Two;
 Which, (whilst the other makes Man less to thrive:)
 Does help her Man the better still to live :
 Which, tho' 'tis often call'd Sinister-Sense, }
 Against Right Reason, makes the best Defence;
 Which gives it, of its Foes, most Diffidence:
 Whilst where to have it, Right Sense never knows;
 Since it ne'er by right Rules of Reason goes;
 A Slight i'th' Brain 'tis, like a Slight in Strength,
 The better Side makes of the worse, (at length;) }
 As Cheats by Tricks at Cards will cozen still
 Those, who have in the true Play better Skill;
 So Cunning then is Wisdom's highest Pitch; }
 'Tis, as at Cards, a Trick in Shuffling, which,
 More than good Play, bold Pushers will enrich: }
 It is a Trick, which seems an Art, 'till known;
 But shames the skilful Shuffler, and proves none, }
 When once it comes above-board to be shown;
 'Tis Bastard-Sense, and like all Bastards so, }
 Does in the World but more successful grow,
 Than the True, which does True Wits most undo. }

*A SONG against Delays in LOVE. To a Lady who
 said Love was to little purpose, since so long in
 Acquiring, and so short in Enjoying; and that
 the Fear of the Future, wou'd hinder our
 Present Joy.*

I.

SINCE Love has Wings, as well as Time,
 Neither will for us, with us stay;
 My Love, thy Charms are in their Prime,
 Why stay, till both are fled away?
 Since you say, neither long will last,
 To their Enjoyment, we shou'd hast.

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

The Reason against Love you give,
Shou'd our Incitement to it be;
Since it short Life may long out-live,
The sooner shou'd You yield to Me;
Shou'd fear our Love's Inconstancy,
If not, our Live's Incertainty.

III.

The more that You the Future dread,
Let less the Present Moment go;
Because we must grow cold, be dead,
Warmth, Life, whilst we live, let us show;
Since none of Joys to come are sure,
The Present let us then secure.

IV.

If our Love, like our Life's, a span,
In both we take our Measures wrong,
If both we use not, whilst we can,
Since both are short, shou'd both prolong:
Since Change, like them too, must we prove;
The less we Live, the more shou'd Love:

V.

If Joy to come incertain is,
It let us here anticipate,
In Life, and Love, seize Paradise,
In spite of Time, Fear, Death, or Fate;
Since this Life's short, the next unsure,
Let us secure Joys whilst they dure.

MISCELLANY - POEMS

*In Vindication of Simplicity, and Good Nature ;
To an Ill-natur'd Lady, who said Good Nature
was Folly, and the Disgrace of Good Sense.*

WHY shou'd Good-Nature be proud Man's Disgrace ?
Which is his Maker's Honour, and his Praise,
Since, but for his Forgiveness of us, he
Wou'd our Destroyer of our Maker be;
Then our Good-Nature's not our Reason's Shame,
Without which Reason makes Man more to blame,
Who, for more Sense, shows less Humanity,
And for more Reason, lives less reasonably;
Since Wit, which still Good-Nature will disown,
Is but, by finding Faults, in others shown;
Which, to Mankind's Esteem, and Fame pretends,
For its Ill-Nature making Foes of Friends,
The Wit's the Fool then, who wou'd sooner chuse
His good Friend rather, than bad Jest to lose,
Displease his Friends, to humour Critic Foes. }
But, if that be the best and greatest Wit,
Which seems most hard for Men to compass it,
Good-Natur'd Wit o'er t'other shou'd prevail,
Since 'tis more hard justly to Praise than Rail;
Good-Nature then good Sense shou'd justify,
As Men their good Faith by their Charity:
And truest Charity Good-Nature is,
Without which Virtue wou'd itself turn Vice,
Without which, we lose all the Good we do, }
Good-Nature then is Faith, Religion too;
So far from Folly shou'd for Wisdom go;
Since by good Nature more than good Sense, Man
Does much more his Humanity maintain,
Obtains his Mind's, and Conscience's best Peace,
Tranquillity of Thought, and Body's Ease;
By Sense, or Wit, with which Man wou'd impose
His Will, on others, he worse Natur'd grows,
Shows most his Malice, but as more his Wit,
'Till all his Virtues lessen'd are by it;
Whilst our Good-Nature, Virtues does increase,
And makes our Vices and Offences less,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Nay, Man's excuse of all his Vice is, since,
 'Tis but our Malice makes our Fault offence:
 And our Good-Nature, as it finds Faults, so
 Does but the more our Virtues merit, show,
 In less'ning one, increasing t'other too:
 Without Good-Nature, which is Charity,
 Ev'n the Devout wou'd serve God wickedly,
 Justice its self wou'd grow most Injury;
 The Height of which, turns Rigour, and unjust;
 Friendship base Int'rest, pure Love foulest Lust;
 Courage, but brutal Butchery wou'd grow,
 Man's Guilt, and Shame, but of his Honour so,
 And of his Fame's support, disgraceful Vanity,
 His Bounty too, but selfish Usury;
 Then, but for his good Nature, Friendship, Love,
 Wou'd mean, and mercenary Int'rest prove;
 Of Generosity, a bart'ring Trade,
 Nor for Exchange of Hearts, but Int'rests made:
 Bounty, without it, were no Charity,
 Religion, but for it, Hypocrisy.
 Since Faith were, without Charity, in vain,
 So 'tis good Nature, which the World began,
 Does it, by Faith, Love, Charity, maintain.
 Thus, against all Opinion, and Pretence
 Of Selfish Craft, Good-Nature, is good Sense;
 Nay, since our selves, we (pleasing others) please,
 Good-Nature is most gen'rous Selfishness;
 So far from Easie Folly, it shou'd go
 For Height of Reason, Wit, and Wisdom too;
 The best Distinction betwixt Man and Brute,
 Whose own Speech else, his Reason wou'd refute,
 Bring his Humanity more in Dispute;
 If his Good-Nature, did not always sway
 His Passions, make them Reason still obey;
 So, the Support 'tis of Society,
 But for which, Men wou'd live more brutally;
 And, for their Reason, more unreasonably.
 Good-Nature then, best Proof is of Good Sense,
 'Twixt Man and Beast, proves best the Difference.
 So far from Folly then Good-Nature is,
 That the best Sign of Human Prudence 'tis;
 Which makes Men Friends of jarring Enemies;
 The sole Proof of God's Image, on Mankind;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since It or Spight, makes Men seem God, or Fiend.
The best Distinction of Humanity,
From Brutishness, makes Man himself deny,
His Passion with his Reason to comply;
To make frail Man above all Self-love grow,
And of a Man, become a God below;
Good to Mankind, without Return, to do;
Then none Good-Nature want of Sense can call,
Since Heav'n, which knows all, helps, and pardons all.

*Upon a Fine Woman's Fine Breasts; given by her
Companion for a Subject to Write upon.*

LET each vain giddy-brain'd Poetic Fop
Talk of *Parnassus*, or its double Top,
And by his Fanciful Describing it,
Think to procure the vain Name of a Wit:
Whilst, *Chloris*! Thou, my Muse and Theme shalt be;
Thy Breasts, those Twins of Hills, shall be to me
Parnassus, since he, who is Head on them
Can lay, can ne'r want Wit on such a Theme,
Or Pleasant, Amorous, Poetic Dream:
Then once my Head upon them let me lay,
They higher Thoughts into it will convey;
They'll fire with Love, at once, my Breast and Brain,
'Till my fierce Love the Name of Rage may gain;
Their Touch inspires Love, Love with Vanity;
So wou'd they prove best Aids of Poetry;
When touch'd by my own Hand, they give me Love,
And me to Rage, when touch'd by others, move;
So my best Aids to Love and Satyr prove;
Since all who see them, they must needs inspire,
Both with the Lover's Flame, and Poet's Fire;
They needs must give us Wit, that give us Love,
Which Fancy, Sense, Invention does improve;
Since Love ne'r made a Lover, (that we know)
But, the same time, it made a Poet too;
Yet, to write better, on thy Breasts my Theme,
In Verse, not only, let me handle Them.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*The Double Disappointment ; or, Love retarded,
by meeting too soon. A Song to Celia.*

I.

MY pregnant Passion, fierce Desire,
Abortive made my Love;
By having too much of Love's Fire,
I did the Colder prove;
So too much Vigour did prevent
My Love, of its Accomplishment.

II.

As, in Beginning of our Love,
My Tongue was uselefs made,
But lefs did my Dame's Pity move,
The more my Love 'twould aid;
The Hafte, and Fiercenefs of my Love,
Its Lett did, and Prevention prove.

III.

Our Flames were quench'd, by their Excefs;
Our Joys lefs, for their Store;
If that our Passion had been lefs,
Our Pleasure had been more:
Both, to our Meeting were fo true,
That it, our Disappointment grew:

IV.

By Meeting fo, too haftily,
Each other did we fail;
Her quick Grant, did her Love deny,
And made mine lefs prevail:
My Love ſhe did retard, prevent,
Giving too ſoon, her kind Conſent:

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

Yet mayn't She think, that Want of Love,
Which was but its Excess;
The more she does my Passion move,
My Action, proves but less,
Had her Charms had o'er me less pow'r,
I had had over her, the more.

VI.

Great Joys, but like Great Sorrows, so,
Can less themselves express;
So, when our Words most Passion show,
Our Action proves but less;
Desire disarms itself, like Rage,
From more Heat, less fit to engage.

To LOVE

TO Thee, Beginner of Beginnings, who,
First made the World, does it continue too;
To Thee, first Cause of Ingenuity,
In teaching Men, with Art, to Feign and Lye,
Shou'd I have first began, my Poetry;
To Thee, I shou'd have written first, to prove
Some Sense, who first didst me to Writing move;
And not the Love of Honour, or of Fame,
Which, as more sought, but more becomes our Shame,
And are more forfeited, as more our Claim;
But first to Thee, all Mankind ought to Write,
Who giv'st, at once, Instruction and Delight,
And mak'st Men Verse, 'gainst Nature, Sense, indite;
But for whom, yet no Labour cou'd be Wit,
Nor cou'd ev'n Wit, without Thee, pass for It;
Since Wit, Men's Pain, wou'd of their Pleasure prove,
Were't not for Thee, Pleasant Inspirer, LOVE!
And Wit, more Praise, then only shou'd receive.
But as more Pleasure it does take or give,
More Praise have, as more capable of Thee,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Without whom, none cou'd Wife, or Happy be,
 Since but for Thee, nor Sense, nor Pleasure, cou'd
 Be Satisfaction, or good Chance be good;
 For Beauty, Gold, were Curfes, without You,
 Wou'd Torments of our Satisfactions grow.

Thou, the Great Law of Nature art, O LOVE!
 By whom, Man first was made, does live, and move;
 Great Law of Nature! but for which, in vain,
 Religion, Justice, cou'd their own maintain;
 Nor Commerce, or Society, wou'd be
 Supported, or continu'd Just and Free,
 Were it not LOVE! but for Thy Pow'r, and Thee:
 Great Proof of Reason, which ends all Disputes,
 Who, without Reason, rules the wildest Brutes,
 And mak'st Men prove their LOVE more, being Mutes:
 The World without Thee, Barbarous wou'd grow;
 Each other, Man or Woman, wou'd not know,
 Whilst now, the greatest, fiercest Brutes of Men,
 To Wedlock's Yoke, are so Submissive seen;
 That they from Lords of the Creation, now,
 But willing Vassals to Your Empire bow;
 And the great Work of the Creation do,
 Whether their Reason, Prudence, wou'd or no;
 Nay, for Your Yoke, can triumph in their Chains,
 And by You, make their Pleasure of their Pains:
 But without LOVE, there wou'd be no Desire,
 Without it, Us, our Pleasure, Ease, wou'd tire,
 Since, without LOVE, we nothing long admire.
 The Wild, and Barbarous, who know no Law,
 Reason, or Pow'r, of Thee, LOVE! stand in aw,
 Without their Partners of their own ill Fate,
 Or good, can ne'r live pleas'd in any State;
 Must have, to their Increase of Happiness,
 Or to their Pains, or Miseries Decrease,
 Sharers in them, Confidants, Witnesses;
 Since the Good more, by being shar'd, is made,
 As by that more, is lessen'd too, the Bad;
 If a Man's Pleasure, his Displeasure grows,
 Not shar'd with Friends, nor envy'd by his Foes;
 And his Misfortunes, heavy't are to bear,
 When he has none, to bear with him their Share;
 Ev'n Thieves, who have for Justice, Love nor Fear,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Who still (as 'twere,) are making War in Peace,
 And others rob, are robb'd by Mistresses;
 Nay (for them) rob themselves of Wealth, or Ease:
 Who, for Religion, keep no Faith (we see,)
 With Men, for LOVE will just to Women be;
 Who False, nay Barbarous to Friendship prove,
 Yet Just, Human, and Kind, will be to LOVE;
 Who, tho' no Laws their Passions e'er can bind,
 To Reason e'er subject their Heart, or Mind,
 By LOVE's Chains yet, will freely be confin'd;
 Which Out-Laws can reduce, and Mad-Men tame,
 And them to Justice, Reason, may reclaim;
 Nay sure, the most unruly Libertine,
 Not bound by Laws, or Human, or Divine,
 Who does renounce all Fear of Pow'rs above,
 Or those below, submits to those of LOVE;
 Without which, Torments Pow'r or Riches were,
 One to give Trouble, as the tother Fear:
 Then LOVE for Justice, as 'tis blind, should go,
 For Truth, Faith, so for blind Devotion too;
 'Tis Faith, Religion, as 'tis Charity,
 Ev'n Atheists, Infidels, who Gods deny,
 LOVE, with their Vows, Faith, Service deifie;
 Renouncing Honour, Wealth, Pomp, Pow'r, and Praise,
 To get that little, Great Man-maker's Grace,
 Who first began the World, and keeps it now
 In Peace, which no Peace otherwise, cou'd know;
 Abolishing all Mercinariness,
 Or Fraud in Commerce, the worst Foes to Peace;
 By banishing all Int'rest or Design
 From Friendship, with those two Words, Thine and Mine;
 Which, in this World, but most Division cause,
 Make Nature's Law, submit to Human Laws:
 But LOVE sure is Man's Universal Law,
 Which, all the World does to Subjection draw,
 Cruelty, Fraud, or Av'rice, over-aw;
 To whose Pow'r, all unanimously yield,
 Whilst Men, to Justice, Faith, must be compell'd;
 Tho' no Law can be Just, or Permanent,
 To which there is not all Mankind's Assent,
 Which LOVE has, since 'tis Man's Self-punishment:
 At once his Punishment, and Pleasure too,
 Which (if he cou'd,) he never wou'd forego;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since LOVE's Chains are the sole, were ever known,
 To be, by th' Innocent themselves, put on;
 Whence LOVE's Law, the most absolute appears,
 Which makes Men their own Executioners;
 Each out of SELF-LOVE, only but to grow
 A Foe to's Friend, as Friend too to his Foe,
 To love She-Foes too, for their Cruelty,
 For those who kill them, willingly to die;
 So since, LOVE! You these Miracles can do,
 I dedicate my Sense, as Life to You;
 Who, taking but Man's Senses from him, dost
 Exert his Good-Will, or Good-Nature most,
 Pleasing his Senses at his Reason's Cost;
 Dost make the Weakest Men more Able prove,
 Either in Acting, or in Writing LOVE:
 Thou Friend to Wit, as Foe to Barrenness,
 Who dost the World Support, instruct, and please;
 Be Thou my Aid, as Thou my Theme art, LOVE!
 Since but for Thee, by whom all live and move,
 Wit wou'd, like Life, but tedious to them prove.
 Whence, LOVE! my Rhythms address themselves to You,
 Who, tho' You make Faults, best can hide 'em too;
 Man's Wit, best by his Love of Pleasure, show:
 Since none, without Thee, can to Wit pretend,
 Who art to Wit, and Nature, the best Friend,
 Of best Thoughts, best Beginning, as best End;
 Since those Mens Thoughts prove less Wit, which seek less,
 Their own dear Selves, than others Thoughts to please;
 But Thou, LOVE! dost make Men and Women too,
 Their Sense, Fame, for their Pleasure, to forego,
 By which, their best Sense, best of all they show.

MISCELLANY POEMS

A SONG, against Reason in Love; To one who required her Lover to give a Reason for his Passion, to convince her of it.

I.

SINCE Love's a Passion, Sense in Love,
Were senseless, dull Impertinence,
For Love, no more than Faith, we prove
By pedant Reason, babling Sense;
Faith in Love, as Religion too,
By Good-Works, not Good-Sense, we show.

II.

In busie Life's most base Concerns,
Of Honour, Pow'r, or Interest,
That Reason something more discerns,
Than Blind Faith can, it is confess;
But in the great Affair of Love,
Reason, shou'd Reas'ning, disapprove.

III.

In vain, some sober, thoughtless Fool,
Who has out-liv'd all Sense, or Wit,
May be so Formal, Grave, or Dull,
To strive to prove his Love by it;
Call Reason, Blind Love's Guide, or Light,
To help his Gropers, to go Right.

IV.

If 'tis a Light, 'tis such an one,
But as Jack in the Lantern is,
To help its Followers alone,
But by its Light, their Way to miss;
And make them, but the farther stray,
In its pursuit, out of their Way.

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

The Stark-Blind Fool is happiest,
Who, in the Darknefs of his Mind,
As in the Night, does Eafe, and Rest,
Quiet, and Safety, likewise find;
Whofe Blindnefs knows no prefent Fear,
Nor Forefight brings the Diftant near.

VI.

So, Reafon makes Man more a Brute,
Setting him more above the reft,
To lofe his Senfes in Difpute,
And make his Senfe, his Will conteft;
Whofe Reafon is, his Guilt, and Shame,
For Pleafures, Beafts, are not to blame.

VII.

Thus Man is but the greater Beaft,
Since, of moft Savage, Human-kind,
Tho' Lording it above the reft,
Is, by his Reafon, more confin'd;
Whilst Beafts, for want of Reafon, are
More free, both from his Guilt, Shame, Fear.

VIII.

Then Beafts, without Senfe, or Controul,
Their Pleafures, Paffions can fulfil:
When Man, for Reafon, and his Soul,
Can but the lefs have his Free-Will.
Beafts, more Senfe, wanting Reafon, fhew,
Fear nothing, fince they nothing know.

IX.

Whilst Babling Man, whom, we call Wife,
Both for his Senfe, and Forefight too:
But, the more fenfelefs Creature is,
To dread that, which he cannot know;
His Reafon fo, his Senfe refutes,
When, againft Nature, it difputes;

MISCELLANY POEMS

X.

His present Hopes and Happiness,
For future casual Fears destroys,
To show his Sense, for Reason less,
Makes sure his Grief, unsure his Joys;
More by his Thought, and Reason so;
Sensible, senseless Brute to grow.

Upon Friendship, prefer'd to Love.

FRIENDSHIP, at once, is Love and Honour too,
Which does a Heart, without Design, bestow;
Or Hopes of a Return, by which a Trade
Or Trucking Commerce, Bart'ring Love is made:
So Love's a Bond-slave, and must Duty pay,
Makes Man, ev'n those he shou'd command, obey;
In spite of Reason, whether 'twill, or no;
But Friendship, Voluntary Good will do,
Is Kindness, without Obligation, so. }
Love does a Mercenary Slave appear,
Whilst Friendship, is a Noble Volunteer.
Love does but for Reward, a Benefit,
Generous Friendship is undone by it:
Love shows its Kindness, without Reason too:
Friendship will always all, by Reason, do.
In Friendship, Men their Honour satisfy,
Their Judgment, Reason, and Humanity; }
In Love, their Passion, to their Infamy.
Love's the Disturbance of Societies,
Friendship strict Union is of Enemies;
Since Man to Man, by Nature is a Foe,
Till Noble Friendship does make One of Two,
And will their Reconciliation be;
Then Friendship is the Noblest Pact, (we see)
The Manly Virtue of the Soul, that's Great,
Love, is a Vice, Mean and Effeminate:
Friendship, is our Hearts, Minds, Firm Constancy;
Love Fickleness, and Imbecillity;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Love Bodies joins; gives, but to take Delight;
 But Friendship, Soul and Body, does unite;
 Love is but Mercenary Kindness, so,
 More Pleasure rather to Receive, than Do;
 Whilst Friendship makes the Truer-Hearted Man.
 With Friends to share their Crosses, Shame, or Pain;
 The Barbarous, who ne'r were civiliz'd,
 By Laws or Letters, Friendship most have priz'd;
 Have honour'd been for that, for Love, despis'd;
 They, whom no Laws, from doing Wrong, can bind
 By Friendship, to their Duty seem confin'd,
 Which makes most Men of one Will, and one Mind.
 So Friendship! Thou, Free-Law of Nature art,
 A Court of Honour, kept in each Man's Heart;
 Whilst Wild, Intemperate, Inhuman Love,
 A Breaker does of Laws and Precepts prove:
 Other Laws Bodies to their Duty bind,
 Friendship ensures the frail Heart, fickle Mind,
 Both by its Ties, to Reason, Faith, confin'd:
 Nay, when no Laws our Passions can restrain,
 Even in Spight of Love, True Friendship can;
 The Sacred Law of all Communities,
 Which tames the Wild, the Rude does civilize;
 Man's best Security, from all Distrust;
 To make, the Poor Man True, the Pow'rful Just;
 The Law, which ev'n most barbarous, and wild
 Of Nations, have for Sacred always held,
 The Lay-Religion, both of *Jews* and *Turks*,
 To make Men shew their Faith, by their Good Works;
 Out-Laws, and Thieves, whom Law, nor Faith can bind,
 Who live in Enmity with all Mankind,
 And make War, in the time of Peace, think fit,
 Yet, to the Laws of Friendship to submit;
 Who think it Brave, with Justice, to contend,
 Opposing Foes, submit yet, to their Friend.
 Friendship, (in breaking other Laws,) obey,
 Cheat their Relations, yet, no Friends betray;
 Venture their Lives, nay, Tortures undergo,
 Pain, and Disgrace, Death, and Damnation too,
 E're they will suffer but more Shame, or Blame,
 Betraying those, who brought 'em, to that Shame:
 In fine, the whole Creation, and Mankind,
 By Friendship, is maintain'd in Peace, (we find,)

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which first built Towns, and made Affemblies,
 Founder, Preserver, of Societies;
 Lets none do to their Brother ought amifs;
 For, where True Friendship Men does Rule, or Reign,
 Laws are unnecessary, Justice vain:
 So th' Age of Innocence, it does once more,
 To this, unhospitable World restore,
 Does Men to Justice, Faith, and Truth, incline,
 Abolishing those hard Words, Mine and Thine,
 Laying all Common, in the World, once more,
 By levelling Mankind, in Wealth, or Pow'r;
 All Fraud, or Injuries, abolishes,
 In taking from Mankind, all Selfishness,
 Which makes Man, seeking to be more, grow less;
 And keeps the Peace, by making ev'ry Friend,
 But with his Friend, in Kindness to contend;
 So, Friendship is the Noblest Commerce, which,
 Makes Men, by Prodigality, more Rich;
 Since Friends, by Goods they share, have not the less,
 Who, by Joint-Stocks, like Partners, gain Increase,
 Till each Man turns his Generosity,
 To the most profitable Usury,
 By Friendship, the sole honourable Gain,
 That's made by Commerce, betwixt Man, and Man.

Injustice out of Honour: *To the too Honourable*
 JILT, *who, to be true to her Marriage-Vow,*
and her Husband, (whom she own'd she hated,)
was false to her Love-Promise, and her Lover ;
whom she confess'd, she lov'd, and lov'd first.
 A SONG.

I.

UPON your Faith, and Honour, you
 Stand, till you prove, but more Unjust,
 More Faithless, by your Honour grow,
 Your first True Lover to distrust;
 So true to him (you say you hate) to prove,
 But to be false to him, you say, you love.

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

And but to keep your Faith with one,
Who brags he keeps it not with you,
So Wrong, you to your Friend have done,
Till Faithless by your Truth, you grow;
To your false Husband, are so falsely Just,
As Love, your Friend's due, not with him, to trust.

III.

For fear of breaking a forc'd Vow,
Not by your Love, but Int'rest made,
You such a Mercenary grow,
That Marriage has, your Faith betray'd;
And you, for better Keeping, like a Whore,
Became my Rival's, for his giving more.

IV.

If you will keep your Honour still,
Keep not from me, your Love, my due,
The Promise of your Love fulfil,
Which you know, first I had from you;
So break your Faith, with your false Spouse, you must,
For me, to be, to Love and Honour, just.

V.

If Vows to me, you for his sake
I'th' Church, cou'd break thus easily,
Why Vows to him, for me to break,
Shou'd you, dishonestly, deny?
Since to me, Voluntary was your Vow,
But yours to him, forc'd by your Friends, on you.

VI.

So, but more Wrong, you to me did,
My Love's due, to him, to resign,
Because, he more cou'd, for you, bid,
Tho' Love before-hand, made you mine;
Then Jilt, to give me back, my true Love's due,
You can't be false to Love, but to it, true.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*Upon JEALOUSIE. To an affected Mistress, who ask'd,
What it was? To whom, 'twas answer'd, 'Twas
Mischief out of Caution, Shame out of Honour,
Hatred out of Love, and the Punishment of the
Innocent for the sake of the Guilty ; which She bid
him make out.*

OUR Loving Anger, Mongrel Jealousie,
Our Love, by want of Faith, does justifie,
The better for our Incredulity;
Does make, our very Want of Faith to prove,
Our truest Demonstration of our Love;
Then kind, discourteous Jealousie, is so,
A Mongrel Passion, Love, and Hatred too,
Makes Man, more Kindness, as more Anger show:
Thus, is at once, most faithful Faithlessness,
Which, if 'twere more Faith, proves Man's true Love less;
Since Man's Faith, to his Mistress, best is shown,
But by his having in his Mistress none;
Jealousie, then in Thought, is in Effect
Obliging Rudeness, which shows most Respect,
When our Trust, in a Mistress, were Neglect;
To think none else, cou'd like Her, as we do,
And, if they did, wou'd not their Liking show,
And it, not by kind Proffers, let Her know.
Our Thoughts, to our Dame's Beauty, prove more just,
But the more they, their Virtue, Truth, distrust;
Since a Man's Censure of the Honesty
Of Women, is, less to their Infamy,
Than censuring their Beauty, which, as more,
Makes their Truth, Virtue, less in their own Pow'r.
Thus, Jealousie is true Love's surest Test,
Men thinking worse of Women, love 'em best,
Who, but as they their Love, and Faith, the more
Doubt still, to hate, or leave them, have less Pow'r;
So Jealousie, itself does only prove,
(By Man's Distrust,) the most undoubted Love,
As most censorious, most obliging too,
Which, does most Value for his Mistress show,

MISCELLANY POEMS

The more he thinks, her Beauty needs must move,
 More Men, to making to her, the more Love,
 So more Love, (as more Jealous) does he prove.
 Then kind, discourteous, *Janus* Jealousie,
 Is Scorn, or Hatred out of Amity,
 Wife Folly 'tis, and Honourable Fear,
 By which, Wrongs from Anticipation are,
 For injur'd Men, made easier to bear.
 As best the Wrong'd, or Worst'd undergo,
 The threaten'd Wrong, meeting the coming Blow.
 Jealousie, makes Men Wrong, e'er done, endure,
 More Trouble, by more Caution, to procure,
 The doubtful Plague, by Care, to shun it, sure;
 As more Man's Honour, 'twou'd support, or Fame,
 It proves more his Disparagement, or Shame,
 And casts, on the most Innocent, most Blame;
 To make another's Crime, Man's Infamy,
 And his Disgrace, his Foes Dishonesty;
 Grief, and Contempt, to make him undergo,
 Ev'n for those, who the Wrong did to him do;
 Nay, suffer for it, by his Fear, Shame, Doubt,
 Whether the Wrong was done to him, or not.
 So Jealousie, from too much Sense, does prove
 Madness, as Hatred too, from too much Love;
 Caution, to make Men, out of Love of Fame,
 To publish, to their Censurers, their Shame,
 To bear, for the Wrong done 'em, all the Blame:
 So Foolish Knowledge, 'tis, Rash Caution too,
 To make Self-Love, its own Tormenter grow,
 Man, by his Love to others, his own Foe;
 Th' Offence done to him, vainly to resent,
 To make his Foe's Crime, his own Punishment;
 To make his True Faith, cause but his Despair,
 His Trouble only greater, for his Care;
 To make his Honour's Vindication, grow
 More his Shame, as more his Resentment too,
 Then Jealousie, with Reason, ought to go,
 For Nonsense, from Man's quick Sense, Care, or Thought,
 By which he is, to Want of Reason brought,
 And his Shame's gain'd, by's Satisfaction fought;
 'Tis Circumspection, Lovers more to blind,
 'Tis desp'rate Caution, which makes Man inclin'd,
 To seek what is, his Dread, and Shame, to find;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Like the First Man's Desire of Knowledge, so,
Which must his Loss, his Shame, and Sorrow grow,
More, as he more, the Thing he fears, wou'd know;
Till his own Curiosity, does prove
His Curse, does him, from Happiness remove,
He had, in his Fool's Paradise, his Love;
Which to him, does secure his Happiness,
As more his Faith's in Love, his Reason less.
Thus, Jealousie, the Devil is, which damns
A Man, for want of Faith, to Pains, and Flames,
The Devil, but, as Man's Tormentor, so,
Made worse, by his Imagination too;
To make him suffer, from himself alone,
For Wrongs, which are, by others to him done;
Since, for the Guilty, the wrong'd Innocent,
It makes to bear, most Shame, and Punishment;
'Tis Satisfaction, which destroys Content;
Which does Love, by Love's Contradiction prove,
Makes Man think worst, of Her he best does Love,
To show her more Esteem, and more Good-will,
But, as he still thinks of her, the more Ill.

*To a False fickle Mistress, accusing me of her own
Fault; Love of Change, in Love.*

I.

VARIETY I love, 'tis true,
But for Your Dear-dear-Sake alone;
Variety I find in You,
Who have all Woman's Charms in one.

II.

Your Humour varies like Your Look;
Which You so dayly change to me,
That, if with Change I were not took,
I cou'd not constant to You be.

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

Blame me not, for Inconstancy,
Which more my Faith does to thee prove,
Did I not love Variety;
Thee, fickle Dear! how shou'd I love?

IV.

To please Men more, You change your Drefs,
Why should You likewise not your Mind?
Since you wou'd but please Lovers less,
If You, the same still, shou'd they find.

V.

I need not Change, since You do so;
Both your Looks, your Talk, and your Mind;
That all Varieties in You
I have, of Changing Woman-kind.

*An Heroic Epistle. To the Honour of Pimps, and
Pimping; dedicated to the Court; and written at
a Time, when such were most considerable there.*

SINCE for Kings Seconds, Politicians go
Who do their Pleasure, and secure 'em too;
Do, what they for their own Selves cannot do.
To make their Happiness and Safety sure;
Their Pow'r by Love, more than by Force, endure;
Pimps merit most their Favour and Esteem,
Who make Kings happier, than they can them;
And from Love's Chains, their conquer'd Kings redeem.
Who, to their She-Slaves else wou'd Homage pay,
And give to Love their Empire quite away;
Their Scepter to the Distaff wou'd betray;
Did not Pimps put New Conquests in their Pow'r,
Their Subjects Hearts securing to them more,
Than any other Watchful Minister,
Whom, to their Secret Councils Kings prefer;

MISCELLANY POEMS

But, because they best Politicians are,
 Still of their King's best Secrets to take Care;
 Who, (whilst all others by King's Services,
 Seek only their own Honour, and own Ease)
 Will, for their Master's special Service chuse,
 Their own Peace, Honour, faithfully to lose, }
 Rather than their King's Honour they'd expose:
 Who Captives to their Vassals else wou'd be,
 Did not their Pimps, from Love's Chains set 'em free.
 So Pimps, are Politicians of best Parts, }
 Who, for Enslaving Men, have surest Arts;
 Most Pow'r have o'er their Minds, by knowing best their Hearts. }
 Since no kind of Intrigue at Court goes on,
 Which is to them a Secret, or unknown.
 Nay, Pimping's Honourable, since for it }
 No Fool, or Knave, or Traytor, cou'd be fit;
 Their Pimp must have Faith, Diligence, and Wit, }
 Policy, Vigilance, and Eloquence, }
 Art, Industry, with good Intelligence; }
 And the most Courtly Virtue, Confidence:
 Must have the Parts, (his Duty well to do)
 Of Soldier, Courtier, Politician too;
 A Soldier be, to make a bold Attack,
 Ne'r by Repulses to be driven back;
 Must lay Siege closely, Watch, and Undermine,
 Make False Attempts, to hide his True Design;
 The Courtier act, the Man of Bus'ness too;
 That he, for Two at once, may Bus'ness do;
 To gain Ears, Hearts, a True Friend must appear;
 To work on Passions, a Philosopher;
 To have his King's Ear, a Bold Orator;
 Be dumb in Love, to speak his Passion more;
 To speak, or hold his Tongue, must wisely know,
 His Parts by Speech; less than by Silence, show;
 Like Princes must too, do Good publickly, }
 Have Honour, Faith, and Liberality; }
 And like their Counsellours, safe Secrecy:
 Whence Pimps, for Privy-Counsellours, are best; }
 Wherefore the *Turks*, (now Wise Men of the East, }
 Where once Wise Men were said to live at least)
 From Schools of *Venus* politickly take,
 Such as they, great i'th' School of *Mars* wou'd make
 So Pimps, who then are Love's best Ministers,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Deserve best what they have, their Prince's Ears;
 Guards of their Secrets, Partners of their Care,
 Shame, for their Faults, like Favourites to bear;
 Who, the best Secrets of their Princes keep,
 And watch, that they may with more Safety sleep;
 The best Supports are then of Majesty,
 By Mending still the Royal Progeny,
 Since Fools, nor Cowards come by Bastardy;
 Nature's Legitimates, so Bastards are,
 Whence, of her Gifts they have a double Share:
 Love is more Honourable, as more Free
 Whilst Marriage, which enslaves Men more (we see)
 And is but much more Mercenary too,
 But less, for Honourable Love shou'd go;
 So the Priest's Office shou'd be more his Shame,
 As he makes Man pay dearer for his Dame,
 For Life, to venture into Slavery,
 With Woman, but to have more Liberty,
 By Marriage, to make Love, dishonourably;
 Whilst Pimping sure, a Nobler Calling is,
 By which Man's made more Free, more Brave, and Wife;
 To save his Honour, keep his Liberty,
 By shunning, Cuckoldom Church-Slavery;
 So Pimps do not the World Effeminate,
 By Bastard's Wit, and Honour propagate;
 Seldom found in the Dull Legitimate:
 Then Priests, worst Pimps, in making Matches prove,
 Making them more for Interest, than Love;
 Against Consent, oft of both Parties too,
 Make Matches, which, more just Pimps never do;
 So, much more conscionable, may be said,
 To be those Matches, which, by Pimps, are made;
 Which, are more Honourable, and more Just,
 As there, betwixt both Parties, is more Trust;
 If that the Honour of our Faith, be more,
 As more the Breach of it, is in our pow'r;
 And Love's more Honourable, as more Free,
 Whoring less Shame, than Marriage, ought to be;
 If Liberty too, be the Mark of Pow'r,
 Which Priests restrain, and frank Pimps give us more;
 Whilst one by Love, brings Man to Slavery,
 T'other, by Love, gives him more Liberty,
 By which, he makes Love, but more Hon'rably;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Thus Pimps, by whom, Monarchs both live, and move,
Best Ministers, 'twixt King, and People prove,
Ruling their Prince's Ruler, Tyrant Love;
Without which, wou'd, all Potentates, (we see,)
Tyrants, of Fathers of their Countries be,
Did not Pimps make 'em to Love's Empire bow,
Soft'ning their Hearts, soothing their Passions too;
So Pimps, are Kings best Ministers of State,
Unite the People, make their Princes Great,
Peopling their Realms, their Pow'r best propagate;
But, to Destruction, make 'em ne'r inclin'd,
Or e'er to draw their Weapons, (as we find,)
To lessen, but to multiply their Kind:
So Pimps deserve most Honour, or most Praise,
Who serve the World, tho' to their own Disgrace,
Whilst most Proud, Public Ministers, but deign,
To serve the Public, for their private Gain,
Their Honour not to lose, but to maintain;
And Conquerors, the Stiles of Great, and Good,
Acquire, but by their shedding Human Blood;
Whilst Nobler Pimps, much more to their Renown,
Scorn Fame, to propagate the World alone,
Give, and save Lives, at Hazard of their own.
Such then, for Hero's, in my Verse, shall live,
Since 'tis less Honour, Lives to take, than give.

Too much Choice too little. A SONG against Variety in Love.

I.

IT is my Choice of Mistresses,
That ineffectual makes my Love,
Thus, if my Choice now, were but less
More wou'd my Satisfaction prove.

II.

The She-Fool, or the Witty't one,
Alike still, must I love or hate,
Since one pulls up her Coats too soon,
As t'other makes me hers, too late.

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

One's Forwardness, makes me, to be
More backward to her in my Love;
So backward t'other is to me,
I forward to her, cannot prove.

IV.

Me this, does with her Kindness kill;
And that too, with her Cruelty:
Because I live, one takes it ill;
The t'other, that I for her die.

V.

O! that the Fool were then less kind,
Or that the Wit were to me more;
The Fool wou'd be much more my Friend,
The Wit I much more shou'd adore.

VI.

'Twixt both, I have my Pleasure less,
Enjoy, for both's Love, ne'r an one;
Since me, thus equally, both please,
Alas! I Pleasure have, from none.

VII.

So, like the Rich-Poor Miser, I,
Am but less happy, for my Store;
Under more Want of Love I lie,
As I have to relieve it, more.

VIII.

Since my Store, and Variety,
But my Wants of them more increase
Till more my Pleasures multiply,
My Satisfactions, do the less:

MISCELLANY POEMS

*For Variety in LOVE. To a Mistress, who accus'd her
Lover of Inconstancy ; saying, She lov'd most and
best, whilst he prov'd he lov'd her most, for loving
more.*

THE blind God has, my blind Devotion still,
In whom I've so much Faith, I've no Free-Will.
So 'tis not this, or t'other Goddes I
Adore alone, or call my Destiny;
But best, my true Faith, and Devotion prove,
By my blind Faith, in the blind God of Love;
The Grace of some bright Angel to procure,
In Love to make my Call, Election, sure;
I ne'r Election of my Goddes make,
Nor for my Fate, one Mortal Angel take:
But love the whole Sex, most implicitly,
My Zeal and Faith but more to justifie,
To th' God of Love, and his Divinity:
My Faith in Love, is so Catholical,
Believing ev'ry thing, and Loving all.
To th' Fair I show my Faith, Love, and Esteem;
To th' Foul my Charity, not hating them.
In hopes of Bliss, I still invoke the Fair;
The Foul too, when o'th' Fair-one I despair;
Worship the Fair, as Angels they appear;
The Foul, as *Indians* do the Dev'l, for Fear;
The Wit's good Sense, does me to Love persuade,
To love the Fool, by'r Innocence am made;
So Wit, or Folly, Love's Incitements prove;
The Wit or Fool, my Love or Pity move:
The Wit I love, but for her knowing, strait,
E'r that you make Love, what you wou'd be at;
T'other, for her not knowing, What is what:
Since Ignorance, in Love, as Danger too,
Will make the Fearful but the bolder grow:
I love the Wit, to Love by Reason brought,
Since ignorant of nothing, She'd be thought;
T'other, who wou'd, (since ignorant) be taught.
The Rich I covet, and the Proud adore;
And must be charitable to the Poor;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Pursue the Flying, meet the Coming too,
 Can't from the Lying-still, turn, stir, or go;
 I truckle to the Mighty, Proud, and Tall,
 And take up in my Arms, the Low, and Small;
 The Fat I love, my Stomach best to prove;
 Since none can have too much of what they Love;
 The Fat I love, since she is not strait-lac'd;
 The Lean, because she's with more Ease embrac'd;
 The Fat, who still for want of Breath, will ly;
 The Lean, since she can move more nimbly.
 I love the piercing Eye, that looks me thro';
 The Bashful, that can't look upon me too;
 The Soft-Look, which does most Compassion show;
 The Quick, and Fiery Eye, which Passion proves,
 The Sleepy, since it makes me dream she loves;
 And with her Eyes (as 'twere) to bed-ward moves;
 The Rolling, Kind, or Fix'd Eye; all which, prove
 More moving, more to move, or fix my Love;
 The Bold-Look love's Encouragement, I hold;
 And by the Modest Look, my Love's made bold:
 The Proud Dame's Scorn, makes me her Vassal grow,
 Whose Pride as more, does more her Virtue show;
 Whose Pride, as her I with more Labour gain,
 Is more my Honour, Pleasure, as my Pain;
 And I am taken with her Smile, or Frown;
 By which Love, or Reserv'dness, best is shown;
 Her Smiles, makes me to think she smiles on me,
 Her Tears, I think, for Love of me to be;
 Her Mirth gives me, more Joy still of her Love,
 Her Sighs and Tears, the Truth best of it prove;
 In me her Grief or Joy, Love's Passion move:
 In fine, I love most, since I still love all,
 My Love's most constant, as most general;
 In Love with all, I've seen or known, have been;
 Th' unknown I love, since them I ne'r have seen;
 For love of all, to all of them am blind,
 Tho' nought to love in any one I find;
 I love all yet, but because Woman-kind:
 Nay, I can love all, though I know not why,
 True to the Fair, am out of Constancy,
 And love the Foul, but for Variety:
 The Fair, because I Rivals have in her;
 The Foul, because no Rivals need I fear.

MISCELLANY POEMS

The Young, and Handfom love, fince all do fo;
 Both th' Old, and Ugly too, fince none elfe do :
 The Young, becaufe my Love they fatisfie;
 And th' Old, fince they give me no Jealoufie;
 The Poor, fince then, my Love is Charity:
 If me to love, the Poor, Old, Ugly move,
 You may be fure, there none are, but I love:
 I love beft, fince Love's not my Choice, but Fate;
 I love all, but, becaufe that none I hate;
 Yet ftill (my Dear) I find I love you beft,
 Since I love you moft, tho' you love me leaft;
 Who ne'r another Woman's Love did try,
 But my Love to you, more to juftifie;
 Since, if the Difference 'twixt them, and you,
 I had not known, I now fure, cou'd not know
 Your Excellence, as now (my Dear,) I do;
 Which me, has mov'd now, but to love you more,
 Than, e'er I others try'd, I did before;
 Since, but for our Comparifon alone,
 Of all things, we fhould know the Worth of none;
 So, by my Change, my Conftancy I prove,
 Who Thee more, for my trying others, love;
 Then, for thy Honour, not Difhonour, I,
 With other Women, for thy fake, did lie,
 But, by my Change, my Faith to juftifie;
 Since I, but by my Tryal of the reft,
 Cou'd ne'r have known, thou wert, and haft the beft.

A SONG againft Delays in LOVE: To a Demurring Miftrefs.

I.

IN Love, Procraftination is,
 As 'tis in Charity, a Crime,
 And Kindneffes turn Injuries,
 For which, we Patience lofe, and Time;
 The Gift is loft in its Delay,
 Which cofts us Life, the deareft Pay:

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

And that Death is the most severe,
For which, in Pain, we longest wait,
As Punishments, ev'n Mercies are,
But by their falling on us, strait;
For Joys grow Grievs by lingering,
By Mens vain Hopes, true Sorrows bring.

III.

Delay grows the worst Torturer,
Under pretence of Mercy too,
Whilst sudden Death's our Rescuer,
Shows Mercy, giving soon the Blow;
To those, who live in Pain for Life,
Death's kindest, which ends soonest Grief.

IV.

Then, if I'm by Thee, doom'd to die,
Show me some Mercy, showing none,
Oblige me by Thy Cruelty,
From Hell to save me, kill me soon;
Then I, thy Mercy shall confess,
To be more, as You show me less.

*The RECONCILIATION: To a Mistress, who swore,
She wou'd never see her Lover more; yet after-
wards own'd, She wou'd, but for her Oath.*

LOVE lost a while, like Health, becomes more dear,
When it returns, to its Recoverer;
Thus is thy Love more Pleasure to me grown,
Than if it ne'r had Alteration known,
The Distance thou so long hast kept with me,
Now joys, and gratifies me more to see,
This late Return of thy despair'd-of Love,
Which makes thy past Rage now, more Kindness prove;

MISCELLANY POEMS

A happy Quarrel then, was ours, (I find,) }
Which made us fall out, to be made more kind, }
To difagree, to be more of a mind; }
I, but a bare Acquaintance, loft in you,
But I regain a loft Friend in you now;
I loft a Foe, who kept me once in Pain,
But I a Friend, that eafes it, regain;
Your Faith, for breaking of your Word, now more }
I value, than for keeping it before; }
For, had you kept the rash Oath, which you fwore,
And me no more (as once you vow'd,) had feen,
Keeping your Oath, you had Unfaithful been;
Falfe to thy Love, true to thy Word, to be, }
Had been fure, but more Want of Faith in Thee, }
Thou, to thy Word True, hadft been Falfe to me; }
Not ſhe, who keeps a rash Oath, 'gainft a Friend, }
Which muſt her Love, to keep her Faith offend, }
Can e'er to Truth, or Honour more pretend;
But ſhe, who breaks her Vow, to ſave her Love,
Her Honour, Faith, by Breach of it, does prove;
Who, for her Friend, her Soul, and Body too,
Does venture, for the beſt Friend ought to go;
Your Oath, ſo you, more honourably break,
Since it you took firſt, but on a Miſtake;
So you, your Truth, and Honour juſtifie,
By your relenting, faithful Perjury;
Then ſatisfy'd, (ſince I am ſo,) now be, }
Who, for my Satisfaction, had from Thee, }
Now, can't be ſorry you fell out with me; }
My firſt Loſs of you, like the Gameſters, ſo, }
Makes my Loſs then, more my Advantage now, }
Who, more am pleas'd, by my regaining you;
Loſt Friends regain'd, like loſt Gold, pleaſe us more,
Than gaining either, we ne'r had before;
Like broken Bones, our broken Friendſhip now,
But ſtronger does, (for being broken,) grow;
Knit again, is more hard again to break,
Had it not broken, had been now more weak;
So, for its breaking, will it laſt the more,
Had been to break, had it not broke before.

MISCELLANY POEMS

LOVE'S Dilemma, *a Song.* *Upon a Proud Mistress,*
who said, A Lover's Silence was the best Proof of
his Love and Respect to his Mistress; and the best
Way of making Love to her.

I.

MY Love, makes me conceal my Love;
My Pain, makes me to her cry out,
Whilst she says, Silence Love shou'd prove;
Tho' that Proof more shou'd cause her Doubt.
Yet must I hold my Tongue, (I find)
That she may better know my Mind.

II.

Then 'tis all one, to hide my Pain,
Or own to her, my Killing-Grief;
Begging her Love, her Scorn I gain;
Not asking it, can't hope Relief:
Yet wou'd I have my Love deny'd,
By my Fear, rather than her Pride.

III.

I rather wou'd love her in vain,
Than I to her in vain shou'd speak:
By my Love, and not her Disdain,
Wou'd rather have my Heart to break,
I wou'd deny my self her Love,
Rather than her Denial prove.

IV.

Since I fear more, to love her less,
Than that at all she shou'd not me,
It were some kind of Happiness,
Not sure, of my bad luck to be;
Since better were it, to be born,
To Die by my Love, than her Scorn.

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

So then it is all one, (I find)
Whether I my True Love conceal,
Or I shou'd tell her all my Mind;
If I shou'd not my Love reveal,
Her pity shall I ne'r obtain,
Nor if I do, her Pardon gain.

*To a Mercenary Mistrefs; who said, Love was the
Greatest Blessing in the World, and therefore shou'd
be purchas'd at the Greatest Price.*

IF Love's a Blessing, (as it is) you say,
We for it ought not then to Pay, but Pray;
Since Blessings, as they'd go for more Divine,
Shou'd more be gain'd by Pray'r, or Praise, than Coin:
For Bribes are Benefactors worst Disgrace;
Divine Grace we, by Buying it, debase: }
For Love to Beauty, there's no Bribe, but Praise.
Love-Offerings, but Sacrilege wou'd prove,
To Buy the Blessings of the God of Love:
Since by the Presents, Love's Devoto's make, }
To She-Divinities, for their Love's Sake,
Honour we give 'em, from 'em more to take.
The Goddesses whom we Worship, we Prophane;
To think, She'd grant our Pray'r, but for her Gain;
Since Pleasures must be mutual, frank, and free,
To Men the greater, welcomer to be:
We lessen them, our Benefactors flight,
But more, the more we'd them with Hire requite;
Shou'd undervalue more their Love and them,
To think they Coin, cou'd more than Love esteem,
Shou'd them disparage more, the more we pay,
Their Honour, with our Gifts, to take away;
Since we, but gratefully, ungrateful so, }
Less Love, but as we give more for it show,
As less our Value, or Esteem for You;
Since 'tis the Mercenary Pact, not Love,
Which does more Shame to Trading-Women prove:

MISCELLANY POEMS

Love is not shamefully receiv'd, or paid,
 Till of a free Gift, it becomes a Trade;
 Since 'tis the Frankness of the Benefit,
 Not the great Value, which enhances it;
 No Thanks are due to Love, for which we pay;
 Our Pay, our Obligation takes away;
 Since there's no Obligation, where there's Right,
 We nothing ow to Love, Gold does requite,
 The Kifs, Embrace, of any beauteous Maid,
 But by Man's Kifs, Embrace can be repaid;
 Nothing, but Pleasure, can reward Delight,
 Nothing but Satisfaction, do Love right;
 Nothing, but Smile for Smile, and Kifs for Kifs,
 But Look for Look, or ought, but Joy, for Blifs,
 Or Love for Love, a true Requital is;
 Then Gold, as well might Satisfaction prove,
 In Duties of Religion, as of Love;
 For since Love is a Duty so Divine,
 No Money for that Blessing ought to Fine;
 So nothing then, can Satisfaction prove,
 To the Maid's Frank Trust, but our Faithful Love;
 Nature's Gifts, Gifts of Nature must repay,
 The Bribe, the Woman's Honour takes away:
 Her Love her Shame, but by our Purchase grows;
 Since Love, when it grows Mercenary, does
 The Name of Love, for that of Int'rest lose;
 Which is but more a Woman's Infamy,
 As it, her Man does with more Money buy;
 Wherefore, I'll not bribe it ungratefully;
 Since, to bribe Sacred Love, as Justice too,
 A Wrong, but of a Benefit wou'd grow,
 To Her or Him, who shou'd the Favour show;
 Wou'd make the Sacrilegious Offerer,
 As more devout to's Goddess he'd appear,
 With his Gold, more her Undervaluer:
 I'd grateful to thy Love and Honour prove,
 Wou'd not, with Offerings, prophane thy Love;
 Which is most valu'd, as most frank and free,
 Then, that I prize thy Love most, shalt thou see;
 Because I nothing give, for it or thee:
 I'd have you take with me more Liberty,
 You were my Slave, shou'd I your Body buy;
 But I your Slave am, therefore my True Love,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Best, by my giving nothing for you, prove;
 Best serve your Love, and save your Honour too,
 When I, your Slave, buy not my Chains of you,
 Which wou'd make, both's Love, both's Dishonour grow;
 By which, our Noble, Free Love, wou'd be made
 Of a just Commerce, a base Trucking Trade;
 Since none, but faithless *Turks*, or *Jews*, their Gains
 Wou'd make, of their Slaves Service, or their Chains.

*To a Talkative, Loud, Shallow, Conceited Coxcomb,
 who used to say, A Man shou'd his Wit more or
 less, but as he talk'd much or little.*

THE more a Wit, or Wise Man, you'd appear,
 The more you prove, you but a Babler are,
 The more your own self, you will only hear;
 Men show more Sense, the less their own they prize,
 And more than others Thoughts, their own despise,
 Who hearing others, seem, nay, prove more wise;
 Less by their Speaking, than their Hearing so,
 At once their Judgment, both improve, and show,
 And but more Wise still, as more Silent grow;
 Since till you speak, none can know what you are,
 Speak less, that Thee, Men but the more may hear,
 Speak less, to make your Judgment more appear;
 If that you wou'd be thought to have some Wit,
 Your own False Judgment never take for it;
 Which Men wou'd think more, as you thought it less,
 Prov'd less, but by your own Conceitedness;
 That all then may, your Sense for Just admit,
 Leave off your thinking, your own Self a Wit;
 Seem not o'erwise, to be thought otherwise;
 For all true Wisdom, like true Friendship, is,
 Render'd suspected, by Formality,
 Deficient thought, for Self-sufficiency;
 Stop thy Throat, not our Ears, with thy long Tongue,
 Let Silence right thy Sense, thy Speech wou'd wrong;
 When Sense is lessen'd, as Words multiply,
 Silence then proves most Ingenuity;
 But you, crack'd Skulls, like broken Merchants, will
 Support, by vain Words, your crack'd Credit still,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Maintain your Fame of Self-sufficiency,
By Boasts, which are your Wants Discovery,
To lose your Credit by your Vanity;
Speak not so much, to be well-spoken of,
Let Silence be thy Wit's, and Judgment's Proof;
And hold thy Tongue, thy Weakness not to show,
Crack'd Skulls, like crack'd Bells, by their Tongues we know.

*A SONG sent to a LADY, who gave the Subject for it,
by complaining of the hard Fate of Women; who,
for refusing Love, must be hated; yet for granting
it, despis'd.*

I.

HOW hard is the poor Woman's Fate,
Whether she soon, or late is won,
No Thanks deserves, if 'tis too late,
Nor Love, if that she yields too soon.

II.

By Man, forc'd to Hypocrisie,
Yet for it, by him, most condemn'd,
Hated, if Love she does deny,
And yet, for granting it, condemn'd,

III.

By him, with whom she soon complies,
Is thought, a coming Easie Whore,
A false Jilt, if she Love denies,
And does it, only to get more:

IV.

If Love, or Generosity,
Make her, to Man, for nothing yield,
Her Honour grows her Infamy,
Her Kindness is, her Cheapness held:

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

So, whether the Poor Woman does,
Show Man her Love, or show him none,
She must her Friends, or Credit lose,
Which, lost, or kept, must be undone:

VI.

A Mercenary Jilt be thought,
Else, a more coming Common Whore,
If she stands off, 'tis to be bought,
Or yields soon, 'tis but to get more:

VII.

So, whether you stand off, or yield,
To your Admirer, late, or soon,
You, for a Wench, will still be held,
Yet be, no Mercenary one:

VIII.

But sooner, out of Modesty,
To save your Credit, yield to me,
Since Love, grows no Dame's Infamy,
Till Mercenary, thought to be:

IX.

Yield up your Honour, more to gain,
Left standing off, and seeming Nice,
You, by your less'ning more your Man,
Seem to inhance, but more your Price:

X.

To make your Modesty, your Shame,
Of which you do but make a Show;
To get more Coin, not keep more Fame;
Till your Shame, does your Virtue grow.

MISCELLANY POEMS

To a General Detractor, and Ill Critic ; who condemn'd his own Faults and Follies in other Men ; shewing, 'tis the General Folly, and Injustice of Mankind.

AS Friends and Kindred, fallen out, have been,
 Oft at more Distance, as more near of Kin;
 Each Brother of Iniquity, does grow,
 To his own Sin in others, the worst Foe.
 The Dog, so like the Wolf, a Worrier,
 As more like him, is to him more severe;
 The little vixen teizing Terrier too,
 The more he's like the Fox, is more his Foe;
 As Thief-Catchers are oft by Justice made,
 Their Punishers for having been o'th' Trade:
 We Bad Men's Persons hate, or disesteem,
 Not our own Vices, which we find in them:
 Like Rivals in their Crime, not Foes to it,
 Not, because it we think not Just, or Fit;
 But, because it we want Pow'r to commit.
 From Envy, not our Hatred; but appear,
 Not to the Vices, but the Men severe:
 Condemn them, others Censures to prevent,
 On us, but more to our Disparagement;
 But call them Guilty, to seem Innocent:
 Atheists call Parsons False Believers, who,
 Against the Truth, upon the Gospel, do
 Vouch such things as, no Human Reason can
 For Truth, or Probability, maintain;
 And, on the contrary, the Church-Men so,
 Call Faithless Atheists, True Believers too;
 Allowing them Faith in Divinity,
 But to discredit their Philosophy,
 Because they Disbelieve implicitly.
 The Perjur'd are to Liars most severe,
 As the Detractor damns the Flatterer;
 Who, for the worst Traducer ought to pass,
 Who his best Friend traduces to his Face:
 The Proud Man who the worst Affronts will give;
 Will them but most impatiently receive;

MISCELLANY POEMS

He, who most Wrong has to his Friend's Bed done,
Is always the most jealous of his Own;
The loose Jilt, but for losing her Good-Name,
Does censure most an Honest Woman's Fame,
Shows but more Impudence, to get less Shame:
Does but her Crime more guiltily deny,
Professing impudently, Modesty,
Which but her Shame, the more does justify;
The most Perfidious Man, in Word or Fact,
Most Faith, Truth, will from other Men exact;
And the most baffled, silenc'd Coward too,
To Brave Men's Fame, is the most dreadful Foe;
Usurpers, most severe to Traitors are;
And Tyrants, the most Guiltless, least will spare;
Grim Death's sure Minister, the Doctor so,
Will call th' Apothecary Pois'ner too;
Like all Manslayers, will lay his own Crime
Of Murder (to hide his own Guilt) on him:
Damn'd Wits, by their Faults, damning Critics grow;
As in Hell, Sinners Sin's Tormenters too;
As are the Judge, and Hangman, oftentimes,
Made Ministers of Justice, by their Crimes.

*To an University-Wit, or Poet ; who had written
some ill Verses, with an ill Play or two ; which,
not succeeding, he resolv'd to turn Parson.*

YOU Wit, in your Poetic Fury have,
Since you the Stage wou'd for the Pulpit leave;
Will of your Wit so give us better Proof,
Since you wou'd Starving Poetry leave off;
And a Fat Priest, of a Lean Poet now,
Wou'd (to the best Proof of your Reason) grow:
To show the World your Understanding more,
Damning Prophane Wits, who damn'd you before:
Your Sock and Buskin, you wou'd shake off quite,
Which ne'r keeps Poets dry-shod, or upright:
You'd leave-off your Poetic Sock, which does
Make Poor Wits go, most often without Shoes;
Whilst, in Canonical Galloshes, you,
To raise you higher, might the better go,

MISCELLANY POEMS

You'd Use of your Poetic Feet forbear,
 That your Feet real Socks might have to wear,
 Which have none now, but what Poetic are:
 That something like a Shirt, you might have, you
 A Surplice wou'd design to put on too;
 You for Faith's Buckler, wou'd lay by your Sword,
 Which less Protection does to Life afford;
 The Stage so beggarly, to show your Wit,
 Wou'd for the Profitable Pulpit quit;
 And damn your Age, not to be damn'd by it.
 You'd leave Prophane, and Witty Poetry,
 To Lie o' God's-Name, more ingeniously;
 Since Lying 'tis, for more Praise, with less Pain,
 Most Witty Lying, as 'tis least in vain,
 Most Honourable, as it brings most Gain;
 So with more Wit and Honour, 'tis to Lie;
 Giving, not Begging, Immortality,
 By Lies, which make Hearers more true Believers;
 Preachers, by Teaching Men Truth, their Deceivers:
 Who, to be Coin-Receiver, turn Thanksgivers:
 You'd leave-off, as a Poet, so to Sing,
 To Sing Psalms, which more Praise wou'd to you bring;
 And Hearers more provoke to Listening;
 You'd leave Invoking so your Heathen Muse,
 Substantial Help of Mother-Church to chuse,
 Which, no Help does her Innocents refuse;
 Which has Wit, for the most Prophane Thing held,
 Because to Faith, against Sense, 'twill not yield,
 Therefore has it out of the Church expell'd:
 Which gives Praise to the Living, not the Dead,
 Because it stands the Living in more stead;
 Does Faith, in things incredible, forbid:
 The Play-House, wisely, for the Church, you quit;
 Where you may show more Faith, as less your Wit:
 Where you wou'd be still, of an Audience, sure,
 Which, on the Stage, you hardly cou'd procure;
 Where Sinners, for their Sins, might Penance do,
 And only, for their patient hearing you;
 Who, by your Sermons, sooner wou'd, (of course)
 Be sav'd, not as they better are, but worse;
 Since, you'd hold forth, more to their Faith, than Sense,
 Put them, for Laughing there, to less Expence,
 Than if they were, a Play-house Audience;

MISCELLANY POEMS

So you more Hearers, wou'd together bring,
 When as a Clerk, not Poet, you wou'd sing;
 For Claps, need not invoke your Holy Pit,
 Might clap on your own Cushion, your own Wit,
 And not be thought a Fop, for doing it;
 Church-Fictions too, will go off, with more ease,
 Than the Prophane, in crouded Play-Houses,
 Since Faith i'th' Church, is more, as Reason less;
 Where oft it is, Religion, to be dull,
 And to be Faithful, to be Fanciful;
 Nay Nonsense, Sacred, in the Pulpit is,
 Where Clergy-Fictions, Lay-men dare not hiss,
 Railing, or Damning, dare not take amiss;
 Nonsense is safe still, in the House of Pray'r,
 Since there are none, who to refute it, dare,
 But must have Faith in it, as Priests, they fear;
 So Murtherers of Sense, have Asyl there,
 As Murtherers of Men, of Old Times, had,
 For Sins, where Laws were first against 'em made.
 The Stage then now, to show your Wit, you leave,
 Since there some Wit, a Holder-forth, must have;
 Him, there, from Shame, and Damning too, to save;
 By parting, with his Reason, and his Sense,
 Believers, of their Faith, more to convince,
 Since doubting Reason, is to Faith Offence;
 So Damning here, as elsewhere, to prevent,
 Thou shou'dst become, ev'n here, an Innocent,
 And of thy Wit, Foe to thy Faith, repent;
 Leave off thy tempting Wit, to Faith's Offence,
 To make Man's Faith depend but on his Sense;
 And much more, makes a Man fear Damning here,
 For want of Wit, (than want of Faith,) elsewhere;
 Thou must renounce that Faithless Wit of thine,
 Thy Reason, up to Faith alone, resign,
 Deny thy Sense, to prove a True Divine;
 Must curs'd Temptations, of thy Heath'nish Muse,
 (To get the Blessings of this Life,) refuse;
 To make a Trade of Immortality,
 Here, as hereafter, best to live thereby,
 Must not as Poet, but as Parson ly;
 Since Laic, as Clergy-lyers too, must live,
 By th' Immortality, to Fools, they give;
 For Preachers up of Virtue, to be known,

MISCELLANY POEMS

But more, for others Practice, than their own;
So that, the Business of both Trades, has been,
To make Divine Things of the worst of Men;
Who for their own Faults, others most condemn,
And praise God, only to get Man's Esteem;
Without Man's Gifts, the Gifts of God refuse,
Admir'd, and paid for Doctrine, not their use,
For Men's Faith, they confirm not, but abuse;
Who make Men, their vain Words, for God's esteem,
His Word believe, but as allow'd by them;
Their Hearers Faith, Devotion, to be true,
Not as they give God his, but them, their Due.

*A SONG: To a Conceited Mistrefs, who ask'd her
Lover, What LOVE was? and a Reason for it;
saying, If He did really love Her, He wou'd have
told Her so before.*

I.

KNOW, Love is not by Precept taught,
Nor what it is, can Reason prove,
Above Expression, above Thought,
Instinct, by which, our Senses move;
Which, by denying, is confest,
And is express'd, by Dumbness, best:

II.

By good Sense, is but worse made out,
Prov'd best, but by Men's Speaking Eyes.
Whilst Reason brings it more in Doubt,
And it, our Madness justifies;
By Kindness, without Sense, made good,
And Arguments, not understood.

III.

I less can tell you, what it is,
(As you say,) by good Sense, or Wit,
Shou'd I, by Reason, at it guess,
I prove, I nothing know of it;
For Love, like Courage, we prove best,
When of it, we our selves, say least.

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Not making Public Pray'r to you,
Proves my Devotion, to you more,
As Saints, in Ecstasies, best show
Their Deity, they more adore;
Make more their Faith, and Zeal appear,
By making to it no loud Pray'r.

V.

You may, be sure, I love you, since
I ne'r yet of it spoke to you,
My Silence Thee, shou'd best convince,
Above Words, does my Passion grow;
So Love at once, I make, and prove,
By making to you, no Lip-Love.

VI.

You say, That Love is Madnefs, then,
If I cou'd tell you, why 'tis so,
My Reason for it, less were seen,
The more I'd for it, Reason show;
Since Love is Faith, as Faith, we Love
More, by mad Zeal, than Reason, prove.

*To a Peevish Captious Coxcomb, who called himself
a Critic, upon his Fraternity the Wits.*

THE Snarling Wits, who never show their Wit,
Or Sense, but when it is in spight of it:
To get their Credit, but by others Blame,
Like wrangling Cowards, others will defame,
Disgracing them, to hide but their own Shame;
Conscious, they merit their own selves no Praise,
The Meritorious down to them debase;
To most Men's Reputations most severe,
But as they most all others Censures fear:
Men censure, that they may not censur'd be,
As Cowards huff, from Squabbles to be free;

MISCELLANY POEMS

So they who have least Wit, as Courage, are
 Less apt their own weak Brother's Faults to spare.
 False Critics, like false Bravo's, (thus, we see)
 Most captious with their Betters first to be:
 Not to be fallen on, first fall on them;
 From others Shame, to get themselves Esteem.
 So the Deform'd in Body, Face, or Mind,
 To find most Faults in others are inclin'd;
 As others them more Faulty yet may find;
 Thus Men of least Wit, at the Muse's most
 Will rail, as least they can their Favour boast;
 As vain Fools, who of Women's Favour fail,
 Defame them most, on whom they least prevail;
 And damn their Rivals most, as abler Men,
 As they most Fav'rites to their Dames have been;
 Critics are like poor Rooking Gamesters then,
 Wanting wherewith to make Diversion; so,
 Become Disturbers of all those, who do
 Into small Stocks, from others Ventures grow;
 Each Credit gets from others Overights,
 And Praise by Writing, tho' he never Writes;
 Credit from others, Loss of it receives,
 As the Rook on the ruin'd Gamester lives;
 By whose Assistance he is more betray'd,
 Who grows his Pusher's Hindrance of his Aid;
 But as a Stander by corrects Mistakes,
 Which, when his own Skill too he tries, he makes;
 In fine, the curriish Pack of Critics are
 Like other Snarlers, who will never spare
 Each other, when they hungry grow for Fame;
 But on each other fall, for want of Game.
 Each, in pursuit of others downfalls, grow,
 But of united Friends, each other's Foe;
 Whom Run down Wits the fiercer to them find,
 The more they seem to be of their own kind;
 As to the Fox, the teizing Terrier, so,
 The more like him, the more becomes his Foe,
 The peevish Critic's Envy does increase,
 But from his own Conception's Barrenness,
 When he the Fruitfulness of others sees;
 As more Pain Barren Women undergo,
 From others Births, than they who bear them do.
 Critics are Foes to Wits, and none will spare,

MISCELLANY POEMS

As Atheists Foes to True Believers are:
 Hate Minds inspir'd, because their's are not such,
 For want of Sense, their Knowledge to them grutch,
 From their Despair of Immortality;
 But others Merit, and their Sense deny;
 Because their Names can't live, make others die:
 From being conscious of deserving Blame;
 At their own Faults in others, first exclaim;
 To save their own Good Names, will others dam':
 For, as Quacks live by those they cause to die,
 Critics, by damning others Poetry,
 Procure their Fame, and Immortality.
 Not by their Sense, but others Want of it;
 Show more their Judgment, to prove less their Wit:
 Judges of Wit, like other Judges so,
 For their own Faults they find in others too,
 Wou'd most esteem'd, in others Judgment, grow;
 But by their General Severity,
 Their Justice and their Judgment justify.

*Upon the Good and True Critics, on those Wits, who
 to prove their Wit, show they are out of their
 Senses.*

GOOD, and true Critics, like true Doctors, still
 To their weak Friends, (when ask'd, and call'd in) will,
 Give freely their Opinion, and advise;
 The Bad, like Quacks, seek out Infirmities;
 Not so much Good to their weak Friends to do,
 As to themselves, and more in Vogue to grow,
 But more their Art, than Charity to show.
 Not so much to redress another's Ill,
 As to make known, their Knowledge, or their Skill;
 Which they less by their Strength of Reason show,
 Than it, they from all others Weakness do:
 Who, but more knowing Doctors wou'd appear;
 But as they seem, to weak Men, most severe;
 And more from Men of stronger Passions bear:
 So we good Critics, like good Surgeons, find,
 When most severe, to be most truly kind;

MISCELLANY POEMS

In probing each Man's Soft Place of his Skull,
 To find, if 'tis of Matter void, or full;
 Which, as it is more crack'd, or much less found,
 Will be more tender, and the weaker found:
 So Critics to their own, as Patients Pain,
 Bring craz'd Men back to their right Wits again,
 By lopping off Excrescencies of Wit,
 Which like Wens, on the Head, but weaken it:
 And searching Cracks i'th' Skull, which well we know,
 If not well Prob'd, and quite laid open too,
 One's Danger will, by t'other's Pity grow:
 Whence, no Man ever of found Sense, denies,
 To have laid open his Infirmities,
 Or Weakness, which proves the weak Patient found,
 In's Head at least, which its own Weakness found.
 Sound Doctors in their own Case, take Advice,
 Whilst weak Quacks most their own Opinion prize,
 The more they'r weakn'd with Infirmities:
 As Doctors cruel are, from Tenderness;
 Critics, who show most Pity, prove it less.
 Severity, then turns to Charity,
 When Men are spoil'd, by Friend's Indulgency,
 Each Wit, in his Poetic Fury, is
 A Mad-man, or is thought so, by the Wife;
 Of Contradiction, more impatient too,
 As most weak Men are, as they weaker grow;
 Then Crack'd-brain'd Poets, in their Fury's Fits,
 And talking to themselves, like Bedlamites,
 By Critics, shou'd be lash'd, into their Wits;
 Since they, like Mad-men, will half-naked go,
 Nay, for their Nakedness, grow Prouder too;
 Not fit to rule themselves, direct their Age,
 Reform, instruct, the Sober, and the Sage,
 Wou'd pass for good Sense, their Poetic Rage;
 Whilst they, less capable of Counsel grow,
 Will have Men say, and do still, as they do,
 Humour their Nonsense, and their Rage allow;
 When Madmen-like, but for their Want of Sense,
 Reason against them, seems Impertinence,
 Assistance, or Instruction's thought Offence;
 Scorning Mankind, each other they deride,
 For their own Follies, in themselves unsphy'd,
 In Rags, and Want, yet still maintain their Pride;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Love Shade, and Darknefs, fhun the World, and Men,
To be moft heard of, when they leaft are feen;
Who, whether taken notice of, or no,
Will ftill on, with their fenfelefs Fuftian go,
With ghafly Looks, their hollow Jaws, and Eyes,
Talk to themfelves, what others fay, defpife;
Till Madmen-like, for their Obscurity,
And for avoiding Carping Company, }
They talk, live to themfelves, more reaf'nably;
From their Obscurity, Want, Starving, fo,
Come fooner, their own felves again, to know;
Who did, but from their Want of Senfe, efteem
All Fools, or Mad-men, who thought not, like them;
Nay, but for their own want of Senfe before,
(And, as it grew lefs,) yet believ'd it more;
Till by the lashing Critic's Labour, Pain, }
The Mad-man, who, more Friends by's Wit wou'd gain,
Was forc'd to fee, his Labour was in vain;
The Name of Wit, for that of Fool, to quit, }
Thinking, to gain more Friends, as more his Wit;
Tho' Men are fear'd, or envy'd, more for it;
Since there's no greater Folly, than to think,
They, whole Faults we find out, at ours will wink.

*Upon the Gun-powder Spot on a LADY'S Hand ;
given by Her for the Subject of a SONG.*

I.

FAIR Cruel Tyrant! You we find,
Like others, Gun-powder have made,
The fooner, to deftroy Mankind,
In your Hand, to my Death, your Aid.

II.

Your Cruelty's fo great, I fee,
You'll hurt your felf, to hurt me too,
That more Pain, you may give to me,
You more your felf will undergo.

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

The Nature of White Powder, fo,
Yours has, which filently deftroys;
In all your Conquefts, aiding you,
T'enflave, and kill, without a Noife;

IV.

Thy Gun-Powder, on thy Hand, shot
Me dead, half-dead with Love before;
Kill'd me, both on, and by the Spot,
Thy cruel White Hand on it wore:

V.

As by thy Hand's Black Spot, I got
My Death, revive me, with one more;
Let my Hand have thy beft Black Spot,
In it, 'twill Life to me reftore:

VI.

If you can prick your felf, for Pride,
Which does grow more your Torment, you,
From me, may Pricking well abide;
Which as more, lefs your Pain will grow.

*To a fine young Woman, who being ask'd by her
Lover, Why fhe kept fo filthy a thing as a Snake
in her Bofom ; answer'd, 'Twas to keep a filthier
thing out of it, his Hand ; and, that her Snake
was to play with, and cool her in hot Weather ;
which was his Averfion.*

YOU with that creeping, twining thing can play,
Yet me, who wou'd crawl o'er you Night and Day, }
And cool you too, you fhake off, caft away;
When I wou'd twift my felf about you, you
Will fquall out, and will from me fling, or throw;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Thy Humour, thou, from Grandame *Eve* dost take,
 To ruin Man, art tempted by a Snake;
 Thy twining Serpent, but to hinder me
 Of Paradise, that is, Enjoying Thee;
 Who shou'd esteem my Self for ever Blest,
 Had I a Place, but like him, in thy Breast;
 Your Snake's the Devil, a very Satan, who,
 Of Heav'nly Blifs, deprives both me and you;
 Is thy Legs Shackles, to keep them from me,
 To make my Hands, and thy Legs too, less free;
 When they, I, you too, shou'd the Loser be;
 Does, to prevent my Touching thy Hand, twist
 Itself about thy tempting Arm, or Wrist;
 You seem a very Fury, with your Snake,
 To frighten Man from Pleasure he wou'd take;
 Whilst my Aversion, you, your Pleasure make:
 You hold your Snake fast, me, your Worm, let go;
 You cry 'tis cool, and I believe it so,
 It chills my Blood to fee't, crawl over you;
 But, if a wrigling Worm Temptation be,
 O *Eve's* true Daughter! (as it is, I see)
 To play with then, to cool, divertise thee,
 Of one of my presenting, be not shy,
 To handle, and to play with constantly;
 Which better, sure, will please thee, cool thee, too,
 If you'll but handle it, as that you do;
 And let it, where it will, about you go:
 Which you may find a better creeping thing,
 Will tamer grow too, for your handling;
 Please you more, if it in your Lap you take,
 And place for it, wou'd in your Bosom make;
 Once, play with that Worm, you will quit your Snake;
 Then, with thy Snake, not such a Fury be,
 Me to keep at more distance, still, with thee;
 I hate the creeping Serpent, still poss'est
 Of either Paradise, thy Lap, or Breast;
 Whilst I'm depriv'd of either, dear, blest Place,
 By thy Snake, as of his Old *Adam* was:
 He, as a Hiffer, is a Foe to me;
 Such, as a Rhymer, I will to him be;
 Who keeps me from enjoying here, all Blifs;
 Thy Love, but my sole Earthly Paradise;
 Till that thy charming, and alluring Love,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Does but my Curfe, from thy Temptation prove;
By thy damn'd Snake, which does about thee crawl,
In Reach of my Blifs, to beget my Fall.

*A SONG. To a fuppos'd Friend's Miftrefs, who
call'd me Ungrateful, for making Love to her,
(fince, my Friend's Miftrefs) tho' I had made
Love to her firft, and lov'd her longeft.*

I.

TO take my Heart, and my Friend from me too,
Was to my Love, but double Injury;
If you will not your Love on me beftow,
Give me at leaft again, his Amity:

II.

Since from me now my Liberty you take,
Then for it, fomething let me have of thine;
My Heart, or Friend, fure, thou'd you give me back;
My Gift refufe, fince you my Love decline:

III.

Since only, but for my True Love to thee,
I never yet cou'd have been falfe to him;
My Falfnefs to him then, thou'd purchafe me,
For my Love more to you, more you Esteem

IV.

'Tis you then are Ungrateful, fure, not I,
I wou'd, for Love and you, betray my Friend,
If you to do the like for me deny,
You can't to Love, Faith, Gratitude, pretend:

V.

Ungrateful muft I be, to you, or him,
Muft either wrong his Friendship, or your Love,
Then, fince to wrong Love, is, our greateft Crime,
My Faith to you, by wronging him, I prove:

MISCELLANY POEMS

VI.

And since I love you more, than he, (you know,)
Your Faith to him, wou'd most Injustice be;
Since he, for loving long, less Love can show,
Not wronging him, you wou'd your self, and me:

VII.

He lov'd you so long since, his Love's worn out,
You then are not his due, who lov'd you, first,
But his, who lov'd you last, without all doubt;
Since he, who lov'd you longest, serves you worst:

VIII.

So, since I latest was in Love with you,
And they show most Love, whose Love is most new,
Then, but because we less each other know,
My Love is more than his, Thou more its due.

*To the Mistrefs, and no Mistrefs, who was said to be
an Hermaphrodite, and who accus'd her Lover of
being weary of her Company before he knew her.*

THOU both at once, a Friend, and Mistrefs art,
With Love, and Faith, to gain, and keep a Heart;
Who Pleasure dost of either Kind afford,
The best Companion art, at Bed, and Board;
We Two, by thy Twin-Sex, may make up Three,
But better Company, than Two to be, }
I neither way, can weary prove of Thee;
Who art at once, my Mistrefs, and my Friend,
Which Thee does not disparage, but commend;
So, for thy Credit, not thy Shame, is it,
Thou art a sociable Hermaphrodite;
Canst entertain the Body, and the Mind,
At once to Two, canst Loving prove, and Kind,
An Am'rous Mistrefs be, and Faithful Friend;
Can both oblige, but neither can Offend:
At once a Woman, and a lovely Boy,
To double with thy Double-Sex, our Joy;

MISCELLANY POEMS

If a Fair Maid's Variety of Charms,
 Entices more, brisk Lovers, to her Arms;
 What must Variety of Sexes do?
 To make a Man your Friend, and Gallant too;
 Thou, Kind She! Dear Sir! hast a Remedy,
 Nay, th'only One, for Man's Inconstancy,
 To make Thee, to both Kinds, best Company;
 Who hast alone, Variety in Thee,
 Such, as in none, of either Sex, can be;
 Variety, which no one Woman can,
 Afford, in Love, or Friendship, to one Man;
 Masculine Sense, and Truth, in Thee, we find,
 Not to be found in single Woman-kind;
 And with them too, soft Female Arts are join'd;
 At once Man's Friendship, Woman's Love, to gain,
 Nay Friendship, after Love too, to maintain;
 Which, in the Man's Use, of a Mistress, ends,
 At once you please your Lovers, and your Friends,
 Your Wit, makes for Loves Follies, still Amends;
 When all your Woman's Parts, may tedious grow,
 Your Manly Parts, will keep us true to you;
 No Love, or Sense, is by Thee, pall'd, or tir'd,
 In Thee, a Friend, and Mistress, I've acquir'd,
 By Friendship to be sought, by Love desir'd;
 None (with Love fated) need leave Thee, to find
 A good Companion, or a dear She-Friend;
 Since in Thee, they may still have both in One,
 Thy Charms remain, when thy Loves Joys are done;
 You thus intirely captivate both Kinds,
 In whom each, various Satisfaction finds;
 The Double-Sex then, shou'd not be thy Shame,
 Securing thy Male-Honour, Female-Fame;
 Which makes Thee, sociable, dear Twin! to prove,
 As fit for Friendship, as Thou art for Love;
 Thou! the just Wonder then, of Nature art,
 Male, in Thy Sense, yet Female in Thy Heart:
 Woman in Body, Man in Sense, or Mind,
 Tho' Female, Faithful, tho' a Man, a Friend;
 Thus of each others Company, shall we,
 Tho' still together, but less weary be,
 Who, shall be more all One, for being Three;
 Since 'tis, but our Love of Variety,
 Makes one to t'other, better Company;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Thou art, my Mistress, and my Rival too,
 My Love's Temptation, and its Hind'rance too,
 Riddle of Nature, which, like Riddles, we
 Admire, till known, and what thou art, we see;
 For other Women to be felt is Shame,
 Thy letting no one feel Thee, turns Thy Blame;
 So that, if you wou'd for a Woman go,
 Then, for your Honour let me lie with you:
 Since a true Woman, wou'd more Scandal gain,
 To be thought Man sure, than, to make a Man;
 Then, Dear Sir-Madam! for your Honour, let
 Me lie with you, a Bastard to beget;
 Your Fame, as Woman, but to justifie,
 Left, Men shou'd think Man, with you, cou'd not lie,
 Which wou'd be, much more, to your Infamy;
 Since we Men, Women, but for that esteem,
 But hate 'em, when we cannot lie with them;
 When that, we find, (as 'twere,) a Rival has,
 To keep us out, possess'd before, the Place;
 Which hind'ring any Man, with them to lie,
 But keeps 'em Chast, more to their Infamy.

*Against Pride and Ambition; A SATYR. To a
 Vain Passionate Young Man, who us'd to say, If a
 Man did not shew himself more than a Man, he
 was less than a Beast.*

IF you wou'd needs, for more than Man be held,
 To Reason, let your Brutish Passions yield,
 Which have, against your Reason, so rebell'd:
 If, you wou'd more yet, your High Spirit show,
 Bring it down, for your Honour more, more low;
 The hardest thing, for Vainest Men, to do:
 If you, to quell those, who wou'd shame you, boast,
 Quell your own Passions, which, disgrace you most;
 For since, you love things, which are hard to do,
 That wou'd, be sure, the hardest thing for you;
 If you wou'd Great, above all others seem,
 Your self disgrace not, with your own Esteem;
 Nor magnifie your Parts, to lessen them:

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since there's no way, to make your Merit less,
 Like your degrading, Self-conceitedness;
 Then let not your False Judgment justify
 Itself, by Vain Opiniatrey, }
 Which proves less, as you on it more rely;
 But own your Judgment false, to prove it true,
 To give your Understanding, best its due;
 Not to bring more in question, your Good-Name, }
 Pretend not, to more Honour, to your Shame,
 To make you, for more Honour, more to Blame;
 Nor vainly Pride, but to your Betters show,
 That your Inferiours more may honour you;
 Low'r your High Thoughts, to raise your Credit high,
 Since fought Praise, to the Seeker, most deny;
 To prove your Merit, Great Mind, Virtue more,
 Have more your Rebel-Passions, in your Pow'r;
 Then seek not Honour, by your Vanity,
 To make your Claim, but its own Self deny;
 Since, always Witneses, in their own Case, }
 The Truth, and Justice of their Claim, disgrace,
 And lose their Merit, seeking for its Praise;
 But wou'd you show, you truly merit Fame,
 Your Merit rather, hon'rably disclaim;
 And if you'd show, nay gain yet more Command, }
 Show the Pow'r, you have o'er your Passions gain'd,
 Can Pride, Revenge, or Avarice, withstand;
 The hardest thing, for Proud, and Great Men too,
 (As more their Pow'r, and Greatness is,) to do;
 Since Hero's, with more ease, can overcome
 Their Foes abroad, than Bosom-Foes at home;
 Their Self-Love, Pride, Fear, Rage, or Avarice,
 Which can ev'n turn their Virtues into Vice;
 Then sooth not, but resist your Passions more,
 By less Pride, show more your Great Mind, and Pow'r;
 If you the Noblest Conquest, wou'd acquire,
 Quell your Ambition, to have your Desire;
 Since Drunken, High-Flown, Wild Ambition is,
 The Cause that it, ev'n what it seeks, does miss;
 Which Man, like t'other Drunkenness, does make,
 From his Brains Weakness, on him, more to take;
 Than of it, he himself can well acquit, }
 Makes us for Action think our Brains most fit,
 As they but are less capable of it;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Does turn each Hot-Head, from its own Height, round;
For looking too high, throws him on the Ground:
Ambition so, we Drunkenness may call,
Which but Exalts us, to our greater Fall;
By which, we nothing hold, for grasping all;
But lose our Selves, our Reason, and our Pow'r,
Of holding, what was in our Pow'r before,
But only for our grasping still at more:
Then Sober Drunkenness is more our Shame,
As for our Knowledge, it is more our Blame;
But as the Crime, or Folly's more, (you'll own)
As 'tis, with more Premeditation done,
He's the worst Sot, who Sober is High-flown:
And that is your Ambitious Hot-Head, who
A scouring round the World, does Sober go.

*A DRINKING-SONG. To one, who said, He never
lov'd to Drink, till the Sun was down.*

I.

SINCE the Day's long, cold, dark, as Night;
Like cold, dark Night we'll spend it then;
Kindle the Fire, the Candles light,
Call for our Friends, and Bottles in;
Shut out all Business, Trouble, Care,
'Tis Night, when no Sun does appear.

II.

Let no Cloud in your Looks be shown,
Nor Gloomy Thoughts our Minds obscure;
That in our Conversation none,
We call Friends, Coldness might endure;
If Wit's kept up, Noses shine on;
No matter, if the Sun goes down.

III.

Without Sun, 'tis a chearful Time,
When good Friends by the good Fire sit;
And to do Reason, Drink, Sing, Ryme,
To a Friend's Health, his Love, or Wit;
Thus, if it's Round the warm Glass goes,
No matter what the warm Sun does.

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Wife Drinkers, hate all Lookers on,
Disturbers of Mirth, Love, or Play;
Such is th' Intruding, Prying Sun,
Whose coming in, sends Friends away;
Minds them of Sleep, or Business so,
To Merry-Meetings the worst Foe.

V.

To Drink without Disturbance then,
Let's Drink till Spies to Bed are gone;
What's said, or done's not heard, or seen,
So, shall we 'scape that Spy, the Sun;
Which is sure, as all other Spies,
A Check on all Good Companies;

VI.

More Happy, Long, to make our Days,
Then, let us still turn Day to Night,
And Night to Day, more Mirth to raise;
As Wine, takes from us more our Sight:
Our Glasses Round, the Sun shan't stop,
Like Friends, we'll Drink him down, and up.

*Sober Thoughts on Drunkenness. To a Mistress,
who said, She hated it, because it was a Foe to
LOVE.*

THY Railing at my Drinking, pray, have done,
I'll hug thy Rival, (my dear Bottle) on;
To Sit up with it, let you Lie alone.
That Mistress gives us Joy, nay Wit, by You
And Love, but more a Senseless Sot I grow;
You forbid Solace, which in Wine I take,
Ungratefully, which me does often make
So bold in Love, to come to Bed to thee,
When my Sobriety had hinder'd me;
'Tis your Assistant, to make me your Cully,
As to the Chouse it helps the Cheating Bully;

MISCELLANY POEMS

It takes away my Sense, and Eye-sight too,
More Blind and Stupid makes me, but for you
To lead me by the Nose, as still you do:
Then why pray, shou'd you rail against your Friend?
Which me to your Bed does more often send,
Than I wou'd come, if that I Sober were,
Who then might have, less Love for thee, than Fear;
So Wine, to you sure, is not such a Foe,
I, but when gone in it, ne'r come to you;
Drinking forbid me, now, Fool! (if you dare)
Which takes from Lovers, Niceness, Fraud, and Fear;
You say, that it disables Men, for Love,
I sober, in thy Bed, an Eunuch prove;
But when, in Wine, I have forgotten thee,
A kind Remembrance may'st thou get of me;
Since, but the more that I cou'd see thee, sure,
I but the less to touch thee shou'd endure;
For thou, (my Nauseous Dear!) I needs must own,
Wou'd'st (if I saw thee) by me less be known;
Then, since Love ne'r yet made me blind for you,
Let Wine that Service better for you do;
Since no Man Sober e'er was gain'd by thee,
In Wine, thou't best a Favour rook from me:
So Gamefome Women shou'd like Gamesters do,
By Wine, make shy Men bolder Pusher's grow,
The more to give 'em, and spend on 'em too:
Then Rail no more at thy, or my Friend, Wine,
But for which I had never yet been thine;
Which made our Love, no Crime in me, or you,
By which, what we did, you, nor I did know;
Which gave us Pleasure, which was not our Shame,
Made your Love but my Fault, so, not your Blame;
Doubled our Joy, our Shame, Guilt, did prevent,
Made both without a Crime to Love, consent;
Taking from us, our Knowledge and our Sense,
Made us take Pleasure, but without Offence;
Since nothing, sure amiss, can either do,
Which can our Guilt, or others Scandal grow,
When what we do, we neither of us know:
At Drunkenness, ungratefully you rail'd,
Who, but for it, had of my Kindness fail'd;
So, that which proves the Hinderance of Love
In others, did to your Assistance prove;

MISCELLANY POEMS

For had I not had then, my Fill of Topeing,
I'th' dark, I had not, with thee, fall'n a Groping.

*A SONG to Phillis ; who was angry that her Lover
gave her a Green-Gown, calling him Rude and
Ill-manner'd for it.*

I.

WHY *Phillis* ! shou'd you Rudeneſs call
My throwing you, ſo gently down?
Had I not given Thee the Fall,
Thou Reaſon hadſt, to call me Clown;
Since though I fell on top of Thee,
My Fall, not thine, it term'd ſhou'd be.

II.

For had I not, then thrown Thee down,
I had not worſted been, by Thee;
Though I fell uppermoſt, thou't own,
Thou much the better hadſt of me;
Thy Fall, but my Diſhonour was,
By which, I for the Weaker paſs.

III.

Then, by the Fall, I gave to Thee,
'Tis I, not Thou, haſt Credit loſt,
Who, (though I threw Thee,) worſted me,
Nay, tho' that I was uppermoſt;
So fear not then, I'll brag, or tell,
Who firſt, (though I firſt threw Thee,) fell.

IV.

Then, why ſhou'dſt Thou bluſh, cry out, frown?
Since, though I Thee firſt overcame,
I weakeſt prov'd, who threw Thee down,
Thy Fall ſo, was, but more my Shame;
If ought has by us, been ill done,
You fell too late, I riſe too ſoon.

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

So say not, I dishonour'd Thee,
Who by Thee, was sham'd, worsted more,
Since you, in Wrestling worsted me,
And left me, to worst You, no Pow'r;
So that, your Fall was but my Foil,
Who lost my Labour, Breath, and Oil.

*To W. O. my Jocky-Friend, and a Match-maker for
Horse and Man ; upon his Offer of a Wife to me,
saying, in Commendation of Her, She was Soft-
Wax, Virtuous, Pious, and Charitable.*

WHAT! offer Marriage to me? yet pretend,
By such an Offer, to be more my Friend;
D'y' think, that it, for Friendship, I can take?
When Slave, and Cuckold, you wou'd of me make;
A Bond-Slave of a Free-Loose Whore-master,
Which, to my Loss, and my Discredit were;
Since, of a Free-man, but to make me so,
A Yok'd Beast, others Drudgery, to do;
With Yoke, and Horns, to load my Neck and Head,
At others Pleasure, to be driv'n, or led;
To draw me in, to th' Marriage-Yoke, and Noose,
You'll pair me with a Rich, Fair, Gentle Spouse;
Who has Two thousand Pound a Year, (you say,)
But I say, he who for it, needs must pay,
His Peace, his Honour, and his Liberty,
A Wife, and Fortune, will too dearly buy;
She likewise is, you tell me, well Ally'd,
A Title, for my Honour, has beside,
Which will increase, to less'ning me, her Pride;
Her Title mine, of Husband, will debase,
Me will, (instead of honouring,) disgrace;
Making her think, She Title has to sway,
And govern him, she shou'd by right, obey;
Of Wit, as Wealth, you tell me, she has Store,
Which will make me her Fool, and Slave, the more;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Good Features, and Good Shapes she has, (you say,)
 Then Affectation, takes 'em quite away,
 Makes her, on her self, so to dote, that she
 Can have no Love, or Liking left, for me;
 You tell me, she Good-Natur'd is, and free,
 Easie in Fortune is, and of Access,
 Then into her, Bold Visitors will press;
 If she be Soft-Wax, for Impression she,
 At ev'ry Stranger's Need, will ready be,
 And, like Wax, often borrow'd be, from me;
 Like Soft-Wax, must be blown on, bitten, squeez'd,
 Be flabber'd, chaf'd, be roll'd, and then be press'd;
 Thus, if she melting Soft-wax prove, (I fear,)
 She'll sooner, plainer, make my Crest appear;
 And I Wax too, to squeeze her, first must squeeze,
 Leave my self to her, but without Release;
 Must, for more Freedom, I wou'd with her have,
 Of a loose Whore-master, become her Slave;
 Whilst, by my Ties on her, she freer grows,
 I, more her Bond-Slave for 'em, she more loose;
 Therefore, to put off Nuptial Sealing, I,
 Will re-convey her, to her Liberty;
 For if (as you say,) generous, she be,
 Of her Flesh, she to Strangers will be free;
 And if much Kindness, to me, she pretends,
 She'll prove it to me, loving all my Friends;
 My Foes take off, by taking them upon her,
 And for my Safety, will expose her Honour;
 If Rich she be, she's Proud, and Insolent,
 Will think, what she brings, may be by her spent;
 If Poor, she may to Men more Humble prove;
 For Hire; if Rich, she may buy others Love;
 If she loves me, she jealous grows of me;
 If I love her, of her so shall I be;
 If she be Godly, she'll have Charity,
 To make her Friend, of my worst Enemy;
 On him, the Kifs of Charity bestow,
 And Strip Her self, to cloath the Naked too;
 If Proud, she will more Humble Servants have,
 Than I can keep; if Humble, be their Slave;
 If Fool, she'll Cuckold me for want of Wit;
 If she has Wit, the sooner too for it;
 If she's Devout, to Church then will she go,

MISCELLANY POEMS

That she may but the greater Sinner grow;
Kneel, Pray there, to be Knelt and Pray'd to, there;
Devout to Heav'n but only will appear,
To have on Earth Devoto's so to her;
Joys only here, and not elsewhere to gain;
More Charity, by Marriage, to maintain,
So to Repentance sooner brings her Man.
Then make no Match for me, my Jockey-Friend,
Who wouldst be Mounting always, all Mankind:
A Match-Maker, so, both for Horse and Man,
Draw'st Friends into their Loss, by Hopes of Gain;
Jocky-like, making a Crimp-Match for me,
To make my Ruine Sport for others be;
Jocky-like, with me, wou'dst, (as others do)
Who cheat their Best Friends, making Matches too;
Giving them Jades to ride on, without Proof,
Such, as for Life, they cannot get red of.

*A SONG. To a Mistress, who call'd her Lover
Ungrateful, Mad-Man, or Liar, for owning, he
only spoke Ill of her, because he lov'd her too well.*

I.

WITH your Discretion, you seem Mad;
To lose at once your Pleasure, Time, and Fame,
For Pleasure, which we never had;
For Love, to suffer still more Pain, and Shame;
To be, but for your Virtue, more to blame.

II.

To suffer Pain, to give it me;
Disgrace, which thou wou'dst fain escape, to bear;
To make the World to censure thee,
And think, you but so proud and scornful are;
But that your Love to me, may not appear.

III.

Your Credit lose, to save it then;
Who have your Fame, the Price of Pleasure, paid;
To Please your Sex, Displease the Men;
But for what Cause, shou'd you be vainly made,
More of your Foe's Scorn, than your Friends afraid?

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Give me your Love, I brib'd shall be,
Fame of your Beauty, Virtue to defend;
But if you will not lie with me,
To be thy false Foe, I'll seem thy true Friend;
Thee, more to thy Dishonour, will commend.

V.

But if with me thou wou't but lie,
I will more kindly speak more ill of thee,
Thy Fame, by Scandal, justify;
Which but more ruin'd, by my Praise wou'd be;
So, but to keep thy Credit, lie with me.

VI.

Since of her, who for me does ill,
I well, but more ungratefully, shou'd speak,
Who speak best of ill Women still,
Whose good Word, good Fame, from the Good wou'd take;
I speak ill of 'em, for their Honour's sake.

VII.

Thee then I kindly discommend,
Since, shou'd the prating World which knows me, know,
That I were thy peculiar Friend,
My Praise of you, wou'd your Dishonour grow;
I love you so well, I speak ill of you.

*In Answer to a Mistress, who desir'd her Lover to
Marry her; to show his Love more to her, and
make both's Love more sure to each other.*

MARRY thee! No; that wou'd not show my Love;
My Hatred to thee, rather, wou'd it prove:
I, but because I love and honour thee,
Wou'd not thy Lord, but Humble Servant be;
I'm now your Slave; Marriage wou'd make you mine,
If you to make me sure to you design,
All that we have, but our Hands, let us join;

MISCELLANY POEMS

My Mistrefs be, to keep ftill your Command;
Be loofe with your Legs, fetter not my Hand;
Let our Love, to laft more, be lefs refrain'd;
Be free ftill, and give Liberty to me,
To make me more thy Slave, chain'd Lover be;
Since, as you'd let me be with thee more free,
I fhould be much more bound to Conftancy,
And thee, for giving me my Liberty;
Let me wear Love's Chains, I will not complain;
Love, but by thofe of Wedlock grows a Pain,
And Shame, by which loofe Friends with Freedom part;
My Mistrefs, Queen, and Emprefs now thou art;
The Stile of Wife, wou'd bring thy Height more Low,
Wou'd make me, too familiar with thee grow;
Saving thy Credit, wou'd thy Honour lofe,
So Marriage with thee now (my Dear) I chufe,
But out of more Love for thee, to refufe;
Becaufe I'd love thee ftill, nay, for my Life,
I'd keep thee ftill my Mistrefs, not my Wife;
I love you fo, you fhall not be my Slave,
But over me, Command ftill fhall you have;
Let me to you, not to the Parfon, ow
That Obligation, of Enjoying you;
Not a bafe Bargain, let us make of Love,
Which does but Int'reft more, than Kindnefs prove,
And wou'd, but much more, manifetly fhew,
My Love, Concern, more for my felf, than you;
Difhonourable Marriage, let us fhun,
A Beaftly Bargain, by which, Love proves none,
By which, the Wife is made, the Maid undone;
The Man, no more is likewise his own Man,
Of a frank Whore-mafter before, does gain,
For Love's loofe Chain, but Wedlock's galling Noofe,
By which her Slave, he, of her Master, grows;
Our Love, and Honour fo, but more to prove,
By Marriage, let us not confine our Love;
For Love, as more Free, more a Favour is,
But when a Tax, a heavy Burthen 'tis;
By th' Marriage Noofe, becomes, but lefs a Tye
On Lovers, to their Faith, and Conftancy;
Since Marriage, plighting Faith, proves boths Diftruft,
To make both, as more bound up, grow lefs Juft;
By Marriage fo, to make but Free-Love more

MISCELLANY POEMS

Dishonourable, than it was before;
 Since Tyes, all Obligation take away,
 Which Frank-Love, otherways wou'd freely pay;
 The great Trust, makes our Obligation great,
 When we crave Bonds, we call our Friend, a Cheat;
 Nay, by our base Suspicion, make him so,
 Giving him Hints, and Reason for it too;
 When Love's a Duty, 'tis mean Slavery,
 She sells her Love too, most unreaſ'nably,
 Who gives it, to take from us, Liberty;
 Nay, wou'd the Man ſhe loves, for Life enthral,
 Make Fetters of her Arms, the Church a Gaol;
 Beating of Hemp, the ſhaking of her Sheets,
 Dull Drudgery, her Lover's ſportful Feats;
 And that both Hearts, no more for Love might ake,
 More Grief, or Pain, give either's Head, or Back,
 Not Joy to give both, it from both to take;
 Then, that we may not weary, jealous prove,
 I'll ne'r turn to forc'd Duty, Looſer Love;
 I, by the galling Matrimonial Tye,
 Wou'd not turn Freedom into Slavery;
 No Mercenary Bargain make of Love,
 My Kindneſs leſs, than Intereſt to prove;
 My Love for thine, not for thy Money's ſake,
 I'd rather give Thee, than Gold from Thee take;
 To make the Mercenary Marriage-Vow,
 Of Honourable Love, more ſhameful grow,
 Than Love, which Hearts does, without Hire, beſtow;
 Since Love's a free, kind, voluntary Act,
 Its Obligation's cancell'd, by its Pact,
 Which does our Oath, to bind our Faith, exact;
 In Love I'd ſerve Thee then, a Voluntier,
 Since ſuch ſtill ſhow leſs Intereſt, or Fear,
 And in all Service, briſkeſt ſtill appear;
 He, who ſerves but for Hire, in War, or Love,
 Made rich by Spoils, will a baſe Flincher prove;
 But he, who honourably ſeeks to gain,
 His Fame of a good Puſher to maintain,
 Reward, as Danger, always will diſdain;
 The Portion's Preſs-Money, makes liſted Slaves,
 Which when obtain'd, each Wretch his Duty leaves,
 But Freedom beſt rewards Love's pushing Braves;
 Who nobly ſerve, for dear-bought Victory,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since Plunder is, the Victor's Infamy;
Who Pris'ners of the Free-born, scorns to make,
But Liberty, is free to give, as take;
Whilst marry'd Lovers, but like theirs, (we find,)
Each other, but to rob, or strip, will bind;
Women, are looser made, by Loving-Friends,
Who in their Mutual Pleasure, have no Ends,
But that, which to both's Satisfaction, tends;
Love makes the Husband, ruins the Gallant,
He's then less honourable, (we must grant,)
Who gets by Love, than that more true Friend, who,
Will Want, and Thralldom, for it undergo;
My Love, i'th' Church, shall never plunder thee,
So there, ne'r promis'd to thee, let me be;
Since Oaths, and Vows, can there, as elsewhere too,
To Breach of Faith, Temptations rather grow,
Which Friends distrust, in one another show;
Who, since they, one anothers Words refuse,
They, their Friend's want of Faith, by their's excuse;
Putting Oaths to them, seem but to believe,
That them sure, they without 'em, wou'd deceive;
But they who ne'r require our Oaths, rely
On us, for our Faith, or our Probity,
Deal, and make others deal, more hon'rably;
The Tye seems greater, as the Trust is so,
By your Faith in me, mine is bound to you;
But when my Word, Faith, Oath, Love, you distrust,
I, breaking Faith with you, prove to you just;
Then, but because I love, and honour thee,
Thy Master, or thy Slave, I'll never be;
Our Love, Faith, to each other, to secure,
(Since Love, in Marriage, wou'd but less endure,)
I'd wed thee not, to make thee to me sure.

MISCELLANY POEMS

Honour lost by keeping It. (A SONG.) To a Lady, who said, She must break Her Word with Her Friend, (to whom She promised a Meeting,) to be an honest Woman.

I.

IF you stand on your Honesty,
Your Honour, Faith, and True Love too,
Your Love, my Due, you can't deny,
But you must more dishonest grow,
To keep from me, what you, to my Love owe:

II.

Never pretend to Honour more,
By which, your Word, Faith, Oath, you break,
Yield to me, on your Honour's score;
To save your Word, and Credit let me take,
Your Virtue from you, for your Honour's sake.

III.

But if your Faith, (against your Oath)
That's due to mine, you will expose,
To save your Fame, you'd break your Troth;
Your Honour, your Dishonour grows,
Which you, the more you keep it from me, lose.

The Invocation to Fortune, the best Aid, and Encourager of Wit, tho' call'd the Patroness of Fools.

LET others who wou'd Helps to Fancy chuse,
Out of the Nine elect an aiding Muse;
Fortune, that's said but kind to Fools to be,
Invok'd shall be, to help weak Sense, by me;
Who still in Writing, as in Gaming too,
For Fancy's best Encourager may go;
To whose good Grace, and partial Favour will,
A strong Imagination help us still;

MISCELLANY POEMS

More than our Pains, Thought, Reason, Art, or Wit,
Which are the readiest Means to miss of it;
Ev'n Nature is but kind to Man in vain,
If Fortune's Aid his Fancy can't obtain:
Since no Man for a Man of Sense can go,
If he no Marks can of her Favour show;
Since Fortune's Gifts will more than Nature's do,
In making Men thought Witty, Just, nay Wise,
For Poor Men's Faith, Wit, Wisdom, all despise:
Then Fortune's the best Aid, and Proof of Wit;
Since Wise Men by Men's Money judge of it;
Nature's Gifts, without Fortune's, none will prize;
For let a Man be Valiant, Just, nay Wise,
Without he has with his Good Qualities,
(Against the Custom) some Good Fortune too,
His very Virtues shall for Vices go;
Instead of getting him the World's Esteem,
He shall be more Ridiculous for them:
His Love of Fame, be thought his Vanity;
His Daring Honour, Dread of Infamy;
Int'rest his Love, his Complaisance, his Fear;
Folly, his Truth, his Courage, his Despair;
His Justice, but his Fear of Punishment;
His Good Deed, not his Act, but Accident:
Then, Fortune! It is only but by you,
Nature's Endowments of more Value grow;
The Wise Man's Foresight, Sense, or Reason's none,
Who without thee, relies on them alone;
Whilst so successful still the Fools we see,
For their depending only but on Thee;
The Bold Man, to whom you go, for a Friend,
Fool-hardiness must find it in the End,
More on his Strength, than on you, to depend:
The Politician does a Coxcomb grow,
Against himself, is but a Plotter too;
Who most consults his Reason without you;
The Lover finds his Rhet'rick of no Pow'r,
Nor Gifts, if you lend not, the Happy Hour;
To me then let *Apollo*, and each Muse,
Their Aid (if you stand by me still) refuse.
None doubt the Happiness of that Man's Sense;
Whose good Deeds, good Thoughts, good Stars influence;
You give Experience too, the Test of Wit,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Wit is but Fancy, till you License it;
 Wit without you, is senseless thought, or vain,
 By you, the Man's undoing makes the Man;
 Best Wit, bought Wit, Experience may he gain:
 By you Mankind, the World, themselves may know;
 Without which, the best Wits for Coxcombs go;
 The Learn'd, and Wise, for senseless Blockheads too.
 To me, thou Fortune! ev'n when bad, wert good,
 By which, my self I've better understood;
 And Man, whom (but for thee) I never shou'd;
 But for your Jilting, and Incertainty,
 My Mind had ne'r had, or shown Constancy;
 And but for your Ill Usage still of me,
 I ne'r had scap'd my being chous'd by thee;
 So were you, like a Jilting Whore, more kind,
 The sooner you your Falseness made me find;
 Since, like all Jilts, but by your Fondness you,
 Credulous Cullies still the more undo,
 Undo the Man, whilst you the vain Fool make;
 Since by your Gifts, our Sense you from us take,
 As more your Gifts are, Nature's more to lack;
 The more oblig'd then am I to you, so,
 But as the less I am oblig'd to you,
 Since as less favour'd, but less jilted too.
 If Wit be better, as more dearly bought;
 Ill Fortune, the best Muse sure, shou'd be thought,
 By whom, both Wit and Judgment best is taught;
 If Fools are made such, by Prosperity,
 Wits must be made so, by the Contrary.

*A SONG. To a Mistress, who call'd her Lover
 Beast for Drinking; commending his Rival for a
 Wise Man, for drinking nothing but Water.*

I.

WHY Beast, shou'd you call me, because I drink on?
 Since 'tis but by that sure, I prove my self none;
 He's the Beast, I shou'd think,
 Who does seldomest drink,
 And Human Goodfellowship oftenest shun:

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

If Laughter and Talk, be the Signs of a Man,
In either, good Wine does Good-Fellows maintain;
Then the Man who drinks most,
Of most Manhood can boast;
And he's the dull Beast, who from Wine does refrain:

III.

He Reason has, who Drinks till Reason be gone,
Since Thought brings us Sorrow, which Drinking will drown;
To do Reason, we Drink,
More to Talk, less to Think;
Since Wine gives those Mirth, Wit, who Sober have none.

IV.

Wine makes him, who talks well, the more to talk on,
The Shallow-Brain's Tattle, more soon to have done;
Wine, all Sad Men delights,
Sets all Quarrels to rights,
Then he's most a Brute-Beast, who drinks most alone:

V.

Wine makes Man a sociable Creature at least,
Who, were't not for Company, were a Dumb Beast;
Men are, Dogs, Sheep, or Swine,
Who can Sup, or can Dine,
Of Wine, or Good-fellowship, yet have no Taste:

VI.

He's sociable, honest, and has a good Soul,
Who fails not his Meeting, and fills up his Bowl;
But the Man ought to pass,
For a Horse, Sheep, or Ass,
Who, Love, Wit, or Friendship, with Water, would cool:

VII.

Dull Temperance is the true Mark of a Beast,
Humanity, but by good Drinking's increas'd,
For, by Wine, Reason's done,
When the Wine leaves us none;
He's most a Beast then, who thinks most, and drinks least.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*Upon a Lady's Fall over a Stile, gotten by running
from Her Lover ; by which She show'd Her Fair
Back-side, which was Her best Side, and made
Him more Her Pursuer than He was before.*

MY Heart held out, against your Face, and Eyes, }
 But cou'd no more, against your Breech, and Thighs, }
 Which they, both took, and wounded, by Surprise;
 Who, till then, did (as 'twere,) in Ambush ly,
 For my poor Life, at least, my Liberty;
 So secret Enemies, more Mischief do, }
 The less still they, their Pow'r to do it, show,
 And it less openly, they let us know;
 By that Assassinate, in Ambuscade,
 My Freedom, Peace, and Life, were soon betray'd;
 My Conqu'ers so, you, like the *Parthian* were, }
 Running from me, but out of spight, not fear,
 Showing me your surprizing, killing Reer;
 Which me did wound, and took your Pris'ner then,
 So that e'er since, your chain'd Slave have I been;
 In Triumph led, where e'er you go or come, }
 A Follower of your Victorious Bum,
 From it to know, my Life's, or Fortune's Doom;
 Those cruel Murtherers, thy piercing Eyes,
 So giv'n, to Killing, Frauds, and Robberies;
 Whose pointed Rays, more than Love's sharpest Darts,
 Have prov'd so dangerous to Eyes, and Hearts;
 However yet, by my Eyes, ne'r were found,
 To give it half so sure, or deep a Wound,
 As that same charming Beauty did, (I find,) }
 Which, without Eyes, with Love, has made me blind;
 And, which is more sure, (as you needs must own,)
 Than your Face cou'd, without your Eyes, have done;
 But its Complexion, like the driven Snow,
 Has made me Blind, by looking on it too, }
 Till that its Brightness does my Darkness grow;
 So that, as Love's blind, I shall now no more,
 Grope for my Way to Bliss, as still before;
 But out of Pride, as Love, shall have a mind,
 To come now less before you, than behind;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Tho' I before, but for your Fore-Parts was,
 Your Lover more, and for your lovely Face;
 Which I'm contented now, your Mask shou'd hide,
 Since you have shown us, your more Fair Back-side,
 Which, tho' you think your Shame, I do your Pride;
 Let not your Face then blush, your Breech was shown,
 But, because all its Shame sure, was its own,
 Whose Charms, Complexion, by it, are out-done;
 So your Face, but disparag'd more, shou'd be,
 That we, your more Alluring Breech, did see;
 Since we saw your Breech, not to its Disgrace,
 More to the Shame of your less tempting Face;
 For your Face, (since we saw it,) will no more
 Be thought so charming, taking, as before;
 Then your Fall was not, (as you think,) your Shame,
 Which more did raise our Passion, and your Fame,
 By which, more your Admirers, we became;
 So that your Breech, (since such a good One,) you
 Did, to your Credit, not Dishonour show,
 Which now makes thy charm'd Followers, but more
 Than they were, for thy Face's sake, before;
 Which me has made its Follower so close,
 That it in Love, shall lead me by the Nose,
 Which, the great Pow'r of its great Beauty shows,
 Since I, who, to thy Fore-side, was so true,
 Am brought o'er to thy Back-side, at a View,
 And ne'r to t'other Side, will from it turn,
 By which we Love may cool, not fear to burn,
 May quench our Flame, yet neither weep, or mourn;
 In fine, the Gods, who set their Breeches on
 The Clouds, the Heav'ns, the Stars, the Sun, and Moon,
 Have not more glorious Seats, their Bums to blefs,
 With everlasting Motion, for their Ease,
 And their Eternal Blifs, or Happiness;
 Upon whose Motions, more than those o'th' Stars,
 The Planets, or all Heaven's Harmonious Spheres,
 Depend my Life, and Death, good Days, good Nights,
 Eternal Joys, and Moveable Delights;
 Who curs'd, or blefs'd, can only prove in Love,
 As your Breech for me, does lie still, or move.

MISCELLANY POEMS

A SONG. Proving Love more Pleasure, as more Pain. To a too easie Mistrefs, who yet complain'd, there was more Pain, than Pleasure in Love.

I.

LOVE's so pleafant a Pain,
Such a tickling dear Smart,
That it makes me complain,
When it eafes my Heart:
To be more my Joy, wou'd it were more my Grief,
To make it, as more my Pain, more my Relief:

II.

For, its Troubles, or Cares,
But its Pleafures increafe;
So that but for our Fears,
Our Joys in it were lefs;
Then more may my Troubles, Pains, Fears be, that fo,
As they grow more, more may my Pleafures be too;

III.

Since Love's Pains, and Fears ftill,
But augment more our Joy;
Which, when gain'd with Eafe, will,
More our Pleafures deftroy;
Our Joy's lefs then, as it with more Eafe we gain
Poffeff with lefs Pleafure, as had with lefs Pain.

To a Poor Lover, who was refus'd by his Mistrefs, tho' he had Fought for her.

NO more from Women, than from Judges, can,
Good Pleas, without good Bribes, their Favour gain;
Love muft be brib'd, as well as Juftice too,
E'r either Blind, Right to Complainants do;
For Gold cures all Impediments o'th' Sight;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Makes both the Blind, to see best Wrong from Right;
Sighs, Tears, and Pray'rs, make angry Heaven kind,
But Vows, or Tears, no Mortal Angels mind;
In vain is Rhetorick, or Quaint Discourse,
Where Arguments which chink, are but of Force;
Where Musick, nor sweet-sounding Flattery,
Make a Fair She more still to stand, or lie:
The Name of Lord does not Admittance gain,
To Woman Mercenary still, tho' Vain;
Who values only for his Gold, her Man;
Nor with a Trading She, can Merchants Trade,
Till Entry-Money for their Love be paid;
There's nothing wanting to the bold Gallant,
Provided, he does Heart, not Money want;
He has good Eyes, who Gold to rub 'em has,
The full Hand, for well-shap'd, white, smooth will pass;
And in a Love-Suit he must needs succeed,
Whose Suit his Gold most weightily does Plead;
Gold gilds the Silver Hair, turns Red Hair bright,
Nay, makes the crooked straight, the wrong Sense right;
Makes languishing the dead, or squinting Eyes,
The Blabber-Lip, the fittest too, to Kifs;
Teeth, which bow Gold, with Mistresses, will go
For good ones, whether they be such, or no;
To cringe, or bow the Body, does not seem
Such true Respect, as bowing Gold for them;
So the King in Effigie, we make
To plead for us, that Dames we more may take,
Bow, or break Gold, that our Hearts may not break;
The full Hand, rifles any Woman's Breast,
The full Hand, not the soft, for Feeling's best;
Him, the best Lover Women think to be,
Who seems less of his Flesh, than Money free;
Since they their Men for truer-metl'd hold,
Not for Steel-Backs, but Handfuls of their Gold;
Love's gain'd, like Fame, not by bold Deeds, good Words,
But by Men's drawing Purfes, not their Swords;
To Mercenary Female Deities,
In vain are Vows, without a Sacrifice;
If Gold, or Perfumes we forgot to proffer,
In vain we Pray'r, or empty Praise shall offer;
Since Mortal Goddeffes, in Love, are *Jews*,
Pray'rs, without Off'rings, like them, they refuse;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Nay they say, both like *Jews* and *Christians* too,
Faith, without Charity will nothing do;
Will, for false Faith, with Mortal Angels go;
With whom, to gain Communication here,
We must do, as with Angels still elsewhere;
Must strip our selves here, first, of all we have,
Our Souls from Love's tormenting Flames to save;
To make our Mortal Goddeses to grant
Our Love-Petitions, and relieve our Want;
To make them yielding, or propitious seem,
To Love's devoted, for Pray'rs, Vows, to them;
Since Faith to Women, as to Angels too,
Without Good Works, for True Faith cannot go;
Nor Love, or Faith, without some Charity,
Can our Devotion to them justify.

*A SONG. Upon CELIA'S Recovery of her Lover
by Singing at his Desire; whom she had almost
lost by Talking.*

I.

HER Breath rekindles my Heart's Fire,
Assisting her Eyes more to burn;
Else, had she made my Flame expire,
By cold Disdain, or silent Scorn:
The Fire in my Heart, or her Eyes,
By her Breath to a Flame does rise.

II.

Thus I my self most guilty am,
By my own Pray'r, of my own Death;
My Mouth desir'd, her's shou'd inflame
My Heart more, by help of her Breath;
So granting my Desire, she did
My begging more of her forbid:

III.

Whilst she did open her Mouth, I,
Cou'd open mine, to hers no more,
But suffer'd my Pain silently,
And cou'd not wish her to give o'er;
Not knowing which more Pleasure were,
To hear her, or be heard by her:

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

My Heart, first, by her Eyes was fir'd,
 Whose Flame, had not her Breath kept in,
 It by this time might have expir'd,
 And I reliev'd from it had been;
 Which, by her Breath, I fiercer find,
 As Flames grow hotter by the Wind.

*Upon the Idleness of Business. (A SATYR.) To one,
 who said, A Man shew'd his Sense, Spirit, Industry,
 and Parts, by his Love of Business.*

YOUR Man of Business, is your idlest Ass,
 Doing most, what he least can bring to pass;
 To satisfy vain Aims, at Wealth, Praise, Pow'r,
 Which but augment, by their Additions, more;
 Whose Business is, to gain himself more Ease,
 Whilst that his Pains, his Labours but increase
 His Aim at Rest, becomes his Restlessness;
 Since his Desires, with his Success, augment,
 Till his Success does his Desires prevent,
 The more he gains, to have but less Content;
 To have his Pains, his Ends but more impede,
 For as one Wave, another does succeed,
 So the first Business does another breed;
 And that a Third, by more Gain, but the more,
 To make a Man more restless than before;
 As one Wave, its impetuous Course does run,
 To make but room, to bring another on;
 So Men's Thoughts, still fluctuate to and fro,
 Till that one Business does another grow,
 And a Third does succeed the other Two;
 Till the Full Tide of Business, like the Seas,
 Does slacken, and decrease, to its Increase,
 And seeks its End, more to its Restlessness;
 Till we, by Business are, o'er Head and Ears,
 O'erwhelm'd in Troubles, and oppress'd with Cares.

Business, the Monster, errant Fools pursue,
 Is like the *Hydra*, which *Alcides* flew,
 (Against whom, others their vain Weapons drew;)

MISCELLANY POEMS

Who, by difpatching of each fingle Head,
 A Couple made, to rife up in its ftead,
 Till his Pains, but more Buf'nefs for him bred;
 Our Action puts itfelf fo to its Stay,
 Our Buf'nefs does but its own End delay,
 More haftily our Purpofe, 'twou'd obey;
 Becomes but more, as we wou'd make it lefs,
 And makes us lefs at Eafe, for our Succefs;
 As Ufurers, but by their Gold's Increate,
 Are farther from acquiring fought-for Eafe;
 So Buf'nefs is the Bane of Active Life,
 Which shou'd procure our Eafe, maintains our Strife;
 Which, wears out Life, whilst Life it shou'd fustain,
 Till our Death, by our Livelihood, we gain,
 Who Life, in queft of Sufenance, deftroy,
 Our Lives fo, but againft our Lives, employ,
 For Buf'nefs lets none, Wealth it brings, enjoy;
 So Man, by Buf'nefs, lofes all he gains,
 By that, gets but his Labour for his Pains;
 A Sign of Emptinefs then Action is,
 Circular Motion caufing Giddinefs;
 For Buf'nefs, active Idlenefs is found,
 Which weakens Heads, the more 'twou'd prove 'em found,
 And turns their Brains, by too much Motion, round;
 By Bufie-Bodies, Light-Heads, beft are known,
 Whofe hafty'ft Action brings 'em fooneft down;
 Their Slips and Falls, by too much Motion get,
 To make their Speed, but their Advancement's lett;
 Till their vain Action, Idlenefs does grow,
 Their Diligence, their Interruption too,
 Who lefs difpatch, the more ftill they wou'd do;
 Till their Excefs of Bufie-Motion, will
 But feem, and be too, next to ftanding ftill;
 As the Boy's Top, the fafter it runs round,
 The ftiller for it, feems to ftand its ground;
 Whilst it, itfelf, by Motion, up does keep,
 Which is, for its Excefs, call'd by him, Sleep;
 So Buf'nefs, as the more 'tis in Excefs,
 Becomes, but by more Pains, more Idlenefs;
 Since he fure, for lefs Idle, ought to go,
 Who nothing does at all, than that Man, who,
 Does all he does ftill, but ftill more in vain,
 And there is fure no other Brute, than Man,

MISCELLANY POEMS

But knows, when he, for his Use, has enough,
 (More to his Judgment's, and his Reason's Proof;)
 Who his own Use, of his hard-gotten Store,
 Will not lose, by vain Hopes, to make it more;
 Will not seek more his Riches vain Increase,
 By more, to lose his Quiet, Rest, or Peace,
 To prove his Sense less, by his Restlessness;
 Mad-men are restless, whilst Sobriety,
 Does in a constant Course, and Staidness lie;
 Then Bus'ness is Laborious Idleness,
 Which, undertaking more, dispatches less;
 Since our Desires, Pains, by it more increase;
 So busie Men are Beasts, for Pains they take,
 Who, Bus'ness seem to love, for Bus'ness sake,
 And End else of their Bus'ness wou'd they make;
 Not change their Ease, they seek, for Drudgery,
 Their Peace of Mind, to live more anxiously,
 Their solid Sense, for light Activity;
 Whilst Idleness, Ease, Peace, (as all pretend,)
 Of all their Bus'ness, is but all their End;
 Then, if Ease, Peace, are th' Ends of Pain, and Care,
 As they, who still take most, but most declare,
 Why shou'd they not their Pains, Care, Trouble spare?
 If Bus'ness, Wise Men follow, for its End,
 Why their Ease, Peace, Rest, to which they pretend,
 Disturb, delay, but by their Restlessness?
 Whilst their End of their Labour, is their Ease,
 Their End of their Contention too, their Peace;
 Which, they might have, and more enjoy, (we know,)
 But the less they wou'd for 'em, care, or do;
 Why still for Gain, shou'd Men with Pain, Care, Grief,
 Shorten, designing the Prolonging Life?
 Whilst of it they, for others are profuse,
 And out of Self-Love, but for others Use;
 Since they, who Life in getting most employ,
 Can least themselves, their Lives, or Gains enjoy;
 Who themselves, by their Care for them, destroy:
 To spend their Lives for filthy Lucre, chuse;
 But by their Gains, their use of them to lose,
 Can of 'em less, as they have more, dispose:
 Nay, most improvidently, (to gain more)
 Lose more the Use of what they had before,
 By their Desires increasing with their Store;

MISCELLANY POEMS

To grow more poor still, but as more they gain;
And but more idle, for their Pains in vain;
By Love of Bus'ness, idle Industry,
Which Ease, its End does to itself deny;
Whose wisest Bus'ness shou'd be, none to have,
And wisest Care, not to lose what they save;
To part with Wealth, to make it more their own,
For Pleasures, which are to them yet unknown;
But Bus'ness, the Seducer of Mankind,
Enslaves the Body, and deludes the Mind;
As Spirits, who betray Men's Liberty
By their Hopes, lead 'em into Slavery;
By their Aims vain, as t'other's Promises
Of better Life, more Riches, and more Ease;
To spirit them, from Friends and Kindred too,
To Foreign Soils, and Bondage make 'em go;
More Slaves to grow, but for more Liberty,
And for more Ease, to live more painfully:
Thus, a False Guide, and Cheat sure, Bus'ness is;
Makes men more Fools, for seeming the more Wise;
And but more Brutish, senseless Beasts to grow,
As they wou'd for more Wise and Thoughtful go;
Whose Reason less, by more Thought does appear,
By which, they have but much more Care, or Fear;
Whose Brutishness is for their Reason more,
Have for it less their Passions in their Pow'r;
Whose Bus'ness, like the Beasts, is drudging on;
Doing what least can, whilst they live, be done,
To make themselves, but by more Bus'ness, none:
Whilst Sense or Thought, the Soul's best Exercise,
Make Man in Want, by his Content, most Wise,
Gold to despise, for Freedom, Pleasure, Ease,
Best Ends of Wealth, and Proofs of Happiness;
When busi Crackt-Brains, are known only by
Their restless, yet idle Activity;
As Changlings, who have less Sense, so more Will,
Feet, Hands, Heads, hold from Emptiness less still;
Whilst he that's truly Sensible and Wise,
Shows it by staidness of Feet, Hands, and Eyes;
Since of a Light-Head there's no greater Sign,
Than the perpetual Motion it is in;
So Changlings still, from their Head's Emptiness,
But move them more, as they can use 'em less;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Their Hands, Feet, Heads, imploy incessantly
 But only of their Imbecillity,
 To make yet a more plain Discovery;
 So that the Love of Buf'ness, may be said,
 To be but the Convulsion of the Head,
 Which from the Weakness of the Brain is bred:
 By which Tongues, Eyes, the Head, and Feet (we find)
 To Motions but unnatural inclin'd;
 The Love of Buf'ness then, so boasted of
 By Fools, is rather Reason's Shame, than Proof;
 Since busie Drudges, are like Hackneys, who
 Are hir'd, the World's Work, not their Own, to do;
 Let out like Hackneys, to the whole World are,
 Burthens (like Asses) of the Wife to bear;
 For Life's Support, and galling, heavy Gains,
 To kill themselves with idle Care and Pains;
 Out of more Pride, to bear more Slavery,
 To lose, for more Sway, Life or Liberty,
 To die too, but to live Immortally;
 To lead a hated Life, for Wealth, or Pow'r,
 Less safe and happy, striving to be more;
 For other's Pleasure, Credit, or their Use,
 Not their's, of their Lives, Liberties, profuse:
 So prodigal, vain Fools of Buf'ness are,
 Of Life, whilst but for it is all their Care;
 Their Money they with Difficulty lend,
 To get Acquaintance, or to buy their Friend;
 Yet more profuse of precious Time appear,
 As they pretend they've less, or none to spare,
 Lose Wealth, Life, by their taking for 'em care;
 Who, since their Lives, they getting Wealth employ,
 Their Lives or Wealth they but the less enjoy;
 In Buf'ness idly throwing both away,
 To get their Life's Support, by its Decay;
 Buf'ness dispatch, but to delay their Ease,
 Out of more Love of Life, Wealth, Selfishness,
 To have of both, by Care to keep 'em less;
 To make their Happiness, their Misery;
 Their Parsimony, Prodigality;
 Their Wealth, Time, Life (their own not truly) so,
 Away, but out of Selfishness, to throw,
 For others, which they so profusely save
 For them, who for it wish them in their Grave;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Their Young Heir, or their Old Executor,
 Who wish their Deaths more, as they'll leave 'em more;
 More, as more Kindness, each to each pretends,
 Who, since his next Heir, is his last of Friends;
 Then the vain hoarding Man of Business, so,
 For the most idle Coxcomb ought to go;
 Who, but that his Foe's Business may be done,
 Will his own proper Business let alone,
 And wisest Care, which is but to have none;
 Since the best End and Aim (we must confess)
 Of Business is, but careless Idleness;
 The selfish busy Man, sure then is less,
 Out of his own Self-Love, his own true Friend,
 So busy he, can less his Ease attend,
 Tho' of his Business 'tis but all his End:
 Then Business is for Beasts a Drudgery,
 To Thought, Ease, Freedom, the worst Enemy,
 To Pleasure, Wisdom, Honour, Honesty;
 Whence thoughtless, active Fools, thrive most in it,
 For which, they hold, all idle Men of Wit,
 And Thought, are of all others, most unfit;
 Whose just Aversion 'tis, since none but Fools,
 Or Knaves, who are in Business, Wise Men's Tools,
 Can brag they love Disquiet, Labour, Pain,
 To lose Ease by it, which they'd by it gain;
 'Tis want of Parts then, which must Business do,
 Whence busy Fools most prosperous in it grow;
 And, for their want of Reason, Sense, or Wit,
 Show their Capacity, but more in it,
 Their Love more to it, as less for it fit;
 We'll own, the Lazy Man, of Wit, or Thought,
 To suffer it, for Interest, may be brought;
 But he, who says, that he does Business love,
 By's wrong Sense shows, he'll less fit for it prove;
 For which, by Lying, (more than Sense, or Wit,)
 He truly wou'd but prove himself more fit;
 Since Business, the most Knowing most despise,
 Which, but the Choice of Knaves, or bold Fools, is,
 As Imposition, on the Just, or Wise;
 Who, but because, that Business best they know,
 Themselves, the meddling World, false Mankind too,
 With it, and them, wou'd have the less to do;
 The most Weak Men most busy then appear,

MISCELLANY POEMS

As they, least fit for Thought, or Action, are;
 Fools, Mad-men, Children, thus are busiest,
 Whose Pains are most, but as their Sense is least,
 And quarrel with their Friends, when put to rest;
 'Tis Man on Beasts, does Drudgeries impose,
 To which, each Beast his wife Aversion shows,
 But them alone, the Two-leg'd As wou'd chuse;
 So, the Beast-Man, who wou'd not lead, or drive,
 An Asses Life, does for the Public, live;
 Whilst wiser Beasts, from Curbs, or Burthens run,
 Wou'd bear (but by Man's Imposition,) none;
 But Man's your only Willing Drudge, (we know,)
 So, more a Beast, as against Nature so,
 As against Nature, and his Reason, he,
 (Who loves his Ease most,) most a Drudge will be;
 Whilst Beasts are Drudges, but by Force alone,
 But only Man, of his Free-Choice, is one;
 And for his Sense, which does his Will dispute,
 Is, for his Reason, a more senseless Brute,
 Who wou'd be less a Beast, if like one Mute;
 Show more his Reason, and Humanity,
 If, on his Sense, he stood less senselessly,
 And, like a Beast, he hated Drudgery.

A SONG. To an incredulous diffident Mistress, who said, She was resolv'd to keep Her Reputation, in spite of Her Love.

I.

IF you wou'd keep your Fame, (My Dear!)
 Then make it over quite to me;
 What is my Pleasure, is my Care,
 Give it me, I'll keep it for thee;
 A Frank Trust, does the Faithful make,
 No Faith can the distrustful break.

II.

Since all, you Honour call, (you say,)
 Is but in keeping your Good Name;
 Then lose it, that you keep it may,
 Since Men, the Virtuous most defame;
 To your Love, Fame, to make me Just,
 My Honour bind, yours to me trust:

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

Trust, as more Voluntary 'tis,
Does to more Faith, our Love constrain;
So the Loss of your Honour is,
The Means, your Credit to maintain;
But when our Faith, our Friends distrust,
Our Breach of it becomes then Just:

IV.

Not any's Honour, or Good-Name,
But on their Merit, can depend;
Since Honour does itself defame,
The more it does to Praise pretend;
When it our selves, we justify
Too much, it grows our Infamy:

V.

True Honour, like Religion, so,
But by too much Profession, does,
But more into Suspicion grow,
The Credit it wou'd gain, to lose;
As Liers, swearing to a Lie,
Professing Faith, their Truth deny.

*To a Vain Woman, who being ask'd, Why She did
not Marry? Answer'd, Because She cou'd love
nothing under the Degree of a Lord.*

YOU, tho' a Sinner, have your Thoughts on High,
But for Love of a Lord, wou'd live, or die;
You love a Lord so, you to Bed wou'd take,
(But for his Title's, not his Person's sake,)
Even a Dwarf too, with his crooked Back;
Rather, than for a Lady not be known,
Lady of Pleasure, wou'd be call'd in Town;
Wou'd lose, to gain that Title, your Good-Name,
Purchase your Honour, tho' but with your Shame,
Till that your Pride, your Honour wou'd defame;
My Lord May'r shou'd, (tho' but a Fishmonger,)
Deal for your Old-Ling, your salt Stinking-Ware;

MISCELLANY POEMS

You'd live a Lord's Wench, for his Wife to pass,
And, out of Love of Honour, bear Disgrace;
To be call'd Countess, for a Bawd wou'd go,
Wou'd be a Bitch, to be call'd Duchefs too;
You love a *Sunday*, tho' then forc'd to pray,
Because 'tis call'd, The Lord's peculiar Day;
You'd buy your Honour, with your Honesty,
At Court grow Higher, by your Infamy,
Deny your Love, your Pride to gratifie;
Till Honour, which your Pleasure does prevent,
Becomes your Reason's worst Disparagement;
Then, for your Honour, lessen your damn'd Pride,
By which, your good Sense more is vilify'd;
Since you more Blame, to get more Honour, gain,
Which makes you to be valu'd less, more vain;
For your Pride, which does at more Honour aim,
Becomes more by your seeking, more your Shame;
Since your Pride with more Honour wou'd increase,
To make Mankind's Esteem for you the less;
Which but augmenting more your Vanity,
Wou'd make more Honour, more your Infamy.

The SCOURER. (A Song.) To a Lady, who said,
She wou'd never Marry any Man, who was not
Mad with Love for Her.

I.

I'M as Mad as you'd have me;
If you'll not believe me,
I'll tear off my own Clothes and yours;
Like a Frantic at Night,
If I spy any Light
In your Room, I'll break down your Doors.

II.

I am Mad, till you strip me,
With your bare Hand too whip me,
Can speak Sense in Love now, no more;
But am pleas'd with my Pain,
And am proud of my Chain;
Wou'd have none, my Wits to restore.

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

So you will ne'r recover
Me, your senseless, mad Lover,
With Hardships you make one endure;
Nor will Fasting for Love,
Any Help for mine prove,
My Fill of thee, wou'd be my Cure:

IV.

If me then your mad Lover,
You wou'd yet not give over,
But me from Love's Frenzy reclaim;
Then my Love-sick crack'd Brain,
Cure, with Wedlock's strong Chain;
No Mad-Love, but Marriage can tame:

V.

For as often as we see't fo,
When two mad things meet too,
One's Madness does t'other's reprove;
So by Marrying me,
Which were Madness in thee,
Thou't Cure thy mad Pride, my mad Love.

*The Fickle Lover's Apology; to a Mistress, who
accus'd him of Want of Love, by his Love of
Change.*

YOU shou'd not call me less a Lover, for
My loving many, which shows my Love more;
Nor shou'd my Love for all give one Offence,
Who love all always, with Indifference;
My Love's more, as I love to more profess,
Who, did I not love all, shou'd love one less;
So my Love to thee, but the more I prove,
As I before did the more Women love;
By which, I show thee, that I love thee best,
Who trying all, love thee more than the rest,
So by my Change, prove to thee constantest;

MISCELLANY POEMS

If others leffer Charms I had not prov'd,
Thee fo well as I do, I ne'r had lov'd;
Since only by my Love's Indiff'rence, I
Have better found where does the Diff'rence lie,
Betwixt your Charms, Senfe, Merit, Virtue too,
And others; but from my Experience fo,
Of others, 'tis, I have more Love for you;
Since other Women's Charms I try'd, I more
Prize, love you now, than e'r I did before;
So, by Proof, and Comparifon alone,
Of, and with others, is your Merit known,
My Love, and Liking, much more to you shown;
Then fure you juftly cannot fay, that I,
Did wrong you, when I did with others lie;
Since trying others, I did Right to you,
By which, in my Esteem, you higher grow;
So but for my paff Ficklenefs, you, now;
More Reafon have, to think your felf to be,
But more oblig'd fure, than abus'd by me;
I prove my Faith, by my paff Ficklenefs,
And that I rather love you more, than lefs;
Then I, the more that I was falfe to you,
Am more true to you, by returning now;
Who left you for all Woman-kind before,
Now leave all them for you, fo love you more;
Me more true, fhould you, for my changing own,
Since you muft own, there is lefs Falfenefs shown,
In leaving one for all, than all for one:
So you, but for my Ficklenefs that's paff,
Should think, my Love to you should longer laft;
Be more fure, my Faith to you should be more,
As it from more, I now to one reftore;
So my Change more my Faith does manifef, }
Who had I not lov'd all, had Thee not beft,
Who quitted thee but once for all the reft;
Which 'tis no Wonder Fickle Man should do,
But 'tis a Wonder, I should all for you;
As well thofe I have had, as not, before;
So the more I lov'd them, I love thee more;
Returning to thee, from Variety,
I show more Faith, as more Inconfancy;
Who, had I not before fo many known,
Had not been fo contented now, with one;

MISCELLANY POEMS

And if I had not lik'd you better too,
Had not left them, for whom I first did you;
So, wronging you, I've given you your Due,
And by my Change, have prov'd to you, most true,
Left one I'd known, for all I never knew;
Now all, I ne'r have known, I leave for one,
So, for my Change in Love, more Faith have shewn.

*A DRINKING-SONG, against all sorts of Disputes
in Drinking; To one, who always bawl'd to have
Reason done him, and was Noisie, and Quarrelsome
in his Cups.*

I.

COME, Sons of *Mars*, who thirst for Blood,
Here is that, of the Ruddy Grape,
To show, your Courage still is good,
A Bottle let no Head escape;

II.

By drinking prove, both Strong, and Stout,
And bate no Man, in Drink, an Ace,
But make your Man set Foot to Foot,
The Quarrelsome up with his Glasse;

III.

Be like Brave Men of Courage still,
Ne'r leave the Noble Work undone,
Till you your Bold Defyers kill,
Them thro' the Guts with Claret run;

IV.

Make Cowards kneel, with held-up Hands,
Braves swallow, with their Wine, your Lie,
Knock him down, who your Health withstands,
To do you Reason, dares deny;

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

Shock Man, and Glaſs, make Gallons bounce,
To your Man's Noſe, preſent the Glaſs,
So fire your Pipes, and Blood, at once,
Till dead-drunk, all fall on the Place;

VI.

Yet, without Noiſe in Drink, be Brave,
All true ſtout Drinkers, ſilent are;
But they, who Loud ſtill, Reaſon crave,
Will ſoonest beg you, them to ſpare;

VII.

Reaſon our Foe, let us deſtroy,
Which ſtill diſturbs us, when we drink;
Which lets us not our ſelves enjoy,
But puts us to the pains to think;

VIII.

Which, more Diſputes begins, than ends,
Since it makes ſquabbling Enemies,
Inſtead of kind, agreeing Friends,
So Men, for Talking, much leſs Wiſe;

IX.

There's no Philoſophy like Wine,
Which does our Reaſon elevate;
It has a Quality Divine,
Raiſing us above Human State:

X.

Makes Man contemn Pow'r, Gold, and Love,
Scorn Plagues, and Poverty, to bear;
And makes him think himſelf above,
All Worldly Care, or Human Fear;

XI.

Poor Poets! then drink, and be Rich;
Poor Spirits! drink till you grow Brave;
Proud Men! drink to the Higheſt Pitch;
Drink Miſers, till enough you have:

MISCELLANY POEMS

XII.

Soldiers, Slaves, Men of Buf'ness, take
Your Glafs off, if you'd active be;
For as the Head is made more weak,
Man is more bufie, bold, and free.

*To an Unhappy, Impatient, Querelous Friend, still
complaining of his Ill Fate; when his Ill Manage-
ment was in Fault, and his Want of Constancy,
not Money, his Disgrace.*

NO Man's ill Chance, is Fate's Fault, but his own,
Since fure, our Fortune's good, or bad, alone,
But as well, or ill by us, undergone;
No Man's Fate, till his Fault, can be his Blame,
Nor, but by his ill-bearing it, his Shame;
'Tis not a Man's Condition, mean, or low,
Makes him contemn'd, but when his Mind is fo,
Since Ill-luck, born well, does his Honour grow;
'Tis not the best State, but, best Spirit then,
Distinguishes the best, from worst of Men;
He's best, who best the worst of bad Luck, bears,
Who no Wrong, Mischief, or Dishonour fears;
That e'er he may, from others undergo,
But such, as he, to other Men, may do;
Whose Honour is, his honest Poverty,
Which him, does not disgrace, but justifie,
By living well in Want, most hon'rably;
Which proves, if Avarice, or Fraud, he had,
His Fortune in the World, he might have made;
Who, had his Faith been less, his Pride been more,
More too, had been his Fortune, Wealth, or Pow'r;
Which proves, he Want wou'd rather undergo,
Than any poor thing, to relieve it, do;
Who naked, in his honest Poverty,
Assaults upon his Freedom can defie;
To be made Rich, or High, by's Infamy;
But as his abject Servitude is more,
To have, o'er his Superiours, the more Pow'r;
From whose well-born Ills, his true Honour springs,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Victorious, in his unfelt Sufferings;
By which, he does his Tyrant-Passions fway,
Which wou'd his Virtue to his Lusts betray,
So Reason does triumphantly obey;
By his Contempt of Life, or Death, prevents
All Difappointments, or ill Accidents,
But wisely to Necessity consents;
When robb'd of all by Fate, his Enemy,
In spight of Losses, saves his Constancy;
Feels, but ne'r suffers Fortune's Tyranny;
Whom Hope cou'd never flatter, Danger scare,
Nor Difappointment bring to mean Despair;
Who, since no Will, but Heav'n's alone he had,
Cou'd ne'r from any sort of Change, be made,
Of, or by wife, just Providence, afraid;
Fortune, and Pow'r, bring Little Great Men low;
Bulwarks, and Strong-Holds to the Ground may throw;
But he who still is with a Brave Soul man'd,
Will, against Shocks of Fate unshaken stand;
Not all Ambition's strong Artillery,
Nor all the roaring Force of Calumny,
Nor pinching, starving, sharp Necessity,
Or Love's Small-Shot, a Battery can make,
To wound his Fame, or Resolution shake;
Or can the firm Guard of his Virtues rout,
From his fix'd Mind, that's passively more stout;
Wherein strong Sense keeps storming Passions out,
Which, Traytor-like, within set Souls on Fire;
So, with Attacks from Fate without conspire,
To Blow-up, to their Ruine, in the End,
Those, whom they were first rais'd up to defend;
As Gun-powder, which fires too quickly, does
To Hazards, those it shou'd defend, expose;
Of Man's Defence, does his Destruction grow,
To make him suffer Mischiefs, he wou'd do;
But he, whose Passions can't be soon blown up,
With his own Fire, but them can coolly stop,
Has the best Courage, which is passive, shown,
Possesses Peace in War, and keeps his own;
(The hardest thing, by proud Men, to be done;)
Out of Possession of his Heart, Sense, ne'r
Can be brought, by Fate's Threats, or his own Fear,
Since he, what he cannot avoid, can bear;

MISCELLANY POEMS

So still unshaken, and intrepidly
 The Shocks of Chance defies, with Constancy,
 And scuffles with the threatening Destinies;
 Fears neither open Force, nor base Surprise;
 Who, tho' the Heav'ns no Blessings to him grant,
 Can grant himself, in Need, to feel no Want;
 To pray, nor ask Pity from any one,
 But is his own Relief, for having none;
 Since Wrongs or Sufferings, (we must needs confess)
 As longer born, or more, are suffer'd less:
 Then Want, Pain, Shame, we less or more shou'd deem,
 Not as they are, but as they to us seem;
 But as we more, or less can suffer them;
 When adverse Chance, has done the worst it can,
 Of Wealth, Fame, Patience, to divest a Man;
 Yet he's not robb'd, whose Mind entire remains,
 In Turns of Fate, his Constancy retains;
 His Losses make (by his Improvement) fo
 Of his try'd Virtue) Gain, and Honour too;
 Who (since great Minds, but in great Streights are known)
 But by his Loss, his Honour cou'd have won;
 Had been undone, had he not been undone;
 Who was by Fortune's long Indulgence made,
 (And too much good Luck) to bear worse the bad,
 They nothing lose, who Patience cannot lose,
 Since Man, by Ill Luck borne well, honour'd grows,
 Who, as his Loss is more, more Patience shows;
 Our Loss, our Shame, from our Impatience is,
 Loss is not Loss, by what we lose, but miss;
 Nor is our Grief, or Suff'ring, Shame, or Pain,
 Till of them we more shamefully complain,
 Show, we want good Heart, bad Luck to sustain;
 Want, nor Indignity, Dishonour are,
 But from our own Impatience, Pride, Shame, Fear;
 Brave Men turn Hardships, of cross Destiny,
 But to Proofs of their Magnanimity,
 And Patience, which their Virtues justify:
 Good or Bad Fortune to despise, is Great,
 He, who bears Ill well, is most Fortunate,
 By which he is out of the Pow'r of Fate;
 Whose Happiness in Deed, and Thought, is more,
 As more in his, and less in others Pow'r;
 So Fortune, Kindness, does with Injuries,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since good Luck makes Fools, bad shou'd make 'em Wife;
Then bad Luck's good, by which Men better grow,
And but the Good from Bad the better know,
So but the more their Sense, Faith, Courage show:
The Mind of Proof, like Armour then of Proof,
Bearing the Blow, takes the Shame of it off;
'Tis the true Mark of each well temper'd Mind,
When we no Marks, of Fate's Shocks in it find;
As 'tis of true well-temper'd Armour, when
No Mark of our Foes Rage is on it seen,
What e'er the Force, to make it yield, has been;
So that the greatest Heart, and highest Mind,
Are they, in which, we less Impression find
O'th' Shocks of Fate, or less to Change inclin'd;
The most firm, clear, exalted Soul alone,
Is that, in which least Perturbation's shown;
As in sublimest Regions of the Air,
Tempests are less heard, dark Clouds less appear;
But still serene, calm, glorious known to be,
From Clouds and Storms beneath 'em, clear and free;
Whilst sultry Meteors, Storms are hatch'd below,
Foul, or fair Weather there, does come and go;
Exalted Minds, as Heav'ns, in Change, no Changing know.

A DRINKING-SONG. To an Affected, Sober Coxcomb, who said, It was miserable to Live without Thought; and that no Man cou'd be Wise, or Happy, without Thinking.

I.

A Merry Cup, ('Faith,) let us drink,
To be more Wise, the less we Think;
Since Thinking is a silly Thing,
Which brings us Care,
Fear, and Despair;
To leave off Thinking, we shou'd Sing:

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

We'll Sing, and Drink eternally,
Who thinks too much, too soon will die;
Too much Thought, is too little Sense;
He's sad, who thinks,
He's glad, who drinks,
He, who thinks least, is most a Prince:

III.

Wife *Turks*, that they may never Think,
Take *Opium*, and Wife *Christians* Drink;
Thought drains, and dries the fertile Brain,
But moist'ning it,
Judgment, and Wit,
Will flourish, and spring up again:

IV.

A Merry Cup then, let us take,
That Dreams asleep, nor Cares awake,
May break our Rest, our Peace destroy;
When we drink deep,
Our Sorrows sleep,
Drowning our Care, buoys up our Joy:

V.

The Thinker is the greatest Fool,
He, without Thought, the greatest Soul.
Who lets the World jog on, as 'twill,
Knowing that Thought,
Is good for nought,
But Minds to torture, Men to kill:

VI.

Thus all, we call Philosophy,
Is not to think, if Sense, does lie,
In being but insensible,
Of Pain, and Care,
By which Men are
More Wise, as less they know, think, feel.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*An EPISTLE from the Country, to my Friend Sir
C. S. in Town ; in Answer to one of His, wherein
He wonder'd, I did not Answer His last.*

MY small Sense, which so much you praise, my Friend! }
 You mine, the more you praise it, discommend, }
 So most expose, what most you wou'd defend; }
 For you, my little Sense, and Fancy praise,
 With so much more, your Praise grows my Disgrace;
 As he, who but the more to show his Wit, }
 A pleasant Tract, in Praise of Folly, writ, }
 Exposing it more, as more Praising it; }
 To make the Fools, he gave it to, more vain,
 That he himself, the Praise he gave, might gain;
 The Barrenness, thus of your Subject shows, }
 Your Wit's Store, does the Want of mine expose, }
 Till the more Praise it gains, the more I lose;
 You thus affront me, with your Courtesie,
 Which is so much, it turns to Raillery;
 You, by your Wit, in Praise of mine, contrive,
 To make your Proof but more a Negative;
 Till your Wit, by which, you wou'd raise my Fame,
 Does of my Honour, but become my Shame;
 Does my small Sense, still but the more debase,
 And makes your Commendation, my Disgrace;
 Wou'd you know, why then I ne'r answer'd yet }
 Your Letter, 'twas but to show more my Wit, }
 Who shou'd show less, to think to answer it;
 Then your own Witty Letter, best may be
 Its Answer, why you have had none of me;
 That, since you write so well still, as you do,
 It is impossible to Answer you;
 That th' Answer, you require to so much Wit,
 You but forbid, by your demanding it;
 Since, a requir'd Impossibility,
 Does its own self implicitly deny;
 Yet, since you Conquer, you shall Triumph too, }
 I'll Answer you, since I can't Answer you, }
 Yet make an end of Writing to you now;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since, the best Answer sure, to so much Wit,
Is Silence, owning, there's no Answering it;
I yet accept your Praise, since more your own,
Who, give me so much Praise, you leave me none;
Who, with so much more Wit, praise mine so much,
That I my self, the Praise you give me, grutch;
Who, praising my small Sense, so much more show,
That by your Praise, I more disparag'd grow;
Yet I, the better to it, can submit,
Since you, more than I, honour'd are by it;
Who, praising my small Sense, with so much more,
Show mine less, as yours more, than e'er before;
Since (ev'n against my self,) I must confess,
As more your Wit commends mine, mine seems less.

*To a Witty Young Man ; who neglected the Study
of the Law, for that of Poetry.*

I.

YOUNG Council! tho' you Counsel may despise,
Show less Wit, (if you can) to prove more Wise;
Good Sense, good Fame, less than good Fortune prize:

II.

Credit, without Wealth, do not seek, in vain;
For since few can to both at once, attain;
Coin, before Fame, then wisely try to gain:

III.

Since, but for Gain, (my knowing Friend) you know,
Honour wou'd Shame, and Wit wou'd Folly grow;
Since none, for Just or Wise, the Poor allow:

IV.

Whence none now, by a Man's Parts, but his Gains,
Judge of his Store of Merit, or his Brains;
And Wits have but their Labour for their Pains:

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

Since Poor Men's Sense, the Rich and Poor despise;
They, who good Fame, less than good Fortune prize,
Just without Faith are, without Reason wife:

VI.

Gain Credit, Honour, without Honesty;
Trust without Truth, Fame without Bravery;
So without Honour, live most hon'rably:

VII.

Then your Fate for your Ill Luck, ne'r upbraid,
Since your Fate, your Foe, by your Wit is made,
Which proves your Life's Encumbrance, of its Aid:

VIII.

Since like a false, tho' pleasant Friend, thy Wit,
Which makes thee lazy, for Cares, Pains unfit,
Undoes thee, by the Trust you put in it:

IX.

For Wit is but happy in Thought to be,
While thoughtless Folly fortunate we see;
Thy Happy Wit is then Ill Luck to thee:

X.

Your good Sense wou'd you have the Wife commend?
Ne'r let your Fortune on your Wit depend;
Nor to prove by it your good Sense, pretend:

XI.

Since there's no Proof, or Measure of True Wit,
But by the Money which is gain'd by it;
Then empty Fame, for a Full Pocket quit:

XII.

For good Sense its own Contradiction is;
By which we gain a good Name, good Luck miss:
Since Poor Men's Wisdom, Wits, nay Fools despise:

MISCELLANY POEMS

XIII.

Unhappy thee, thy happy Thoughts will make;
Thy good Sense will thy good Luck from thee take,
And thy found Judgment will thy Credit crack:

XIV.

The cunning World will your good Sense deny,
Whose Truth shows least its Ingenuity;
Since you, but as a Poet, know to Lie:

XV.

Whose Lies, since they least profitable are
By your Wit, make your want of Sense appear,
Which, but of Living after Life, takes Care:

XVI.

You, to your self your Livelihood deny,
But out of Love of Immortality;
Which, you know you cannot have, till you die:

XVII.

Nor can obtain of this World, to think fit,
To gratify with Praise your Sense, or Wit,
Till you become insensible of it:

XVIII.

Then he's no Wit, who to be reckon'd one,
Proves himself, by despising Money, none;
Lives scorn'd, to get Esteem, when dead and gone:

XIX.

But if by Lying you wou'd show your Wit,
Lie so, that you may Money get by it;
'Tis Wit, nay Wisdom, Fame for Coin to quit;

XX.

To lie, as Quacks, Divines, or Courtiers try;
Or Lawyers, lie always, but wittily;
You'll lie for Gain, that's Ingenuity.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*The REQUEST, a Song. To Dorinda ; to give her
Lover more Love, or more Despair.*

I.

YOUR Beauty, which begets my Love,
Begets but likewise my Despair;
More kind, if less vain wou'd you prove;
Wou'd be less proud, if but less fair:
Yet less I cannot wish your Beauty's Pow'r,
Tho', to make less my Grief, and my Days more:

II.

For were your Beauty less, I guess,
My Love perhaps, might grow less too;
But rather than I'd have that less,
More of thy Pride I'd undergo;
Since I must for thee die, the same thing 'twere,
To die for thy Love, as of my Despair:

III.

It is thy cold Indifference,
Which, much more than thy Scorn, I dread,
My ling'ring Pain I have from thence,
I do not live, nor yet am dead;
So pitiful your Cruelty wou'd prove,
Ending my Hopes, if you condemn my Love:

IV.

Yet hold, if I for thee must die,
To Rivals I leave thee behind;
There's no Love without Jealousie,
I, dying for thee, were unkind;
Nay, my Love to thee, but the less shou'd prove,
Since of their Good-Wills, none leave those they love:

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

Then show me more Love, or Disdain,
I'll live, to show more Love to thee,
For I'd be rather still in Pain,
Damn'd to Despair, than not to be;
Wou'd rather suffer for my Love, thy Fau't,
Than curs'd Annihilation, in thy Thought.

*Upon Two Deform'd LOVERS, of Defective Sights ;
one being Pur-blind, t'other having but one Eye.*

DAMON, with Love of both Eyes, is so blind,
That *Lucy's* so with one, he cannot find;
His Blindness then, as much as hers, it is,
Neither discern in either, ought amiss;
For Fault with her Eyes, why shou'd *Damon* find?
Who sees with one Eye, he with both is blind,
Else he, to love her, ne'r had been inclin'd;
Others, by seeing one another, prove
Their Liking for each other, and their Love;
These, because they, each other cou'd not see,
To Liking, Loving, sooner did agree;
For 'tis thought, had they well each other seen,
They less known, had to one another been;
'Tis said of other Lovers, (as we find,) }
That they, when out of sight, are out of mind;
But these, because out of each others Sight,
Take in each other, but the more Delight;
And will more constant to each other be,
But as they less can one another see;
Their Mutual Blindness, as most Lovers, so, }
Their Aid does, to their Mutual Kindness grow,
As Lovers, best i'th' Dark, each other know;
Both wanting one good Eye, to see withal,
To mutual Groping, did the sooner Fall;
As want of one Sense, does another mend,
Their Blindness to their Feeling, was a Friend;
For, if each other they had better seen,
So well acquainted, they had never been;
Less Kindness to each other, had they shown,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Each other less, for more Acquaintance known;
 As Absence does Lovers, to Love invite,
 These, in each other's Presence, out of sight,
 Did in each other, but the more delight;
 So with each other's Eyes, both did appear,
 To be more taken, but the worse they were;
 Who will, each other's Friends, the longer be,
 Because they ne'r did well, each other see.

*To an Affected, Antiquated, Glotting, Painted Woman,
 who call'd Her self, A Taking, Lasting Beauty.*

BEAUTY's less Taking, for its Lasting long,
 Since nothing's Beauty, but what's Fresh, and Young;
 The same Face still, tho' ne'r so good, is bad,
 Beauties are such, by various Good-Looks made,
 Coarse Meats are Dainties, which, we ne'r yet had;
 Green Fruit is priz'd thus, at first coming more,
 Not as 'tis best, but as ne'r seen before;
 Better were Frowns, than Smiles, or Sweet-Looks still,
 Still the same Posture, (tho' a Good One) 's ill;
 The best Eyes, which are fix'd in any Head,
 Instead of striking Dead, will go for Dead;
 In Form alone, true Beauty, does not lie,
 Nor in Good-Looks, but their Variety;
 Thy formal Mien still, still thy glotting Eyes,
 Wou'd make one's Stomach, not one's Vigour rise;
 Eternal Mumping, Sighing, Languishing,
 Qualms o'er our Hearts, to make us spue, wou'd bring;
 Wou'd make one sick of Love, and not with Love,
 Our Passion rather, wou'd remove than move,
 Wou'd our Aversion, not our Liking prove;
 Once in thy Life, to please thy Lovers frown,
 Since thy Good-Looks on all, to most are grown
 Nauseous; since kind to all, are lik'd by none;
 Obliging none, for being general,
 Disgusting all, striving to please us all;
 Your ever constant, glotting, twinkling Eye,
 Which does on all Men look so lovingly,
 Gives each Particular, Inconstancy;
 Your Face, which lasts still, to Mankind, the same,

MISCELLANY POEMS

I think not for your Honour, but your Shame;
 A lasting Beauty, one way only, we
 Can judge you, (most affected thing!) to be;
 Your Affectations never will decay,
 Altho' your Artificial Beauty may;
 Which, as your Charms grow less, but more increase,
 To make you find, (seeking more Honour) less;
 Thus you, by seeking in Old Charms, New Arts,
 To take our Eyes more, lose but more our Hearts;
 New Vernishing, so, to the good Old Face,
 As to the good Old Picture, ever was, }
 Of its best Ornament, its worst Disgrace; }
 Like good Old Pictures, good Old Faces so, }
 Of less Worth, by new mending them, will grow, }
 But more Defects, in hiding them, to show.

*The APOLOGY; To his Ingenious Friend; for not
 Answering so soon as he expected, his too Long, as
 too Witty Letter.*

AS Debtors, who ne'r pay great Debts, (we see)
 To small will punctual, for their Credit, be;
 That they may be more trusted by their Friend,
 When to his Kindness they'd again pretend:
 So shorter had your bounteous Letter been,
 You my Return to that e'er this had seen; }
 But great Trusts, make Bankrupts of Honest Men; }
 Your too great Trust, 'twas caus'd my Breach of Trust,
 I, had my Debt been less, had been more just;
 Your Letter might be its own Answer; for,
 To read soon, 'twas too much to answer more;
 Your Letter, fill'd with Ingenuity, }
 So best might answer its own self, that I, }
 To so much cou'd not answer suddenly;
 'Twas so profuse, in Wit and Compliment,
 That my Return to it, it does prevent;
 So that I, to show to you more my Wit,
 Shou'd take more Time yet, to reply to it;
 Then, for my making no Returns to you,
 You can't complain with any Reason, who,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Choak with your Plenty; as the Farmer's Grain,
 Too thick sown, makes less his Returns again;
 Your Wit profuse, retards more my Reply,
 Your Rich Phrase, makes my Stile's Sterility;
 You send me such a mighty Store of Wit,
 That you have left me none to answer it:
 'Tis, like your Country-Presents, large and free,
 Profusely lavish; to which, likewise we,
 Like Cockneys, in Returns must scanty be;
 Like City-Bart'ring-Gratitude, so mine,
 Seems a Return, but to get more of thine:
 Therefore, with selfish Gratitude, (my Friend!)
 My Letter, to get more of yours, I send,
 And sooner of it here now make an End;
 That I may, to my Satisfaction, see
 A longer, yet more speedily, from thee;
 As needy Debtors, run too much o'th' Score,
 Repay a little, but to borrow more.

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The DILEMMA: Or, the Case of the Poor COINER of False Money; in his Name, and Defence.

IF I Coin not, of Hunger must I die;
 If I do, by the Laws, as certainly;
 Then, the least Evil of the two to chuse,
 Coining I can't (to save my Life) refuse;
 Shou'd rather venture by the Law to die,
 Than starve my self, to die more guiltily;
 So Coining shou'd not be my Guilt or Shame,
 Who my self, (if I coin not) starve and damn;
 Saving my Life and Soul so, guiltless am:
 Then I fure coin, out of more Conscience, who,
 So by one single Crime, shun doing two;
 Which but a Crime is 'gainst Man's Laws, or Pow'r,
 T'other 'gainst God and Nature, therefore more:
 So since I cannot, if I coin not, live,
 My Coining, (as I modestly conceive)
 My Death shou'd not be, since my Life's Reprieve;
 I, robbing for my Life, may truly say,
 That I am much less Criminal than they,
 Who let their Wants take their own Lives away;
 Then he, who robs but his own Life to save

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MISCELLANY POEMS

From Death and Damning, shou'd more Mercy have;
But Heav'ns just Condemnation he deserves,
Who his own Self, for fear of Damning, starves;
Because, by that, he makes it best appear,
That Man, he much more than his God, does fear,
To be condemn'd here, than be damn'd elsewhere:
Then he, who steals to save his Life, does well;
Who starves it, is so the worst Criminal;
As Man to God, less guilty will appear,
Being a Thief, than a Self-Murderer.

*A DRINKING-SONG: In Contradiction to an Heroic
Amorous Sot, who said, A Man lost as much his
Honour, as his Sense, by Drinking.*

I.

STILL to be drunk, with Love or Fame,
SA scouring round the World to run,
For a small Whore, or greater Name,
Honour is rather lost, than won;
When drunk with Love, or Fame, the Sot,
More senseless grows, than by the Pot;
Pushing his Friend, or Mistress, to his Shame:

II.

Then Heroes drunk with Vanity,
And Coxcombs with Love's Passion too,
Lead their Lives most dishonourably;
Themselves most mad, or senseless show;
And make their giddy Brains more hot,
By Love or Rage, than by the Pot;
To fall more low, by looking but more high:

III.

Since nothing Sober can be found,
Out of the Tavern, there I still
Will sit, till Wine turns my Head round,
And it with Joy, not Care, I fill;
Grow less a Wit, so more a Prince,
But by the losing of my Sense;
When in my Wine, my Care, Fear, Grief, are drown'd:

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Since he, who keeps his Senfes, does
More Care, Fear, Trouble by them gain;
Mine then in good Wine will I lofe,
And elevate my Heart and Brain,
Above the Fear of Falling too,
Which no Harm can the Drunkard do;
Who Safety more by Wine, than Thought may gain:

V.

For, as we think more foberly,
We have, for more Thought, lefs Delight;
But Drinking makes us lay Thought by,
Us, with vain Cares nor Fears, to fright;
Then, but as our Thought, is the lefs,
More is our Eafe, or Happinefs,
And our Senfe, in our Lofs of Thought, more right:

VI.

Since Chance, to Sots, and Mad-men ftill,
Is kinder, than to Men of Senfe;
To Lofs of my Senfe, will I fwil,
To have, to better Luck, pretence;
To turn a Sot, I'll wifely chufe,
Good Senfe, before Good Luck, to lofe;
Men, of my having more Wit, to convince:

Upon the Injuftice of the Law: A SATYR.

IF Lofers may have leave to fpeak, O Laws!
For op'ning here againft you, have I caufe;
Since the Law is but Juftice againft Right,
Which Reason never does oppofe to Might;
Or do, to th' Poor, or helpiefs Innocent,
Since that, in Practice, has no Precedent;
For Men have long found, and fhall evermore,
No Right, or Reason, againft Wealth, or Pow'r;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Whence 'tis (time out of mind,) the Law thought fit,
 Possession against Justice to permit,
 To be, at least, eleven Points of it;
 The Law's the War o'th' Pen, which evermore,
 Like other Wars, make Reason yield to Pow'r;
 Civil Contention, Contests to prevent,
 Yet them, by th' Sword of Justice, does augment;
 War of the Pen, worst sort of Civil War,
 To make Foes Friends, makes Friends with Friends to jar;
 Worst sort of War, tho' made to keep the Peace,
 Does Differences, deciding them, increase;
 As Constables, when they the Law wou'd lay
 Down with their Staves, by hind'ring, make the Fray;
 The Peace, and Heads, break with that Staff which shou'd
 Keep the Peace, and withstand the shedding Blood;
 War of the Pen then, is the squabbling Law,
 The Sword of Justice, 'gainst the Peace to draw;
 War of the Pen, which, in the Name of Right,
 Justice unjustly over-powers with Might;
 Cause of Contention, as, first by it made,
 The Curb of Pow'r, and yet Oppression's Aid;
 A Civil Quarrel, and a War with Words,
 More dangerous to most, than that of Swords;
 Thou War in Peace! War of the Pen, and Tongue!
 I'th' Name of Right, to do by Justice, Wrong;
 Of which Tongue-War, as other sorts of War,
 Mens Purse-Strings, but the truest Sinews are;
 For as they stretch, or they contracted grow,
 Men have more Pow'r, more Good, or Harm to do;
 Weak Second, art thou yet, O brangling Law!
 The Sword of Justice, against Pow'r to draw;
 For the Weak, Innocent, and Poor, so dost,
 Like all Weak Seconds, them, who trust thee most,
 Still most expose to Lawless Violence,
 But as they most depend on thy Defence;
 Who dost Men Reason, often against Sense;
 Dost Equity 'gainst Justice, often do,
 And against Equity, more Justice too,
 Injurious, by Legality to grow;
 Thou Civil War! so, the worst sort of War,
 To keep Men, for their Goods, Lives, most in fear,
 The more, they Seekers of thy Justice are.
 Thou Peace-making Contention! which began,

MISCELLANY POEMS

As soon as did, the busy World, and Man;
 As soon, as in the World there Brothers were,
Abel, and *Cain*, to jar, or interfere
 With one another, for their Interest,
 Or Pow'r, to cavil, wrangle, or contest;
 Till Thou, Law! against Reason, didst incline,
 Men, to fall out, against the Laws Divine,
 And bring 'em to those hard words, Mine and Thine;
 When all, by Heav'n's Decree, in common was,
 More to maintain Man's Innocence, and Peace;
 E'er that encroaching Pow'r, or wrangling Law,
 Did Peaceful Man, into Contention draw;
 Or, make the dearest Brother, nearest Friend,
 Agree, but with each other, to contend,
 Suits to prolong, by seeking yet their End;
 To make Men fall out, but, that Lawyers may,
 Like Pick-pockets, to get by't, make the Fray;
 The Law, Feuds it shou'd lessen, does increase;
 Vexation of Mankind, meant for our Ease;
 Breaker, instead of Keeper, of the Peace;
 Which, our worst Danger of our Safety grows,
 To make Friends fall out, for the Gain of Foes;
 Thus is the Law, to helpless Innocence,
 But its Betrayer, by its weak Defence;
 So weak, false Seconds, as they more pretend,
 To give Assistance to their injur'd Friend,
 Expose the Good Cause, they but ill defend;
 Thus Thou, the Law! to which, for Right we go,
 Our Danger dost, of our Protection grow,
 Defrauder, or Preserver, of our Right;
 The worst of Tyrants, meant a Check to Might;
 Dost Robbers, for their guilty Booty spare,
 Of Felon's Goods, to make thy Judges share,
 So Law! to keep innocent Men in fear;
 Who, but the more they love, or follow Thee,
 By Thee, more fin'd, and punish'd still will be;
 For Thefts dost Guilt to Punishment deliver,
 If the Crime be n't the Criminal's Reliever,
 And does not make the Judge the Thief's Receiver;
 So Thou, O Law! instead of the Defence,
 Of Poor, Blind Justice, and Weak Innocence;
 The Danger art, of our Stores, Lives, or Peace,
 Who dost our Wants, Fears, Quarrels, more increase;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Thus art Thou, as more Law, less Equity,
 Since height of Justice, is most Injury,
 Possession against Right, to justify;
 Since if Possession, (as 'tis reckon'd,) be,
 O lawless Law! eleven Points of Thee;
 Then, a Man's Right is only less, or more,
 Not as his Cause, more Justice has, but Pow'r:
 You Law! for Justice then sure, cannot go,
 Since height of Wrong, does height of Justice grow,
 Which by most Rigour, may least Reason do:
 You Justice to the Helpless most refuse,
 Make your Pow'r, your Injustice's Excuse,
 Will Right, with rigorous Justice oft abuse;
 And oft with Mercy and with Lenity,
 Sparing bad Men, do good Men Injury;
 Your Mercy, most unmercifully so,
 To th' Guilty, 'gainst the Innocent, to show;
 The Weak, Poor, Innocent, by Mercy Wrong
 Against Right aid, the Crafty, Bold, Rich, Strong;
 For you Possession, Lawless Law! by Might,
 Maintain, against all Justice, to be Right:
 You do not end then Quarrels or Disputes,
 But are their Maintenance, increasing Suits;
 Not Fraud's Detector, but Encourager,
 Truths judge not as it does to Sense appear,
 Not by what True Men say, but Knaves will swear;
 For to those, who most boldly Swear, or Lie,
 You Right, or Wrong, will nothing e'er deny,
 But Truth condemn, for too much Modesty:
 The blushing Witnesses true Evidence,
 Will take for Guilt, tho' Sign of Innocence;
 In your Courts, (as all others) you prevent,
 Claims of the Bashful, Poor, and Innocent,
 For being, o'er the Bold and Lying, prevalent;
 So Justice here you serve not, but command,
 By Fraud and Violence begotten, and
 By those, to this Day, still are you maintain'd:
 Then, whence you come, you by your Practice show,
 Crimes made you first, and Crimes continue you;
 If we may judge you, as you judge a Cause,
 By your Beginnings, O you Tyrant-Laws!
 The Guilt of Justice are you, Reason's Shame,
 Oppressions, under our Protection's Name;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Made by the Fearful, Guilty, Fraudulent;
 Maintain'd by Force, not for the Punishment
 O'th' pow'rful Guilty, but weak Innocent;
 In Opposition to Tyrannic Pow'r,
 I'th' Name of Right yet exercising more;
 And not to right the weak Man on the strong,
 But to help Pow'r, to do blind Justice Wrong;
 Men's Disputes not to finish, but prolong:
 Not the poor, wrong'd Defendant's Part to take,
 Defendants more Complainants yet to make;
 Since ev'n him, whom you do most Justice to,
 You, by his gaining of his Cause, undo;
 Till the Costs, which the Lands recover'd pay,
 Again, the Profits of 'em take away;
 Which, if he from the Lawyers does recover,
 'Tis but to make 'em to the Scriv'ners over;
 Who does, by's Cause's Maintenance, alone,
 The Lawyer's Bu'ness, but to lose his own;
 To make the Justice done him, Injury,
 Equity guilty, ev'n of Champerty,
 By Maintenance of Suits in Chancery;
 Till by Law, Justice does Oppression grow,
 Wrong'd Men, by their Relief, but quite undo,
 Which robs Free-Men, and free lets Robbers go;
 But Out-Laws so, from Law Protection have,
 Which Cowards, or base Run-aways does save,
 And hangs for standing to't, the Wrong'd, or Brave;
 Against God's Law, soonest condemning him,
 Who soonest does confess his Guilt, or Crime;
 The Law then, Justice, against Reason is,
 Makes Men, i'th' Name of Right, do more amiss;
 Reward of Knaves, instead of Punishment,
 Meant the Support o'th' Poor, and Innocent,
 Yet does but cause the Wrong, it shou'd prevent;
 Design'd for Justice, is Oppression's Aid,
 Protects not good Men, nor corrects the bad;
 Since without Force, good Men wou'd still be so,
 The bad, but worse, for its Correction grow,
 The Fraudulent more cheats, but by it too;
 The Law's a Licence so, to cheat, rob, kill,
 To make the rich Rogues, live unpunish'd still,
 And hold, the Pow'rful, Great, can do no Ill;
 To make blind Justice, break itself the Peace,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Whose Sword, our Feuds does, ending them, increafe,
 As did the Sword of Errant *Hercules*;
 Since Law-Suits, like his *Hydra's* Heads, grow more,
 For Executions, than they were before;
 Wherefore, O Law! in vain you use your Pow'r;
 For as one Suit, by th' Sword of Justice, you,
 Seem to dispatch, you split it but in two;
 Till more you do, you have the more to do:
 The Law, so made to lessen Diff'rences,
 Does them, like its Professors, more increafe;
 Made but to help the Weak, Oppress'd, alone,
 Becomes, the worst Oppression e'er was known;
 Ne'r wrongs the Rich, nor rights the Poor Man's Pleas,
 To Poor Men gives not, but does Damages;
 The Law itself, Injustice does imply,
 Since it distinguish'd is from Equity,
 So when 'tis most Law, 'tis most Injury;
 Tho' still it has, for a Profession gone,
 Of giving all Men, always, most their own;
 Yet now, by Custom, a Profession 'tis,
 To make the Lawyer's Clients Money his;
 Who makes one Way, his Client's Case his own,
 Whose Lands prove his, e'er t'other's Suits are done;
 Since he the Profits only does receive,
 Whilst the Law lasts, so does himself relieve;
 Like Gamester's Box-Keepers, are Lawyers so,
 Who Rich, by what does ruine others, grow;
 Who sweep the Stakes, whilst the chous'd Pushers swear,
 Their Gains so, but from other's Losses share:
 For whosoever gets, or loses, they,
 Must them for Judgment, or Attendance pay,
 Tho' they their Benefactor's Right betray;
 And Law, like Play, no Pushers can give over,
 Gainers wou'd get more, Losers more recover;
 In fine, the Law's vast Multiplicity,
 Makes Law a Grievance, of a Remedy;
 For as i'th' Body Natural, (we see)
 Evils increas'd by Remedies to be;
 Thus, in the Body Politic, the Cause
 Of State-Distempers is, too many Laws.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*A SONG: In the Name of a Lover to His Mistress,
whom He us'd to call His Life; who told Him,
That a True Lover shou'd part with His Life,
when His Mistress wou'd have Him, to prove His
Love; tho' She owned, His Death might prove
Hers*

I.

I'M now more satisfied to die,
Since you, (my Life,) will have it so;
But if my Life you will be, why
Must I, to keep you, part with you?

II.

Thou say'st, my Death will cause too thine,
But for thee then, and thy Life's sake,
If not for me, (my Dear,) or mine,
On me, some Selfish Pity take:

III.

The Cruel, to themselves, are kind,
Hatred to Foes may be Self-Love;
But killing me, your truest Friend,
You cruel, to your self, will prove:

IV.

Therefore, for thy Life's sake alone,
I but seek, the Preserving mine;
'Tis not my Safety then, thou't own,
I seek from thee, so much as thine:

V.

I wou'd die for thee, with content,
Yet since my Death, thine too, must be,
My Death, for thy sake, I'll prevent,
Me, from the Guilt of thine, to free:

MISCELLANY POEMS

VI.

Thus, out of more Love to you, know,
I cannot, with your Will comply;
Since Dying, I must part with you,
I live, my Love to justifie:

VII.

So, by not dying for you, I,
But more my True Love to you, show;
I, for Love of you, cannot die,
Who, when I lose my Life, must you.

*Upon the Tyranny of CUSTOM; Given by a Friend,
for a Subject to write upon.*

LAW against Justice! Practice against Sense,
Right against Law, without Deeds Evidence! }
Is lawless Custom, sage Impertinence;
Wisdom of Dotards call'd Experience, which,
Like other Laws, does less confine the Rich;
Law, to the Laws, 'gainst Equity to give,
Makes Men, against Rule, by Example live;
By its Example, against Justice, can
Make Right Wrong, or, can Wrong for Right maintain;
Prescription against Sense, upholding so,
By Practice against Law, nay, Reason too;
Not to make good, what is with Reason done,
But, to make Wrong Right, if done long agon;
Thus it has, against Justice, Right, or Pow'r,
Right, to make Wrong less, as 'tis practis'd more;
Law to the Laws, from Time, not Truth to give, }
As Old Men, for their Sense, which they out-live,
From Age, not Reason, are most positive;
Most positive, as most still, in the wrong,
For Reason, from their Weakness, Age, more strong;
So that Tyrannick Custom may be said,
To be o'th' Fools, and Wife, the Rev'rend Dread;
Thwarts Pow'r, Truth, Reason, in Courts, Camps, and Schools,
Whose Practice, Sense, Law, Justice, over-rules;
Most absolute Old Tyrant, e'er did Reign,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Over its senseless Slaves, the World, and Man;
 Does Free-Will from us, like a Tyrant, take,
 Us, ev'n in spite of our own selves, to make,
 To do all, but as done by others still,
 Tho' 'gainst our Sense, our Nature, or our Will;
 To think Nought Right, or Wrong, or Good, or Ill,
 As in itself, it is less Just, or more,
 But as it was done, less or more, before;
 It lets none, by their Sense, Think, Talk, Act, Move,
 But, from Example, Eat, Drink, Hate, or Love;
 Their Nerves, by Wires o'th' Clock, not their own Will,
 To Move, Go, Run, or to their Standing-still;
 Arms, Legs, Feet, Hands, by Dial-Hands to go,
 As by the Clocks, St. *Dunstan's* Giants do;
 If Clocks strike Six, Men strait to Pray'r, or Gain,
 Must rise, in spite of Knees, Backs, Heads in Pain;
 If Clocks strike Twelve, to Dinner Men must go,
 Whether they have their Stomach's Call, or no;
 So, by the Clocks, rather than Nature's Call,
 To Love's, or Nature's Work, Men Move, Stand, Fall;
 By Dial's Hands, Mens Teeth, like Virginals,
 Must move so, but at Ringing of the Bells;
 By Clocks Wires, not by Nerves, or Sinews so,
 Or Nature's Motions, Men must Sound, Think, Do;
 So Custom, as 'tis Second Nature too,
 Does Nature's Pow'r, or Right o'er us, invade,
 By which, to act 'gainst Nature, Men are made;
 By which, Proud Man, made of a Make Divine,
 Is made a Senseless Tool, a Live-Machine;
 Thus Custom, Nature's Law then, may we call,
 Which forces her to Things unnatural,
 Ev'n against Sense, or Reason, rules us all;
 Yet goes for Reason, Faith, and Justice too,
 Since nothing's ill done, Men are us'd to do;
 Nor can be left off, which has long, been done,
 Or has, by Custom long been undergone;
 So Custom, as it Second Nature is,
 In Man, the Wants of Nature oft supplies;
 Makes him, Wants, Pains, and Miseries to bear,
 The better still, as more, and worse they are;
 Which him with Strength to bear 'em, does supply,
 Makes Fortune's Fickleness, his Constancy;
 Makes Want, Pain, Shame, supportable by Man,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which is more than Sense, Faith, Religion can,
 Gives Man more Grief, to make him less complain;
 Who feels Pain less, for feeling it before,
 So makes it less, but as it makes it more:
 Custom shou'd for the Law of Nature go,
 By which all Laws themselves Authentic grow,
 Which does uphold Religion, Precepts fway;
 Since but by it, Men Man's, GOD's Laws obey;
 So to the Laws, 'tis it does give the Law,
 Does Reason, Justice, by Prescription aw;
 For Reason, Justice, Faith, Religion, Wit,
 Are such, but as they are confirm'd by it;
 Since, but by Custom, or Prescription 'tis,
 That nothing long done, is thought done amiss;
 Reason against it, does it self confute,
 None against that which still was done, dispute;
 Reason, what Custom justifies must own;
 Custom's the Law, for all against Law done, }
 The sole Law, all Men have agreed upon;
 Since we no Law, or Reason e'er cou'd find,
 Against what e'er was done, time out of mind:
 So, but for Use, or Practice, 'tis alone,
 That Law proves Justice, which wou'd else be none;
 Then Custom, which a second Nature is,
 Our Actions best condemns, or justifies;
 Whilst Law proves oft, but Pow'r's Arbitrement, }
 Right Reason less to do, than to prevent,
 Custom is Right, by Popular Accent;
 Right, by Succession, and Example too,
 Will Right by Precedent, not Fancy, do;
 Most pow'rful Law of Nature, since to it,
 Men against Law, Sense, Nature, Faith, submit.

*A SONG. To a Fine Woman, something in Years,
 yet too apt to lose her Time; sent her with a very
 small Almanack, for a New-Year's-Gift.*

I.

SINCE still we think our Time best spent,
 SMore short it to us does appear;
 Good Days I to you here present,
 In this Abridgment of the Year:

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

By the small Gift here to you made,
You shou'd my great Love for you know;
Shou'd by this small Book's outside read,
I think Time short, I give to you:

III.

Small Books, may prove as well great Love,
As if they did more Value bear;
As welcome, since as useful, prove,
If they, like this, in Season were:

IV.

You ask, what in Return to me,
And this small New-Year's-Gift you shall
Present me with; then, (to be free,)
Give me your Love, that's like it, small:

V.

But, for this happy New-Year now,
Which I give you, I beg no more,
Than that you wou'd so grateful grow,
As to give me the Happy Hour:

VI.

And Counfel from this small Book take,
That Woman, out of Date once grown,
Will, ev'n like this Almanack,
Be by, but for a Newer, thrown.

*To an Affected, Painted Mistrefs, still Quarelling
with her Lover's False Looks, Dissembling Words,
and Artificial Love; saying, He was never what
He seem'd to be, to Her.*

WHY with our False Looks, shou'd you cavil so?
Since you your self no other to us show;
Since with Feign'd Looks, False Charms, thou'dst cozen me,
With Feign'd Love, False Oaths, I may justly thee;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since both thy Face and Mind, show so much Art,
 Why may not I show thee some, in my Heart?
 But thy False Looks not only cozen me,
 But of thy Lover's Kinder Looks, will thee;
 Your Artful Face and Mind, design'd alone,
 To make you more Admirers, leave you none;
 Since Pictures are but to be look'd upon;
 Warm Love wou'd bring Oil'd Beauty to decay,
 A Kifs wou'd your Complexion take away,
 Our Love wou'd your Art (as that us) betray;
 A stolen Kifs wou'd steal away thy Face,
 To make our Admiration thy Disgrace;
 A private Kifs wou'd grow thy public Shame,
 Thee more, than kissing thee in Bed, defame;
 Taking your Artificial Blush away,
 Your secret Fraud of Paint to us display,
 Show by your Charms Repairs, but their Decay;
 To show Men, thou, like painted Images,
 Art meant their Sight, and not their Touch to please;
 To be, like Paint, at distance more admir'd,
 But by their Eyes alone, to be desir'd;
 To hang, not on our Necks, but Chamber-Walls,
 Like Pictures, only to be kept from Falls,
 And, but to be expos'd in Public Sales;
 To give us Pleasure only, in the Light,
 No Satisfaction in the Dark, or Night;
 But if you'd have your Picture please us all,
 Once let us see its right Original;
 For, ev'n the right, and true, tho' long since made,
 (Nay, tho' by keeping, Time, defac'd, decay'd,)
 Will be judg'd of more Value, please us more,
 Than those, which are spoil'd, by new Daubing o'er;
 Leave off thy Mask of Paint, which only does,
 Like Masks, thy Shame, hiding thy Face, expose;
 At once thy Beauty's, and thy Fame's Disgrace,
 Impudent Shame, in hiding thy true Face,
 Does Curiosity, not Love incite,
 Men to your Shame's Discovery invite;
 For Shame, leave your old Mask of Colours off,
 Since your Face were, without it, well enough,
 Which is, as more you hide its Shame, its Proof;
 Since a false Dame's false Looks, and Arts are spy'd,
 More, but the more, she them designs to hide;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Then do not impudently put on fo,
Blushes of Paint, more to disparage you;
By which, you Nature's Imperfections own,
Which, more you'd hide 'em, more are by you shown;
But more still, to forbid Mens kissing you,
As more you wou'd invite 'em to it, fo;
Then on thy Cheeks, or Lips, no Colours lay,
Lest that our Kiffes shou'd your Shame betray,
Taking your borrow'd Beauty quite away;
And your own Lips, two Witneffes shou'd prove,
Of our stol'n Kiffes, and our secret Love;
Like Lying Witneffes, by looking Pale,
Shou'd own, ev'n in denying our Love, all.

A SONG to Celia, in Tears, for His Ungrateful Rival.

I.

IN vain your Eyes on others shine,
Shed fruitlessly their Moisture too,
Which are ungrateful yet to mine,
Which, for Love of them, overflow;
So, whilst the grateful Earth lies dry, the Rain
Falls on the Seas, or Barren Rocks in vain:

II.

The Sun, the Heaven's Bright Eye, fo,
Oft shines, and Clouds shed Show'rs in vain;
Its Heat, their Moisture so bestow,
On what makes no Returns again;
Whilst that the Teeming Earth, lies dry, and burns,
Which to its Warmth, their Show'rs wou'd make Returns:

III.

O'er-flowings of thy Bright Eyes, fo
Fall, for the Rocky Heart, in vain;
Which no Returns will make to you,
Whilst I, who wou'd, can none obtain;
Am but made fadder, by that fruitless Cloud,
Of your Eyes, which shed Show'rs, for others Good:

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Thus Heav'n, the next Bright Thing, to Thee,
 A Niggard, to the parch'd Earth grows,
 Pours freely Rain into the Sea,
 Which, but in vain, the Decks o'er-flows,
 To make the half-drown'd Sailor curse the Rain,
 Pray'd for in vain still, by the burnt-up Swain.

*Upon the FOLLY of WIT. To a Witty Lady, yet
 a great Talker, who ask'd the Author, What Wit
 was? Who answer'd, Too much was too little:
 Which She bid Him make out.*

'TIS strange, that by that strange thing, we call Wit,
 We know, define, explain all things, but it;
 Which is, (tho' of no Knowledge 'tis in Want,)
 Yet, of itself, as more, more Ignorant;
 Does less i'th' Sense, or Thoughts of others grow,
 As in its own, more Self-sufficient too;
 Which, but as more 'tis, in all others guesses,
 And more does please them, does its own self less,
 Will, to save others Pains, itself disease,
 Nay, to please others, will itself displease;
 Displease itself, only to please its Foe,
 Its Censurer, whether he will, or no;
 Thus Wit, as more, but less Discretion is,
 Which makes it of the Praise it seeks, to miss;
 Most often too, but for its seeking it,
 So proves least Wisdom, as it is most Wit;
 Then Wit's a Contradiction to Good Sense,
 Against its own self, the best Evidence;
 Which, against Reason, and Example, does
 Fancy, to sure Experience, most oppose;
 But, to th' exposing its own Knowledge too,
 Which, its Conceit to Demonstration, so
 Opposes, whether Reason will, or no;
 Light sudden Thought, to wise Deliberation,
 To sober cool Sense, hot and hasty Passion;
 Thwarting the public Vogue, with private Sense,
 Which proves Wit, want of right Intelligence;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since Wit, time out of Mind, has ever been
 An Art of Thinking, not like other Men;
 Makes Fools call'd Wits, more to their Reason's Shame,
 Prefer, to certain Int'rest, casual Fame;
 The Knowledge of the World, and all Mankind,
 To flight, and seem, for their discerning, blind;
 Who hope for Approbation of their Wit,
 From those, who but to show their own think fit,
 But only by their finding fault with it,
 Their Critics, who, like other Judges too,
 In Credit, by condemning others grow,
 From others Want of Wit, their Judgments show;
 Then Wits are Fools, who think to get Men's Praise,
 For Wit, which were their Judgment's worst Disgrace,
 Who, but for Wits, by damning others, pass:
 Captious Wits who think, they can cry up none,
 For much Wit, without less'ning more their own;
 So Wits unwisely seek, from Foes their Fame,
 Whose Fame as more, is more their Critic's Shame,
 Who get no Credit, but by others Blame;
 Who, to have more Wit, Sense, or Judgment, seem,
 But from the Wants which others have of them,
 Censuring others, gain the World's Esteem;
 Condemning others, into Credit grow,
 And raise themselves, by laying others low;
 Who think, they lessen'd are, by Praise they give,
 Giv'n, but their own Want of it to relieve,
 But more from others for it, to receive;
 Thus, whether Wit does praise, or discommend,
 It, those it strives to please, does more offend;
 With Reason, Fools upbraids for Want of it,
 With more Sense, lessens too, the Men of Wit
 By which, for Gain they show themselves less fit;
 So Wit as more 'tis, proves it self but less,
 Which others seeks more, than it self to please;
 Makes more Foes, as it wou'd acquire more Friends;
 Thus, as it more wou'd please, but more offends,
 Itself, as more 'twou'd praise, more discommends:
 Then Wit, as 'twou'd our Knowledge more increase,
 From too much Light, makes our discerning less;
 So like the Sun's, our Understanding's Light,
 From too much shining, makes us see less right;
 Our Insight rather does distract, than clear;

MISCELLANY POEMS

The more our Light of Reason wou'd appear;
 Whose Light's Excess, makes us see less what 'tis,
 Our Way to Glory, by it, more to miss;
 Enlightning all, does less its own self know;
 But the more 'tis illuminated too,
 Does less its true Fire, as more flashy show;
 Which, as like Light'ning, it more hasty grows,
 And noisie, proves but the less dangerous;
 So vain Wit proves less, as it wou'd the more,
 Since Men of Wit have, as of Gold, less Store,
 As they wou'd more still to the Public show,
 Tho' none, but by their showing them, can know,
 Truly, where either are their own, or no;
 Yet as by them, more Pride's for either shown,
 We shou'd believe, that neither were their own;
 That either, either stol'n, or borrow'd were,
 But as Men vainer for 'em, still appear;
 For vain Men, but by their Desire of Praise,
 Can make their Aim at Honour, their Disgrace;
 Since Fame of Wit, as Courage, most is lost,
 But only, as it is fought by us most;
 Is less our Credit, but as more our Boast;
 But less our Right, as it is more our Claim,
 Is of our Reason's Honour, more its Shame;
 From Ostentation, is our Loss of Fame:
 Then Wit, like Courage, when conceal'd, is shown;
 Since Ostentation, makes some go for none:
 So Wit is for its Self-sufficiency,
 And seeming more, less Ingenuity;
 Which, as to please more, it has more pretence,
 To those, 'twou'd please more, gives but more Offence;
 The Fame it seeks, by seeking it, to miss,
 Which less in other Men's Opinion is,
 As in its own, more self-sufficient 'tis:
 Then too much Wit, does but too little grow,
 Proves less, as more itself, 'twou'd vainly show;
 Which all things, but it self, pretends to know:
 So Wit, the Light of Reason call'd, (we find)
 Like the Sun's, though enlightning all Mankind,
 Is to itself but more obscure and blind;
 Thus, shou'd I more pretend to show you now,
 What 'tis, what 'tis I less shou'd to you show;
 Who know best what 'tis, who know your self best,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Prove it more, as you think you know it least;
 Yet the more that you know your self, you less
 Can at its Knowledge, or its Merit guess;
 Thus much more your Wit, like your Faith, sure is,
 The less you can, by Reason tell, what 'tis;
 'Tis like your Virtue, more 'tis hidden, shown,
 More knowing, as more to itself unknown, }
 Most right, i'th' wrong, when it believes 'tis none;
 Whilst all vain, open, and conceited Wit,
 Makes it own Proof, but the less Mark of it:
 So, but as 'twou'd prove, more undoubted Sense, }
 Is but, as more Wit, more Impertinence,
 Which, to get more Praise, gives Men more Offence;
 By which Men seek more knowing not to grow,
 In their Thoughts, as to seem in others so;
 Who strive to get, other Men's vain Esteem,
 Ev'n by that Wit, which lessens their's and them;
 Thinking, to gain their Wit, their Rival's Praise,
 Which they must give them, to their own Disgrace;
 So Wit, as more 'twou'd prove it self, proves less,
 By its degrading Self-conceitedness;
 The Praise it seeks, to lose by seeking it,
 So proves more Nonsense, as it wou'd, more Wit:
 Since true Wit, like true Love, and Virtue too,
 Itself conceals, itself the more to show.

*A SONG. Against Indifference in LOVE; to an
 Offended Mistress, desir'd to be more Cruel, to be
 more Kind.*

I.

IF I must die, for, or by thee,
 To Love, or Rage, my Life resign;
 No matter which way 'tis to be,
 By your own Passion, or by mine:

II.

Since you cause me to die for Love,
 Your fiercest Rage, can do no more;
 Your Anger, my Relief wou'd prove,
 Put me, by Death, out of your Pow'r;

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

Out of your Pow'r, out of my Pain,
By your kind Hatred, shou'd I be,
Lefs by your Love, than your Disdain,
You wou'd obliging be to me;

IV.

When Criminals are doom'd to die,
Dispatch from Pain, they undergo,
Is Mercy sure, not Cruelty,
When Pain, our end of Pain wou'd grow;

V.

In Executions, all Delays
Turn the worst sort of Cruelty;
That Rage, the Part of Mercy plays,
Which ends our Pain, most suddenly:

VI.

In Love, make me more Passionate,
Or more, or less so, with me be;
If me you more, wou'd Love, or Hate,
I were more Happy, you more Free;

VII.

If me then, more you will not Love,
Hate me, till Loving I give o'er;
Since Love in vain, more Pain wou'd prove,
Be kind, make me Love thee no more;

VIII.

Be more Unkind, more Kind to be,
For Love's sake, give me more Disdain;
Since you'll give no more Joy to me,
Put me, with more Grief, out of Pain.

MISCELLANY POEMS

Upon the Impertinence of Knowledge, the Unreasonableness of Reason, and the Brutality of Humanity; proving the Animal Life the most Reasonable Life, since the most Natural, and most Innocent.

WHY shou'd Man's vain Pretence to Reason be,
 From Beast, his just Distinction? whom still we,
 More Guilty, and less Human, for it see;
 Who, for his Knowledge, and Humanity,
 Lives, deals with his own Kind, more Brutally,
 As for his Reason, more Unreasonably;
 Who for it, o'er his Passions, has less Pow'r,
 Is more a Beast, as is his Reason more;
 The more his Reason, wou'd his Senses sway,
 Which, spight of Sense, his Senses must obey;
 Man then, by Want of Reason, shows his Wit,
 When his Sense to his Senses, does think fit,
 And Nature, against Reason, to submit;
 Which he finds from Experience, it must do,
 Whether his Sense, or Knowledge, wou'd or no;
 Since Reason serves us, but to justifie,
 By Reaf'ning more its Fallibility,
 When its own Practice, does its Proofs deny;
 For, if of its own Truth, it did not doubt,
 'Twou'd ne'r take so much Pains, to make it out;
 Since Truth is plain, Reason itself refutes,
 Which, tho' but meant to end, prolongs Disputes;
 Man's Reason does his Want of Sense betray,
 Who, by his Reason, wou'd his Nature sway,
 Whether more Pow'rful Nature, wou'd or no;
 Nay more, as he finds, from Experience too,
 It is less possible for it to do;
 Whose Head-strong Passion, for his Reason grows,
 More hard for him, as it, he'd more oppose;
 Whose Sense, as more, lessens his Innocence,
 As more his Sense, so more is his Offence;
 Who Pow'r thence, to himself does arrogate,
 To judge his Maker, and oppose his Fate;
 Who, for his Sense, can less his Mind fulfil,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Yet wou'd, on others Sense, impose his Will;
 By's Reason, more Unreas'nable to grow,
 To think, all other Mens, by his shou'd go,
 Who want that Reason, his for Truth, to know;
 Nay, the less Demonstration, he can give,
 Of it, in it, to be more Positive;
 Till his Sense, he, to Nature does oppose,
 The best Guide, that a Man of Sense can chuse,
 For Reason's none, which against Nature goes;
 Since Nature gets the better of it still,
 Man's Reason then, is no more Sense, but Will;
 His vain Sense, with his Senses so to vie,
 His Liberty, with Fate's Necessity,
 Tho' more in vain still, as he more does try;
 Who is (as more his Sense,) more obstinate,
 In his opposing his Will, to his Fate;
 By Reas'ning, Want of Sense, to justify,
 Whose Truth, must on its Doubtfulness rely,
 Yet stands on its Infallibility;
 For Reas'ning then, Man less is in the Right,
 Whose Sense, thwarts senselessly his Appetite;
 By other Sense, must still his own maintain,
 And judge of his own Pleasure, or his Pain;
 By others Apprehensions, check his own,
 Tho' he, but by his Sense, can judge alone,
 Of what is Right, or Wrong, or Good, or Ill,
 Yet not by Nature, but Example still,
 To Custom, for his Reason, lives a Slave,
 Whilst Beast's Free-Will, for Want of Reason, have;
 So Man, by's Reason, more his Folly shows,
 Which he, to his Experience, will oppose;
 And make Things above Reason, yield to Sense,
 Will judge his Maker, question Providence;
 By's Reason claims, o'er Brute Beasts, Pow'r, or Sway,
 By which, he yet is more a Beast than They;
 Who, with his Kind, less reas'nable, for it
 Does live, and more Brutalities commit;
 Has, for his Reason, more Guilt, Fear, or Blame;
 Whilst Beasts, for Want of it, want Fear, Guilt, Shame;
 More Human, but for Want of Reason, are;
 They, who on others prey, their Kind will spare;
 Whilst Man, does Man more for his Reason fear;
 Less on his Faith, Sense, Manhood, does rely,

MISCELLANY POEMS

For his Speech, Reason, and Humanity;
 Men, one another to each other find,
 More Brutal, for being of Human-kind;
 Beasts without Reason, may with Reason then,
 Be thought more just and sensible than Men,
 Who Foes to their own Kind have seldom been;
 More sociable but for their Dumbness are,
 For Want of Words, for Reason never jar,
 More justly do, and but more Danger dare;
 An Injury, nor Kindness e'er forget,
 Know more than Man; Revenge, as Love, is sweet;
 So Reason, without Reason, better know,
 Than Man, to one another, how to do;
 Then Beasts, we for Men's Betters must admit,
 More Reason show, but for their Want of it;
 For Want of it, against it nothing do,
 Against their Senses, nor their Nature, go,
 Which Man does, who does Good from Evil know;
 Whose Conduct, gives his Reason still the Lie,
 In his unbridled Sensuality;
 For Reason, does things more unreasonably;
 Vain Empire does o'er other Creatures boast,
 By's Reason, for which yet, he fears them most;
 Disputes by Reason, what is Wrong or Right,
 Yet makes his Sense obey his Appetite,
 Thinks that most Wisdom, which is least Delight;
 That, most his Reason, which most fondly does
 Curb his free Nature, his Desires oppose;
 The more that his Experience finds it vain,
 His Passion, by his Reason, to restrain;
 By Reason, so then, more unreasonably,
 His Will, and Pleasure, more unnaturally,
 Man, to himself, does senselessly deny;
 Since Reason does his Doubts, Cares, Fears increase,
 To make, as more his Sense, his Pleasure less,
 As more his Reason, less his Happiness;
 Then Beasts, as happier, the wiser are,
 In whom more strong all Appetites appear,
 For Want of Reason, have no Guilt, Shame, Fear;
 Whose Want of Reason, Man must needs confess,
 Makes their Joys more, their Cares, Fears, Troubles less,
 So have, as less of Sense, more Happiness;
 More Peace of Mind, in Body, more Delight,

MISCELLANY POEMS

In Sense, Love, Food, more Gust and Appetite;
 The Glutton wants the Stomach of the Horse;
 The Bully wants the Lion's Heart and Force;
 By tim'rous Reason, does his Pow'r restrain,
 By's Fear does lose, what by his Sense he'd gain;
 His Brother Man dreads for his Reason more,
 Who thinks 'tis just, Reason shou'd yield to Pow'r;
 Whilst Beasts, acknowledging but Nature's Law,
 From their thick Sculls, no false Conclusions draw;
 For want of Sense, of nothing stand in aw;
 Themselves by Nature, more than Reason guide;
 So from Acts Natural less led aside;
 Which they find, they of course must truckle to,
 Whether less Pow'rful Reason, wou'd or no;
 Must Nature, against their Conceits, believe,
 Which without Reason, nothing can deceive;
 Whilst Man's Guide, Reason, scarce in any one,
 With others, for Infallible has gone;
 That dubious Guide then, sure is worse than none;
 Since, such a Guide as makes our Senses stray
 From Nature, but our Fancies to obey,
 Which, but for Reason, cannot miss her Way;
 For in Brute Beasts, whom we despise, we see,
 Their Will and Senses never disagree:
 Since Reason's then the Parent of our Doubt,
 Distracts us more, we better were without;
 Shou'd doubt that Reason, which wou'd Sense persuade,
 Against our Nature, with which we were made;
 Since nothing in our Nature can be thought,
 Our Shame or Blame, if it be not our Fau't;
 Who are, or not, as made by Providence,
 Whose Act in us, cannot be our Offence,
 Our Want of Reason, is our Innocence:
 So Brute Beasts Want of Sense the reason is,
 Why they can neither think, nor act amiss;
 Then, the Brute's Love, is more Humanity,
 Who love more truly, since they can't tell why;
 Who wanting Reason, Love ne'r buy, but give;
 More sociably, for want of Speech too, live;
 So Beasts, which take and give most Liberty,
 In Love, live for least Sense, most Humanly;
 Whose Love, by Deeds, not Words, is best exprest;
 So live, and love, for Want of Reason, best;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Their Empire, with the Males no Females vie,
 Not curst with constant Sensuality,
 Or Males to know no End of Drudgery;
 By no forc'd Rules, but Nature's Measures love,
 Ne'r stimulate Desire, but by it move,
 By Nature, not their Art, their true Love prove;
 Ne'r by Love's fond, or ill-tim'd Caresses,
 Please others, till themselves they more displease;
 By forc'd Joy, make not Satisfaction less:
 Fruition, to them is no Drudgery,
 Nature's Relief, not cloy'd Satiety;
 But Man condemn'd to Luxury's a Beast,
 Must, at another's Pleasure, drudge or rest;
 His Pleasure at another's leave, or take,
 Till he his Pain does of his Pleasure make;
 Must too much Pleasure, or too little have,
 It least too can, when he grows past it, leave;
 His Pleasures oft pursues, till that they grow,
 Of his Joys, his Dissatisfactions too,
 No Bounds to Lust, does for his Reason know;
 Seasons or Measures; whence Joys in excess,
 For growing more, make Satisfaction less;
 So Men's Desires, but their own Ends destroy;
 Their Appetites, instead of pleasing, cloy;
 By Reason, which with Fears does Joys prevent,
 Increasing Pleasures, does their Pains augment,
 So for more Reason, Men have less Content;
 Whilst Beasts, but for their Want of Reason know,
 Best, when they have enough of Pleasure so,
 Have, as less Thought, more Satisfaction too;
 Ev'n in their Love, can their Discretion prove,
 Whilst Men for Reason, are more Brutes in Love,
 More Drudges are, bound more to Slavery,
 Seeking in Love, more Ease and Liberty,
 For Reason, make Love more unnat'rally;
 Whilst Beasts no Freedom against Nature use,
 Their Friends, with forc'd, or feign'd Love, ne'r abuse;
 Each knows, when both have had enough, or done,
 In Food, or Love, will be prescrib'd by none,
 But, be rul'd by their Appetites alone;
 Whilst Men, with others Appetites comply,
 For forc'd Delight, pay their dear Liberty,
 For Pleasure, do the worst of Drudgery;

MISCELLANY POEMS

For Freedom, each Man, with his She, wou'd brave,
 He grows Love's Bonds-Man, and a Fetter'd Slave,
 Her, when grown odious to him, cannot leave;
 Must waste his Gold, Time, Life, for his Delight,
 Love's Burning Martyr be, to's Appetite;
 Or Marry'd Confessor, away to give
 All that he has, that he might better Live;
 Till he by yoking his own self, does grow,
 A Horn'd Beast, others Drudgery to do;
 For the most senseless Beast so shou'd be known,
 Since no Beast yokes himself, but Man alone;
 Whose Thought, Speech, Reason, more his Folly show,
 As they more for Infallible wou'd go;
 Who more a Fool but for his Knowledge is,
 By which he's less Contented, as more Wise;
 Who must his Innocence and Quiet lose,
 More senselessly, as more he thinks, he knows;
 Since he, but as he thinks, his Reason more,
 Doubts more his Maker's Being, and his Pow'r;
 Of Happiness here, and hereafter too,
 Deprives himself, by his vain Reason so;
 Since he, but for his Knowledge, or his Sense,
 Cou'd give to God, or take at Man, Offence;
 So that his Reason, does his Nonsense show,
 Who proves less Wise still, as he more does know;
 Whose Knowledge does his Happiness prevent,
 His Guilt increase, and lessen his Content,
 But for which, he were Free, Safe, Innocent.

A SONG against Delays in Love; to Celia.

I.

KIND Opportunity's a Friend
 To Lovers, tho' Time is a Foe;
 The first, is like a Mistress, kind,
 If that you do not let her go;
 But Time, that Thief, away will take again,
 What t'other for thee, did in haste, obtain:

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

Then trust not Faithless Time, (my Dear,)
With Beauty, Love, or Happiness;
Since Time is a Discoverer,
He never to be trusted is;
Time, (whilst you have it then,) be sure improve,
And never trust a Run-away with Love:

III.

Time, like all other Trustees, is
A Cheat, tho' a Fair Promiser;
Both Danger then, and Folly 'tis,
To trust our Love, or Life, (my Dear,)
With that Old Cheat, who Love, or Faith repays,
But with, our Disappointments, his Delays.

*To the Sappho of the Age, suppos'd to Ly-In of a
Love-Distemper, or a Play.*

THOU Cause and Subject, once of Wit, and Love!
Whose Love alone, cou'd Mens good Sense improve;
For, tho' our Love of other Women does,
Good Wits, and all their Good Parts, more expose
Our Love of you, but more our Reason shows;
Since Man, in you, can at the same time, find
The Pleasure of the Body, and the Mind;
Once, to your Shame, your Parts to all were shown,
But now, (tho' a more Public Woman grown,)
You gain more Reputation in the Town;
Grow Public, to your Honour, not your Shame,
As more Men now you please, gain much more Fame;
Who, for your Parts, got much more Praise before,
But, as your Pains, in bringing forth, were more;
But now, more Credit you from all Men gain,
As you bring forth, in Public, with less Pain,
Your easiest Off-springs of your Wanton Brain;
Barren Wits, envy your Head's Off-springs more,
Than Barren Women, did your Tail's before;
More Fame you now (since talk'd of more) acquire,

MISCELLANY POEMS

And as more Public, are more Mens Desire;
 Nay, you the more, that you are Clap'd too, now,
 Have more to like you, less to censure you;
 Now Men enjoy your Parts for Half a Crown,
 Which, for a Hundred Pound, they scarce had done,
 Before your Parts were, to the Public known;
 Whilst you, scorn Censure, as you did before,
 More still, as more Men, now you please the more;
 Thus, as your Beauty did, your Wit does now,
 The Womens Envy, Mens Diversion grow;
 Who, to be Clap'd, or Clap you, round you sit,
 And, tho' they Sweat for it, will croud your Pit;
 Since lately you Lay-In, (but as they say,)
 Because, you had been Clap'd another Way;
 But, if 'tis true, that you have need to Sweat,
 Get, (if you can) at your New Play, a Seat.

Upon an Old Worn-out Picture of Justice, hung over the Judges Heads in a Court of Judicature.

THAT in the Court, some Justice might appear,
 Justice is still hung in Effigie there;
 The sole Way that ('tis said) she ever was
 Known to be executed, in that Place;
 Hang'd there, since grown her self a Criminal,
 Where she her self, the Poor Man's Due does sell;
 So, to be liker Justice now-a-days,
 Hang'd out of reach, still in the Court she was;
 Hang'd out, as in the Streets, Things worn-out, old,
 Expos'd are, where the New are to be sold;
 But so chang'd is, (from what she once was,) now,
 That no Man scarce, can her for Justice know;
 Since, that so little of her now is left,
 That of her Scales, she seems by Time bereft;
 Yet shows her self, like Modern Justice more,
 The less she seems now, what she was before;
 For, as i'th' Courts, Transactions now we see,
 A faint Resemblance of her, yet to be;
 Her Sword remaining, and her Scales rubb'd out,
 But make us, whether Justice 'tis, to doubt;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which shows, nought by her, but by Force is done,
 That Cruelty, remains with her alone,
 Since with her Scales, her Equity seems gone;
 She seems a Homicide, without her Scales,
 To show, that Pow'r o'er Truth and Right prevails;
 And that the Judges are corrupt, since they,
 By Weight of Bribes, not Reason, Causes weigh:
 Thus Justice hang'd up, does i'th' Court appear,
 To show, Just Causes are suspended there;
 That Justice is but in Effigie so,
 There executed by the Judges now:
 The Picture then of Justice on the Wall,
 Now th'Absence shows of its Original;
 Thus, when our Friends are dead and gone, we find,
 Their Pictures in their Places left behind,
 Of their Departure dumb Records to be,
 When we no more their Real Presence see.

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*To a Covetous, Rich, Proud Man, who us'd to say,
 He was only Frugal, to make what he had Last;
 and said, He was only His own Steward, but that
 he might be sure not be Cheated.*

IF of thy own, thou woud'st not cheated be,
 Of thine let not thy own Self cozen thee,
 By thy own Avarice, which does the Use
 Of all thou hast, to thy own self refuse;
 And if more lasting thou wou'st have thy Store,
 Give more on't to thy self, most truly Poor;
 Not to keep up, but part with what thou hast,
 Is the best way to make thy Riches last;
 Since that Heav'n covenants, you shall receive
 An hundred-fold, for Riches which you give;
 Your Wealth then out of Int'rest, but the more
 To make of it, and multiply your Store,
 Lend not the Rich, but give now to the Poor;
 Since your Desires, which with your Stores increase,
 Make them, as more, but for your own Use, less;
 Who, but as your Command, Wealth, Pow'r, grow more,
 Have but the less your Passions in your Pow'r;

}

MISCELLANY POEMS

Then, as your Riches, Honours multiply,
 Lessen your Avarice, Pride, Vanity,
 Your Wealth, Fame, Virtue, more to magnifie;
 And since, that Popularity you crave,
 Let not your Pride, make you your Vassal's Slave;
 Your Avarice, to lose all that you have:
 Since you but talk of Lordships, Liberties,
 Think, you can make free, grant, release, demise;
 Whilst you are not enfranchis'd, or have Pow'r,
 To be free of your own Free-Lands, one Hour;
 Over your self you have no Royalty,
 Freedom, Command, Disposal, Seigniori;
 In Villanage to Gold, and Tyrant-Care,
 Enslaving Passions, and your servile Fear,
 (In spight of Birth, Wealth, Pow'r) a Vassal are:
 You, tho' you ride vast Circuits o'er your Land,
 No Ufusufruct have of it, or Command;
 Since by your Wealth's, and your Command's Increase,
 Your Pow'r o'er them, and your own self, grows less;
 Your Lording Passions your Free-Will controul,
 Keep you their Pris'ner, in your narrow Soul;
 You no Lord are, but Steward of your Land,
 To raise your Rents but cannot them command:
 Then since a Steward, cast up your Account
 Once right, and see, to what your Stores amount;
 And since you seem so much for Cyphering,
 Number your Plagues, by Coin your self to bring,
 To the just Computation of your Store,
 You'll find, the more you have, you want the more;
 Since your Desires, more with your Stores increase,
 You Poor, Rich, Proud Man, (as you must confess)
 The more you have, have, for your own Use less;
 Then a strict Reck'ning with your own self make;
 Your own, let not your Av'rice from you take,
 The more you spare still, but the more to lack:
 Subtract your Hopes, and multiply your Fears;
 Divide your precious Time, and add your Cares
 At Foot of your Account, it will appear,
 How much behind-hand with your self you are,
 And Heav'n; whose Bounty too you but abuse,
 Which of its Loans expects some Pious Use;
 Whilst you, that you are wrong'd by Fate believe,
 And that you from it ne'er enough receive;

MISCELLANY POEMS

That Providence itself's your Debtor too,
And for you, does not what you merit do:
But when all's done, do more than you are wont,
With Heav'n, but once cast up true your Account;
You'll find, that much is wanting to the Poor,
All to the Rich, who runs with Heav'n o'th' Score,
Repay's it less, as his Debt's to it more;
Puts Providence off, to its utmost Day,
Tho' he for none stays, thinks that Heaven may:
But since in Wealth you place your Heaven here,
Think not of t'other, hope not to come there;
That is a Purchase Rich Men seldom make,
Who never their Live's last, or dearest Stake
Can manage, but the more they scrape or get,
Are but more backward to pay Nature's Debt:
So that your Plenty grows your Misery,
Which you does less, the more 'tis, satisfy,
Increasing Av'rice, does fear Vanity;
Guilt, Want, thus of your Credit, or your Ease,
Becomes but your Desires, Pains, Fears increase;
Your Stores are justly then your Shame, Fear, Grief,
Since too much, not enough for your Relief;
For since the more you have, the more you crave,
You needs must want more, but the more you have;
Then, if at more Wealth, Honour, you'd aspire,
Your Store augment not, lessen your Desire;
Since he, who all Things wants, is not so Poor,
As he, who more he has, but wants the more;
The Miser's Want so, shou'd be more his Shame,
As but more Voluntary, more his Blame;
For, Poor Mens Wants, or Miseries, are none
Of their Faults, but their Fate's Faults are alone,
Whilst the Rich Miser's only are his own;
Who is, in spite of Providence, or Fate,
Made, by his Thrift, in a more Wanting State,
So, for his Fortune, more Unfortunate;
Who, by his Thrift, shows his Dishonesty,
Who, the Use of, what he has, will deny,
To his own self so, but most selfishly;
Refuses his own self, his own Relief,
By which, he is, (of all) the greatest Thief;
For, as Self-Murder is the greatest Crime,
Self-Fraud is sure, the greatest Sin in him.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*To a Young Writer, and Critic, who sought His
Reputation, by Writing against those who writ
before Him, saying, He wou'd spare none.*

YOU were a Critic, e'er you were a Wit,
 More for Ill Nature, than Good Sense, thought fit,
 (Your easiest Way) to lay your Claim to it;
 Since 'tis, (we know) less difficult, young Friend!
 To find out others Faults, than ours to mend;
 Thus false Wits, as false Braves, at Honour aim,
 Not by their Merit, but another's Shame,
 And get Praise only, by all others Blame;
 So you, the Faults of all ill Scriblers show,
 By worse of yours, as scornful Mimics, who,
 Become themselves, but more Ridiculous,
 That other Men, they may but more expose;
 As Criminals, their Breth'rens Faults make known,
 But to 'scape Condemnation, for their own;
 And the worst Witnesses against 'em, are,
 As in their Crime, they had the greater share,
 And they themselves, just Condemnation fear;
 Then, if you wou'd a good Example show,
 To all ill Writers, prove your own Wit, you,
 Shou'd write yet less, to make them do so too;
 But you (perhaps,) with ill Examples seek,
 Rather than good, your Breth'rens Faults to check;
 Since ill Deeds, sham'd with worse, make Men refrain
 From them, more than all good Instructions can;
 Dull Reprehensions yet, (but often times)
 Confirm Men rather in, than mend their Crimes;
 And turn what they design another's Blame,
 Into their own Disgrace, Confusion, Shame;
 You more disgrac'd so, by your Satyr are,
 By which you show, you'll no ill Writer spare,
 For, had you e'er meant to spare any one,
 Your self in Print sure, you had never shown.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*In Praise of Healthful, Free, and Careless Poverty ;
which is but Man's Want from His Avarice, his
Shame but from His Pride. A SONG.*

I.

HERE, nothing to Desire, Hope, or Admire,
Is the best Means to perfect Happiness;
Since that the more Men here Admire, Require,
Their Wonder, Want, with more, will more increafe:

II.

He, who less Craves, or Hopes, has less to Fear,
We with our Stores, Hopes, Cares, or Fears augment;
Then Want is Ease, less'ning Vain Hope, Fear, Care,
Since Fortune's Gifts take from us our Content:

III.

Poverty, which secures Man's Life in War,
And proves his Justice, both in War, and Peace;
Which makes him more to Hope, as more to Dare,
Becomes his Honour, more than his Disgrace:

IV.

None can be term'd more miserably Poor,
Than he, who thinks enough, he never has;
Nor can be thought Rich, who still covets more,
And is, the more he has, but less at Ease:

V.

Then his Want is, most shameful Poverty,
Which is, the least still to be satisfy'd;
Since by that, which shou'd more his Wants supply,
His Satisfaction is but more deny'd:

VI.

From Surfeits of our Superfluity,
The Pleasure, and the Taste of it, we lose;
Till Pleasure, Satisfaction does deny,
And the Support of Life, its Burthen grows:

MISCELLANY POEMS

VII.

He then, who well the Race of Life wou'd run,
More than Vain Men, wou'd for his Honour do;
Shou'd Gold, that Lumber of his Life, lay down,
Life's heavy Way, the better to go thro';

VIII.

Left that, which his *Viaticum*, was meant,
Shou'd turn o'th' Road of Life, his Hinderance;
And his Advancement shou'd but more prevent,
As more, his Glory's Progreſs, he'd advance;

IX.

Left, like the Horſe, o'er-laden in the Mire,
He's made, by his own Provender, lie down;
And him, his Life's Proviſion, more ſhou'd tire,
Which was meant for his Aid, to help him on:

X.

Then no Man is ſo miſerably Poor,
As the Rich Miſer, who wants what he has;
Nay who, the more he has, but wants the more,
Whoſe Want, ſince his Fault, is more his Diſgrace;

XI.

But Want itſelf its own Relief will grow,
Like Hunger, but the more it grows extreme;
Does all for Poor Men, Wealth itſelf can do,
Leſſens their Senſe of Wants, increaſing them;

XII.

Since them we beſt by bearing undergo,
Which, as grown more, are felt by Cuſtom leſs;
Our Wants then ſo, their own Relief may grow,
Whiſt Store is Want, which Av'rice does increaſe;

XIII.

Then Wiſe and Happy ſure at once is he,
Who ne'r wou'd crave Inſatiate Happineſs;
Whom his Ill Chance, from all Vain Hopes does free.
Till his Want, puts him by Deſpair, at Eaſe;

MISCELLANY POEMS

XIV.

Till he's above the Pow'r of Destiny,
By being for his Ease, so Low, so Poor,
That he can never fear more Misery,
Nor have less Hopes, whose Wants, Fears, can't be more;

XV.

For, by the Custom of our Want, we grow,
But much more truly satisf'd with less;
Our Want, is both our Ease, Peace, Honour so;
Since 'tis Content, not Wealth, gives Happiness:

XVI.

And since Content's less, as our Store is more,
Which as more, does more our Desires increase;
Then sure, but as the less is still our Store,
More is our Honour, Ease, and Happiness.

*A Panegyric, on QUIBLING; to the, that way,
Ingenious Mr. Swan.*

HERE, Ensign *Swan*! in Sign of my Wit now,
I'll do what's hardest for True Wit to do;
To wit, to write, in Praise of yours, like you;
I'll write the Praise of your Wit, in your Stile;
Show yours more, making mine to yours a Foil;
Since we can show to no Wits more Esteem,
Than in our imitating theirs and them;
And giving to their Wit, impartial Praise,
Tho' by it, our own Judgment we disgrace,
And our Sense, in exalting theirs, debase;
So, tho' my Praising your Wit, be no Sign
Of showing any to the World of mine;
My Goose-Quill shall raise to the Skies, my *Swan*,
Tho' some think me a Goose, but for my Pain;
I'll write your Sham-Praise, tho' it grows my Shame,
Tho' your Wit's Commendation were my Blame;
Since if Praise, to your wrong Sense does belong,
For Quibling, right Sense in your Praise, were wrong;

MISCELLANY POEMS

And true Wit, false Sense, praising yours, wou'd grow;
 Then Reason without Sense, to yours I do
 Credit your Quibbling, Quibbling worse than you;
 Whose Wit, (as 'tis ingeniously confest)
 By all, if 'twere more, wou'd be less a Jest:
 But thine sure is the Fashionable Wit;
 Since Courts, which true Wit hate, will practise it;
 Where Proud and Great Men, Common Sense despise;
 And false things, more still than the true ones prize;
 Always run down their Foe, true, currant Wit,
 But Quibbling love because a Counterfeit,
 Their Fortune's make, who happiest are in it;
 As if, like Bastard Children, Bastard Sense,
 To good Luck had, more than the true, Pretence;
 Then Quibbling is most Wit, as it is least,
 Since by it Men are made still happiest;
 And by it are as often made, (you'll own)
 At Court, as most by true Wit there undone;
 Where all, who prove most happy in true Wit,
 Least happy in their Fortunes are for it:
 Then since true Sense brings Men to Beggary,
 Quibbling, to live in Courts more happily,
 Sure Quibbling is more Ingenuity;
 And since in Courts, all Counterfeits live best,
 Where true Wit, as all true things, is oppressed;
 Having most Reason, has done to it least;
 False Sense, as false Faith, proves it itself true Wit,
 Which, as more false, has more Friends true to it;
 Since great State-Quibblers have more Reason done
 To Men's Parts, as they've less; more Favour shown
 To them, as they are liker to their own;
 So false Wit (Friend *Swan*!) as false Dice will too,
 At Court, as most (by Great Examples know)
 Support those, whom the true wou'd but undo;
 Then Quibbling is the happiest sort of Wit,
 Since Men undone by th' true, are made by it;
 Whence you, with Words, *Swan*! as a Gamester play,
 To make the most at least, of what you say;
 And if that Wit for best and most may pass,
 As it in fewest Words, most Meaning has;
 Your Wit shou'd then sure for the greatest go,
 Since that the true Wit's Jest, or Wit (we know)
 One only Meaning has, whilst yours has two;

MISCELLANY POEMS

So, whilst the best Wit's Jest, like Mortals make,
Such as, most Mean Sense, can their Meaning take,
In Oracles, like Heathen Gods, you speak;
Whose Mystic Meaning, often when you wou'd
Go for most knowing, least is understood;
Yet 'tis confest, thou art the truer Wit,
Since ne'r the better in thy Purse for it,
For much Wit, with much Wealth, was ne'r seen yet;
So you, *Swan*! (though an Arch-Bird with your Jest)
With your Wit ne'r, *Swan*! feather'd your own Nest;
Ye tho' you have no Livings, or no Lands,
Have your Means sure to live, in your own Hands;
Who tho', *Swan*! you ne'r div'd in *Helicon*,
Have, for a Dabler still in Wit, been known,
But never yet your Ingenuity,
In question call'd, by Starving Poetry;
For, tho' you, *Swan*! a Wit, as 'twere, have been,
To him of *Mantua*, yet scarce of Kin;
Tho' Quiblers, Wits, Birds of a Feather are,
As Goose, and Swan, something alike appear.

*A SONG: To a City-Friend, (a Rich Banker,) who
offer'd His Poor Friend to lend him Money, or to
give him Wine, or any thing to make him Merry.*

I.

'TIS Wine, much more than Gold, can make us Blest,
Then my Good-Friend! to chear me, give me store;
Not of thy Banker's, but thy *Florence* Chest,
Which Want of Coin, and Sense, supplies yet more:

II.

Which makes us Free, nay Happy, without Gold,
Us, without Pride too, more does Elevate;
Makes Liars speak True, sneaking Cowards Bold,
And Beggars High-flown, in the lowest State:

III.

'Tis that, makes of a Slave, a Lord, or Prince,
A Lover, less a Sot, by Drinking too;
And Empty Fools, all one, with Men of Sense,
True Friends of False, a Kind Friend of a Foe:

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Then when, with Wine, you Sorrow from us take,
You, without Gold, of your Free-heart, give Proof;
Since, but more Coin we have, the more we lack,
The Poor, or Rich, drunk, own they have enough.

*To a Witty Man of Wealth and Quality ; who, after
his Dismissal from Court, said, He might justly
complain of it.*

YOU cannot justly of the Court complain,
Who, by Loss of your Place, your Freedom gain;
Who love your Liberty (as you say,) more,
Than either Titles, Honours, Wealth, or Pow'r;
Then are you Honour'd, by your Court-Disgrace,
Which turn'd you but out of a Servile Place;
Where you a Bond-slave to your Passions were,
Your Pride, Revenge, Lust, Avarice, or Fear,
There favour'd most, since no more Suffer'd there;
Since the best Grace a Good Man there can have,
Is to be made a Free-Man of a Slave;
Pow'r o'er himself, not others there to gain,
By being made more Great still, as less Vain;
Since Titles, Honours, grow his Infamy,
Who them must buy, with Guilt, or Slavery,
And gain Commands, by Loss of Liberty;
So more his Shame, must dear-bought Honour grow,
But as he more does for it, give, or ow;
And for it, he can give no Prize so high,
As are his Virtue, Faith, or Liberty;
Nor for Court-Grants, can give so great a Rate,
As he, who for 'em, leaves a good Estate,
Leaves great Commands, on others but to wait;
The best Command that any Man can have,
Over his Passions, to be less a Slave,
The less he does, of Wealth, Pow'r, Honour, crave;
To which Command, the Great, with Wealth, or Pow'r,
Attain but less, as they of both have more;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which is, the Greater Pow'r, and Nobler yet,
 As harder for the Rich, and Great, to get;
 Is more, as Man with less is satisfied,
 Since our own Satisfaction are deny'd,
 More by our selves, as more's our Lust, or Pride;
 If Av'rice, Pride, increase with Wealth or Pow'r,
 Great Minds, by their Increase, are lessen'd more;
 Whence, to be truly Great, or Rich, and Wise,
 Fame, Wealth, Pow'r, none shou'd covet, but despise;
 Wherefore 'tis said, a Man from Court shou'd go,
 To go for Wife, Just, Honourable too;
 Whose Scorn of Honours, Honour to him does,
 Till his Humility his Glory grows,
 Whilst his Vain-Glory wou'd True Honour lose;
 Since all Court-Honours, which, with Titles raise
 Men to more Pride, their Virtue more debase,
 To make Court-Favour grow their worst Disgrace;
 Whilst Love of Liberty, Contempt of Pow'r,
 Less'ning Pride, Av'rice, make Man's Honour more,
 Above the World, raising the Humble Mind,
 Make Man more Free, as more his Aims confin'd
 By Reason are; which curbs his Passions still,
 And makes him, to his Fate, subject his Will,
 Spight of his Fate, his Pleasure to fulfil;
 To make him, by his Patience, and Content,
 Sure of his Good Chance, and his Bad prevent;
 To disappoint all Envy, and Disgrace,
 More to his Honour, to scorn Wealth, Pow'r, Praise;
 Since Men deserve less Fortune, Pow'r, or Fame,
 But as more vainly, they to more lay Claim;
 Then, he deserves them most, who scorns them most,
 Which most, but by Mens seeking them, are lost;
 A Court-Disgrace, is no Man's Loss or Shame,
 Till 'tis, for his ill bearing it, his Blame;
 Till it his Trouble, or Resentment grows,
 And he, for it, his Loss of Temper shows;
 Court-Banishment, is but our Change of Place,
 Which oft we do, for Pleasure, Choice, or Ease;
 'Tis Change of Air, of Life, of Company,
 Which pleases more, as done more willingly,
 And out of our Love of Variety;
 So that a Court-Dismissal to your Ease,
 Is less your Banishment, than your Release;

MISCELLANY POEMS

With you shou'd, as with Honest Wife Men, pass,
 But rather for your Honour, than Disgrace,
 Since Crimes must gain, and keep at Court a Place;
 And still, the Honestest, as Wifest sort
 Of Men, chuse to dismiss themselves from Court;
 The Court has then, more gracious to you been,
 Putting you out, than when it took you in;
 Since sure, the greatest Obligation still,
 Is that, that's done a Man against his Will;
 Which spares the Lazy, Proud, yet Bashful Wit,
 The Trouble, Pains, or Shame of asking it.

*Upon a Lark's Singing in the Air, and follow'd by
 his Mate, given by Celia to her Lover, (whilst
 She was walking with Him in the Fields) for a
 Subject to Write upon.*

THE Feather'd Songster, like all Bards, (we find)
 Sings more, as more he flies from all Mankind;
 So like Men, to the World, and Vulgar Sights,
 Seems less, but as the higher are his Flights;
 Does on the Ground too, like the Poet lie,
 But in his Singing never to rise high;
 Who but the more out of our Sight he goes,
 Still, like his Notes, more high and chearful grows;
 Rises as much still, with his Notes, as Wings,
 The more out of our Sight, the more he Sings;
 And still the more he gets above each Cloud,
 The Feather'd Poet's farthest from his Food;
 High-flying Bards, (so may we still observe)
 For their High-Flights, are nearer still to starve;
 Who, but the more above the World they soar,
 Will mind it less still, as their Singing more;
 So, the more high the High-flown Songsters go,
 And the less they seem to the World below,
 The World seems less to them, above it too:
 Let the small Soaring Songster's Course be mine,
 Whose Flights like his, to th' open Air incline,
 Who nought but Pleasure by my Flights design;

MISCELLANY POEMS

More high to have them, more low wou'd I lie,
And when I from the World am forc'd to flie,
Upwards, like him, I'd do it chearfully;
Efpecially, if follow'd by Thee too,
For then my Flight ev'n Heaven wou'd to me grow;
Who, like the Lark, ne'r fmg, or flie from Thee,
But to make Thee, (my Mate) to follow Me.

}

*To a Pretty Young Woman, who opening Oifters
faid, She wou'd open for Her, and Me too; fince
'twas for her Pleafure. A SONG.*

I.

'TIS true, thou't open for us both;
Since Oifters, which thou giv'ft to me,
Shall fill thy Belly, thro' my Mouth,
By me be fwallow'd, but for thee;

II.

Thus op'ning Oifters for me, you
Say true, that for your Pleafure 'tis;
Sence that which down my Throat does go,
But more to fill your Belly is;

III.

If a good Op'ner you wou'd be,
Wou'd pleafe your felf, eafe me of Pain;
Open your Legs, not Shells for me,
Your Oifters fhall be yours again:

IV.

Venus, that Fish-Wife yet afore,
Who, fome fay, from the Sea, did fpring,
Cou'd never raife Men's Vigour more,
With Oifters, or her own Old-Ling:

V.

In fine, my precious Oifter-Girl!
Whofe ftinking Ware makes Love abound,
Thy Teeth are the moft precious Pearl,
I e'er in op'ning Oifters found;

MISCELLANY POEMS

VI.

Thy Juicy, Salt Commodity,
With thee makes Young and Old to deal;
Which you must part with suddenly,
Left kept too long, not fit for Sale;

VII.

Left, like dry stinking Oysters too,
From keeping long, you lose your Juice,
And Mouths, which water'd once for you,
For Want of Moisture, thee refuse.

*To a Lawyer's Fine Daughter, who said, A Love-Suit,
like a Law-Suit, was justly lost, by Non-Appear-
ance, and Non-Claim.*

YOU did my Motion to be heard, forbid,
Yet me, for want of Moving, non-suited;
You say, by bold Claims you, like Heav'n, are lost,
That he who fears and trembles, merits most;
That you, as Heav'n, Men by Presumption lose,
You, your Blest, by their Self-denials chuse;
That they their Merit lose, of Faith and Love,
When they Love's Joys to be their Due wou'd prove;
As Beggars bold, who rather claim than sue,
Forfeit that Pity, which were else their Due;
Then I, since thee, not as my Right, I crave,
Shou'd thee sure, as my Right, in Justice have;
For as Love's Plea of *Quantum meruit*, shou'd
To Love's Complainant be the less allow'd,
The more he on his Faith and Merit stood;
My Merit me shou'd of my Right deprive,
If by it, I wou'd claim, what you shou'd give;
Righting my self, I Wrong shou'd to you do,
Rob you o'th' Gift, and Obligation too;
But since I do not boldly to thee sue,
Nor claim thy Heart, by my Love, as it's Due;
My Non-claim, thou shoud'st think, my Right to thee,
And no Default in my Love's Suit, to be;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since Passion most, does Men of Speech deprive,
My Silence, for my Love's best Plea, receive;
Ceasing your Trouble, you shou'd think Respect,
My Absence, my due Distance, not Neglect;
Tho' to your Summons, I did not appear,
You can't condemn the Cause you wou'd not hear;
A Hearing to all Suitors, by all Laws,
Is still allow'd, e'er they dismifs the Cause;
Therefore, if justly you'd condemn me, you
A Hearing to me, shou'd at least allow;
Your Father's Counsel do not only take,
Who can a Good Cause of a Bad One make;
If him you hear against me, (as you do,)
You shou'd, in Common-Justice, hear me too,
Since hearing One Side only, surely you
Were more unjust; your Father hear not, pray,
Without your hearing too, what I can say;
Since that your Father's Practice still has been,
Suits to Delay, he is consulted in,
Let Love, not him, consulted be by you,
That you, my Business, yours I best may do;
Since Love is but like Justice too, (we find,)
More to dispatching of all Suits inclin'd,
But as less Mercenary, and more Blind.

*To a Mistress, The Worst Way infatiable ; who yet
said, She car'd not for Money, or Presents, but as
they were greater Proofs of Her Gallant's Love.*

SAY not, my Love, I do not to thee prove,
Because I give thee nothing for thy Love;
That thou most undervalued art by me,
Because, I ne'er a Bargain made for thee;
I ne'er ('tis true,) prophan'd thy Love with Hire,
Because, bought Slaves, and Beggars, none admire;
I, like a Deity, have treated thee,
Pray'rs, Tears, Vows, Faith, thou long hast had from me,
Honour, Devotion, Adoration too,
Which more my Love does, than my Money show;
Money, but Love's Disparagement wou'd prove,
I gave thee nothing, more to prove my Love;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Who, by my Gifts, shou'd undervalue thee,
 To think thou, but for Pay, wou'dst only be
 A willing, and a grateful Friend to me;
 So, but for prizing thee more, (I confefs,)
 And to make more of thee, I give thee less;
 If Love be, what most think, a Thing Divine,
 'Twere Sacrilege to purchase it with Coin;
 I Bribe you less, to do you Justice more,
 Make you no Presents, on your Honour's Score,
 Since 'tis Base Hire, not Free Love, makes the Whore;
 And she's a Queen, who only does require
 Our Duty, but a Quean, who loves for Hire;
 So her, whom we pay least, we most admire;
 My Love, and Honour, for you, then I prove,
 But more, as less I proffer for your Love;
 Which, but because I think a Heavenly Thing,
 Shou'd not, by Sacrilegious Bartering,
 Be gain'd; but by Faith, Pray'r, and Charity,
 Not by Prophane Bribes, or Love-Simony,
 Since Men still forfeit Blessings, they wou'd buy;
 For Faith in Love, as in Religion too,
 Less True does, as more Mercenary show,
 Does Sacrilege of True Devotion grow;
 And shou'd provoke those Jealous Deities,
 Whom we wou'd gain, by Hire, call'd Sacrifice;
 For Love, like Honour and Religion, so,
 By Mercenary Vows, and Good Works too,
 Is lessen'd, when we Traders for it grow;
 Then, since I'd more still your Admirer be,
 I'd not buy thy Heart, to give mine from thee,
 To such, as of their Flesh wou'd be more free;
 Like paying for the Box, to pay for Love,
 Less Gamefome makes, Love's vent'ring Pusher prove;
 You spoil your Eager Lover's Fancy so,
 Dunning him, for your Chink still, in his Throw,
 To make him leave off Playing more with you;
 For what he'd freely give, when he had done,
 If he might Push you, without Dunning on,
 Since Dunning for the Slit, in Love, as Play,
 Will, the Free Pusher's Fancy, take away,
 Then for your Pleasure, let none for it Pay;
 Nay, for your Honour, as your Pleasure too,
 Be free to Friends, to make 'em so to you;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since that your Hand's Infatiability,
Is much more, than your Lust's your Infamy;
Your great Demands, but their own selves deny;
Both Ways requiring more than Men can do,
But the less able sure to make 'em so,
Either, to satisfy themselves, or you;
So you refuse Men, most Immodestly,
But that, your Kindness, they may dearer buy,
Are Chast so, from Infatiability.

*A SONG: To one, who ask'd Her Lover, What
Feature, or Part of Her, He lov'd best? She being
all together Handsom, but in no particular Part so.*

I.

ALL over, I'm in Love with thee,
As thou, all over, Lovely art,
No Part of thee, but pleases me,
Except thy proud, ungentle Heart;

II.

I can't say, 'tis thy Lip, or Eye,
Or this, or that peculiar Grace,
But I, for all together Die,
Which make up thy Dear Killing-Face;

III.

Your Beauty's Glory's evident,
Tho' where it is, we cannot say;
Thus, unseen Stars i'th'Element,
Together, make the Milky-Way;

IV.

So numerous your Graces are,
In all Parts Beauty so does shine;
Our Eyes distracted, can't tell where,
Or Love, to one Part can confine;

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

For him, who loves your Eyes alone,
A kind Look only shou'd be his;
And he, whose Lips but dwell upon
The Praise of yours, shou'd miss their Kifs;

VI.

But thee thus I love, and esteem,
Admire alike each Lovely Part,
That I no Diff'rence find in them,
But to them all, give all my Heart;

VII.

Him to the Heart Love ne'er did strike,
Who cou'd tell, what 'twas made his Wound,
Or can say what 'tis, he does like,
For Mad in Love, will e'er be found.

*To a Coy, Cruel Mistris, who yet did forbid her
Lover to Complain of Her, or to Her; saying,
A Lover's Silence was his first and last best Proof
of his Love and Respect.*

WHY cause my Trouble, yet forbid my Grief?
Since to cry out in Pain, is some Relief;
Blocks weep i'th' Fire, and heated Boards will groan,
Why give me Pain, and yet forbid my Moan?
Why me still in Love's Flames your Martyr keep?
And yet forbid me to complain, or weep;
Ev'n Oak, i'th' Fire, as stubborn as it is,
Will weep, will sigh, will flie, will groan, or hiss;
Why wou'd you have my Heart of Oak for you
Burn out, yet of Love's Flame no Sense to show;
Since Flames have Pow'r, by Virtue of their Heat,
To give some Sense to things Inanimate;
Why wou'd you have us in your Flames to lie?
Without some Proof of Sensibility;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Me yet, you doubly cruel, will ordain
 To suffer, yet not to you to complain,
 But silently must undergo my Pain;
 So like a cruel Thief with me you do,
 You rob me of my Freedom, gag me too,
 Will neither kill me quite, nor let me go;
 Yet, if without a Hearing I must be
 O cruel Princess! thus condemn'd by thee,
 The Privilege of all Condemn'd I pray,
 That e'er I hang my self for Love, I may
 Procure but of you to hear what I say;
 Complaints in Love, as in the Gout, give Ease,
 Since you'll not free my Heart, my Tongue release;
 I've worn your Fetters willingly thus long,
 But wou'd not have you put 'em on my Tongue;
 Since 'tis, (at least, as we think) Ease to Pain,
 Only to have Leave of it to complain;
 Me, to condemn me justly, shou'd you hear,
 Least you your self most guilty shou'd declare,
 Of taking most unjustly, before Death,
 From me, without a Hearing, so, my Breath;
 If that my Mouth or Tongue, with yours you wou'd
 Fain stop, I am contented that you shou'd;
 Then without more Words, I'd acknowledge, you,
 To me, nay my Love, wou'd more Reason do;
 But if that me you still will keep in Pain,
 Yet not permit me to you to complain,
 But make me sue for Justice, still in vain;
 Justice by Force, I to my self must do,
 And to my Love, by forcing yours, and you,
 Against your Will, to do your Pleasure so;
 Then willingly, I'd by my Silence prove,
 To you the Faith, and Honour of my Love,
 Thee to thine, not by Words, but Action move.

*To a Little, Crooked Woman, with a Good Face and
Eyes, tho' with a Bunch before, and behind.*

YOUR Eyes are Quivers of Love's killing Darts,
 To shoot, thro' Lovers Eyes, into their Hearts;
 Tho', like an *Amazon*, your self you prove,
 Both by your Back and Breast, a Foe to Love;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which are at once your Honour's Guard, and Proof,
 Since by them, you make Lovers to keep off;
 You, as your Eyes are Love's Darts, seem his Bow;
 Who, like it, bowing, Execution do;
 Your Crookedness, then is your Praise, not Shame,
 Since that your Back and Breast secure your Fame;
 Because your Crooked Back does lie so high,
 That to your Belly there's no coming nigh,
 Which, as your Back's more low, more high does lie;
 You then all Breast, all Shoulders, and all Head,
 To be Love's Term or Limit may be said,
 By which our Love-Proceedings are forbidden;
 You, because Saddled, never will be Ridden;
 Since Nature on your Face such Art bestow'd,
 She less has to your other Parts allow'd;
 Limners in little so, show so much Art
 Upon the Face, they lame each other Part;
 Thy curious Limner, Nature thus, (we find)
 The Beauties of thy Face did so much mind,
 Her Care of one, made t'other worse design'd.

*A SONG. To one, who thought to get His Mistress
 by Scribbling to Her; tho' refus'd by Her, after
 Fighting for Her, and being Wounded.*

I.

IF shedding neither Tears, or Blood,
 Can on her Hard-Heart, e'er prevail,
 Thy shedding Ink will do no good,
 In Love, thy Reason thee will fail;
 Since Nonfence is the Proof of Love,
 Reason in Love, wou'd Folly prove;

II.

Against you, were your Sense, or Wit,
 In Love intended, for your Aid;
 Since Reason ne'er rul'd Woman yet,
 Your Sense will her, from Love dissuade;
 Thy Reason will, her Reason be,
 For yielding not, to that, or thee;

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

Since she, her Lover wou'd controul,
She wisely shuns the Man of Wit;
To be still Mistress of the Fool,
To be his Wife, she does submit;
Who, but i'th' Act of Love, does claim,
To be Superiour, to his Dame;

IV.

To tickle her then, as you shou'd,
But with a Feather, never think;
To cure Love's Tetter, little good
Is there sure, to be done with Ink;
By Wine then, not with Ink essay,
Love's Itch to cure, or drive away;

V.

But cease, by Wit, or Poetry,
Truth of thy Passion, to disprove,
Thy Wit must give thy Love the Lie,
Since Nonsense is the Proof of Love;
Thy True Sense, thy True Love denies,
None can, at once Love, and be Wife.

*To a Fine Singer, who had gotten a Cold; and,
whose Lover endeavour'd to stop Her Tongue in
Her Mouth with His, to save Her Honour, (as He
call'd it.)*

YOUR Coldness to me, by your Cold, is now
Repay'd you, which has justly silenc'd you;
Makes it as tedious to me, thee to hear,
As to thee 'twas, to lend to me your Ear;
Dumb are you made, for making me so too,
When Love I wou'd have made, or sung to you,
Your Shame, as mine now, your Denials grow;
For speaking to me then, so roughly still,
Your Voice is now grown Harsh, against your Will;

MISCELLANY POEMS

And you now, full as glad, as I wou'd be,
 That you cou'd speak more tenderly to me;
 Yet, 'tis but just, for thy late Crying-out,
 That thy Cold now, shou'd stop thy Screaming Throat;
 But you shou'd, now sure, not cry out for Shame,
 Since 'tis most Shame, to the Good Voice to Scream;
 Then for your Honour, you shou'd hear me now,
 Since your Discredit less sure, wou'd it grow,
 To hear me now, than to be heard by me,
 Which, much more now, your Shame sure ought to be;
 Thy Screaming Throat, let me stop with my Tongue,
 (Which wou'd, but less, thy Fame, or Honour wrong,) }
 Thy Voice shall have more Honour, by my Song;
 For, since thy Screaming Tongue, thy Shame is grown,
 Which cannot in thy Mouth, lie still alone,
 It, in thy Mouth, I, for thy Honour, will
 Stop, till it gives more Pleasure, lying still;
 To make thy Tongue, with Silence, charm me more,
 Than e'er it did, by Singing, yet afore;
 Let me, with my Tongue in thy Mouth, hold thine,
 Elsewhere hereafter, I will hold still mine;
 Your Honour, by my Tongue, you wou'd not lose,
 Which wou'd not let you it, by yours expose;
 Then holding both our Tongues still, yours may prove }
 Much more your Wit, as mine too more my Love,
 Both lying still, both to more Pleasure move. }

To CELIA; Who said, Jealousie was the Contradiction
of Love, instead of the Proof of it; and, that no
Man cou'd love a Woman well, of whom he
thought ill.

WITH me, Dear *Celia*, do not thou find fau't,
 For Jealousie, by which, I've only thought
 Worse of my self, as better still of thee,
 Who think thee but too great a Good, to be }
 Engros'd still, by so mean a Wretch as me;
 Who, but less shou'd, my Value for you prove, }
 To think I were the sole, who thee cou'd Love,
 Or th' only, who cou'd thee, to Liking move; }

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since my Love, more sure, wou'd wrong thine, and thee,
 To think, none else cou'd Love thee well, but me;
 And if that others Love you, as I do,
 Unjust, Ungrateful, must I think you too,
 Not to return them, your Love, and Esteem,
 Which, since they paid you theirs, is due to them;
 Forgive then, for my Love, my Jealousie,
 That it may be, but its own Remedy;
 Since its own Cure, my Jealousie wou'd prove;
 For, cou'd I think, you cou'd another Love,
 My Passion, but of Rage then, wou'd it move;
 So wou'd my Thoughts of your damn'd Treachery,
 Cure me of my Love, Faith, and Jealousie;
 Then take my Jealousie not ill of me,
 Because, thou say'st, it does Dishonour thee;
 Which, I say, does but more thy Honour prove,
 As it does more, for thee too, my true Love;
 My Fear for you, my Love for you does show,
 Who love you best, as worse I think of you;
 Who think there are none, who your Beauty see,
 But must your Lovers and Admirers be,
 And must be worthier of you, than me;
 For as my Love, and Admiration too,
 Is much more for your Virtues, Charms, and You,
 Than any other Lover's that I know;
 And does my Value for you more increase,
 It makes mine, in my own Opinion, less;
 I right your Fame so, by my Jealousie,
 To that, or you so, do not Injury;
 But by that, rather Justice to you do,
 To your Love, Beauty, Sense, and Virtue too,
 As of you, them, I still more jealous grow;
 Who show thee, by my Jealousie of thee,
 I think thee no Bad Woman sure to be,
 Only to be but too, too Good for me;
 For cou'd I all Good Thoughts of thee give o'er,
 Of thee then shou'd I not think any more;
 But if (my Dear) my Kind Distrust of you,
 Be my Fault, 'tis sure its own Penance too;
 For, as Intoxication 'tis of Love,
 Like Drunkenness, 'twill its own Penance prove;
 Let me be jealous, for my Jealousie,
 By which you can't be plagu'd or sham'd, but I;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which does my Good, not Bad Thoughts of you show,
 That you too Good are for me, does avow,
 So rather credits, than dishonours you;
 I, but from more Love, am more jealous still,
 For thinking of you well, of my self ill;
 Who, did I now not think thus ill of you,
 Cou'd now not love you, so well as I do;
 But by my Bad Thoughts of you, cou'd not prove,
 So much, my Good Will to you, or True Love;
 Then I, to think worfe of you, but appear,
 As you, but more my Best Thoughts always are;
 Since, hadst thou not been ill thought of by me,
 I never more, fure, shou'd have thought of thee.

*In the Name of a Witty, Poor Man, to a Proud,
 Rich Coxcomb, who upbraided Him with His
 Want or Poverty; saying, There was a great deal
 of Difference between 'em.*

THAT there betwixt us, is great Diff'rence, I,
 Acknowledge (for my Credit) willingly;
 I poor, by Chance am, but by Nature you,
 You require more, I less, so less Want know;
 I'm now worth nothing, thou wert always so;
 Whose Avarice increases with thy Store,
 I, by Worfe Fortune, cannot be more Poor;
 Since I can grant my self to crave no more,
 Than my Desire in my own Pow'r to have,
 So craving nothing, I have all I crave;
 Since all a Man can have, is but Content;
 Which more Wealth less does give you, than prevent;
 I'd rather have an empty Purse, than Scull,
 Since both together, are found seldom full;
 I'm proud, that me for Friend no Proud Fools own;
 Nor Rich Knaves of the Cheating Court, or Town;
 Since Men, are by Friends and Companions known;
 Thy Greatness shows more thy Mind's Littleness,
 Since, as 'tis more, thy Satisfaction's less;
 But less, (to make mine more) I scorn to grow,
 My Happiness, but to my self, will ow,
 Be pleas'd still, whether Fate be pleas'd, or no;

MISCELLANY POEMS

You, but for your full Coffers, crave Renown,
I Men's Esteem, but for an empty'd one;
Empty'd by Mercy, Trust, Munificence,
As thine, by Rapine fill'd, and Diffidence,
By secret Fraud, or open Violence;
Thou, by thy Splendid, New-built House art known,
I by my Worn-out, and an Ancient One;
Such Diff'rence is there betwixt thee and me,
Thee for no Wealth, or Title, wou'd I be;
But scorn both, which wou'd make me like thee, Vain,
Or Covetous, to make me the worse Man;
To have, the more I gain, for my Use less,
Since Avarice, does with our Stores increase;
You Honour crave, for giving it your self,
From your ill-gain'd Good Name, your ill-sav'd Pelf;
Which ought to be your Forfeiture of them,
Rather than Means to get the World's Esteem;
I Honour, but for scorning it, wou'd have,
For Fame, or Gold, I fought not, but I gave;
For Coin or Blood I freely spent, and lost,
And wou'd not save more, to my Honour's Cost;
Or poorly either seek, like thee, but more,
To show my self in Purse, or Spirit Poor;
You, by your Pride, seek Fame ingloriously,
By your vain Height, more to your Infamy,
I, Men's Esteem, by my Humility;
You, from ill-gotten Wealth, seek much more Pow'r,
Which, o'er my self, my Want does give me more;
More Freedom, Credit, Government, or Sway,
As my Will more does that of Heav'n obey;
Since our Desires, to our selves to deny,
Is greater, than 'tis them to satisfy;
Is greater, as the harder 'tis to do,
And hard Achievements most our Honour grow;
So we True Honour have, and Happiness,
Not for our having more, but wanting less;
On Fortune's Alms, poor, craving Rich Men live,
But he, who to himself Content can give,
In spite of Wealth, his Wants can best relieve;
Which Content, is more honourably gain'd,
As, by Himself, in spite of Fate, obtain'd;
Whilst others, for their Wealth, or Pow'r they get,
Must be to those, they fear, or hate, in Debt;

MISCELLANY POEMS

That's to the Great, Rich, and Insulting Proud,
 Made Slaves by Bad Luck, Tyrants by the Good;
 But he, who Want can honourably bear,
 Is out of Shame and Need, since out of Fear
 Of emulating Enemies, or Fate;
 So, for his Ill Luck, is more Fortunate,
 And left by Friends, keeps more his Pow'r and State,
 By keeping in his Solitude, but more
 His Distance with the World, than yet afore,
 As more out of it, more in his own Pow'r;
 Who can his Wants, best by his Wants supply,
 His Virtue make of his Necessity,
 Grant himself all, he does himself deny;
 In spite of Ill Chance, to be happy still,
 To live in Want, Chains free, by his Free-Will;
 Who, since he makes none fear him, none does fear,
 Whose Want is least felt, as he most does bear;
 Since our Life's Burthens, like Beast's Burthens, so,
 From our Unquietness, to bear 'em too,
 But more our Pains, and our Oppressions, grow;
 He makes his Want, to his Advantage turn,
 By whom, as more from Use, 'tis better born;
 Makes his best Use of his Necessity,
 Which him, with Force, Wit, Patience, does supply,
 To make his Want, his All-sufficiency.

*Too much Love too little. A SONG to Celia, afraid
 Her Lover shou'd Boast of Her Favour, whom too
 much Passion for Her had made but less Kind to
 Her; the Cause of which, was not His too little
 Love, or Her too little Beauty.*

I.

HAD my Desire been less,
 My Passion had been more;
 'Twas but my Love's Excess,
 Which took away its Pow'r;
 As when our Rage, does too much Passion vent,
 Our Passion makes our Vengeance impotent:

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

'Twas not, your Want of Charms,
Nor yet my Want of Love,
Made me then, in your Arms,
My self a Craven prove;
My vain Assault, was but your Praise, my Shame,
My Weakness does your Beauty's Pow'r proclaim;

III.

From too much Earnestness,
A Jest my Passion prov'd;
Had you deserv'd Love less,
You had been more lov'd;
Then fear not I, thou'd Freedoms with you boast,
Since by my Boast, my Fame, not thine, were lost.

*The Poor Poet's Answer to His Mercenary Mistress,
who told Him, She desir'd a Proof at once, of His
Love and Wit, rather by His Money, than His
Verses.*

MY Love and Wit, at once to show,
Verse, without Gold, I send you now;
He can't be, for a Wit allow'd
Who, with his Gold, with which he wou'd
Make his Dame Humble, makes her Proud;
Makes her more Rich, himself more Poor,
To make her scorn his Love yet more;
Then, with our Gold, or Gems, to part,
To gain a Mistress's Proud Heart,
Wou'd our Design on her prevent,
So prove our Wit's Disparagement;
By what we'd make our Dame more sure,
More Rivals in her to procure;
Make her the greater Fortune so,
That more might her Pretenders grow,
Nay, Greater, and more Pow'ful too;
The Rich to think, but for their Coin,
To her, and hers, them theirs to join;
By Gifts to her, for their own sake,
Her, and her Wealth, their own to make;

MISCELLANY POEMS

And Poor Wits, for their Wants, to grow
More bold, to strive to steal her too;
To make to her the fiercer Love,
More Kindness to themselves to prove,
The Rich, by Presents, which they give
Themselves, not Poor Friends, to relieve,
Less Good to do, than to receive;
So selfishly part with their Store,
For their Dame's Love they value more;
Thus Fond, Vain Men, by Presents, which
Make Dames more Proud, but as more Rich;
Their Vanity but more increase,
To make their small Hopes of 'em less,
Whose Pride had been less, their Love more,
Before they were, by their Friend's Store,
Made but more Rich, as they more Poor;
Then Rich Men, who their Presents make
To their Dames, but for their own sake,
Honour they'd do them, from 'em take;
Whose Gifts infer, to their Dame's Shame,
She's a poor Mercenary Dame,
Her Honour with their Bribes, defame;
But thee, I Honour so, that I
Will nothing give, thy Love to buy;
Thou never shalt be made, by me,
More Rich, but that I made may be,
The more in fear of losing thee;
To make my Rivals more Love make
To thee, but for my Money's sake,
That, and thee from me, more to take;
For Bracelets, I, because I'm Poor,
Send Couplets, thee to set-off more;
Give thee no Ring with Gems in it,
But Po'sies, sparkling more with Wit,
Which thee (my Dear,) shall Honour more,
Than any Ring that e'er you wore;
So, with Poetic Licence, Girl!
I'll make thy Hair Gold, thy Teeth Pearl,
Rubies your Lips, Diamonds your Eyes,
That thee, so more Men, more may Prize;
When we wou'd most oblige a Friend,
Presents which last most, most we send;
Then, the most pleasing, lasting thing,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Men, to their Vain Dames, fend, or bring,
Is welcome Praise, or Flattery,
To get a Dame's good Graces by,
Which will last her Eternally;
And more Proud even make her grow,
Than cou'd the Richest Present do;
Gold Presents shou'd you from me take,
Your self you Mercenary make;
To lose your Credit, by your Gain;
To be less valu'd by your Man;
But she, who hers on Free-coft loves,
By being cheap, her Honour proves;
Hire only cou'd thy Love defame,
I have such Care of thy Good Name,
I'll honour thee, not to thy Shame;
Thy Love, Faith, Honour, no one shall,
E'er by my Bribe in Question call;
In Love, and Gratitude to thee,
Thou shalt no Present have from me,
Since Hire wou'd thy Dishonour be;
For he, his Mistress most wou'd flight,
Who thinks Gold cou'd her Love requite,
Weighs her Fame with it, thinks her Light;
The more our Mistresses we prize,
And call them, our Divinities;
But Hearts we to them sacrifice;
Poor Poets can but Praises give,
For Blessings, they from them receive;
Angels below, like those above,
We can but Bribe, with Praise, Faith, Love;
Love's Votaries their Angels wrong,
Paying them ought, but Praise, or Song;
And False Friends, as False Deities,
Are they who Bless for Sacrifice;
Fear, for Mens Faith in them, return,
And broken Hearts, which for them burn;
Whilst true She-Saints, and Goddeffes,
Expect but Faith, from those they bless;
But broken Hearts will from 'em crave,
Whom from Love's lasting Flames they save;
As thou art my Divinity,
Thy Blessings I wou'd beg, not buy,
My Love, Faith, more to justifie;

MISCELLANY POEMS

They prize you less, who give you more,
Prophane you more, whom I adore;
Vows make a Goddes, Hire a Whore;
Praise not to give, but from her take,
Which her wou'd Mercenary make;
By Sacrilegious Off'rings so,
Robbers, of Offerers, to grow;
So to prophane, and to debase
With Off'rings, their Divine Love's Grace,
Lost but by Bribes, gain'd but by Praise.

*A DRINKING-SONG. To a Formal, Proud, Sober
Coxcomb ; who wonder'd any Man cou'd be so Idle,
as to sit long in a Tavern.*

I.

LET the Dull, Sober, and the Grave,
But fit for drudging, Bus'ness have;
Let sitting still, my Hand employ,
My busie Tongue, not thoughtless Head;
Employment, which wou'd Cares destroy,
Not such, by which, more still are bred;

II.

Let all Ambitious Sots flie high,
To make their Steps more flippery,
Whilst I, with Wine exalted am,
Into the Cellar safer fall;
Since Falls in Drink, but seldom maim,
Whilst t'other break Brains, Necks, and all;

III.

Let me grow blind by Wine, not Love,
A Head-ach get, which will remove,
And of itself be gone next Day;
Whilst Aches, Sober Love begot,
Our Brains and Bodies more decay,
Make a Brisk Wit, a Thoughtful Sot;

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Wine makes the Poor own they've enough,
The Tender, Finical, lie rough,
The Haughty, Rich, to have no Pride,
The Man of Buf'ness, no Design,
Disputes and Scruples will decide,
Without a Lawyer, or Divine;

V.

Wine's the Brave's, Lover's Safety fo,
If they'll but drink their Passions low;
For he, whose Head is full of Wine,
To Pox'd Heart-Padders cannot stand,
Must to the Watch his Sword resign,
When he, for Wine, can't heave his Hand;

VI.

He's only Wife, and truly Rich,
Who drinks himself to such a Pitch,
As none to Envy, nor Design,
To be more Free, Happy, Rich, High,
Than when exalted by Rich Wine,
Which gives Fools Wit, Slaves Liberty.

*A Letter from Sea, to a Jilting Mistrefs ashoar ; in
Answer to a Letter of Hers, which told Him, He
wou'd forget Her at Sea ; advising Him, Not to
pursue Danger there, but to return Home, to Her
Arms, to be safe.*

THO' I am now to Sea gone from thee, yet,
Think not, I thee can e'er at Sea forget;
Since the Sea puts me still in mind of thee,
As raging, loud, and mutable to me;
Sometimes beneath me quietly will lie,
Then straight again is threatening, loud, and high,
Into my Face, will with more Fury flie;

}

MISCELLANY POEMS

Till with Salt Brine, my Cheeks it does o'er-flow,
Calm and Tempestuous, in a Trice will grow;
Faithless, like thee, to those who trust her most,
Whom they trust, to their Live's, or Fortune's Cost;
Like thee, lets no Man rest in Bed alone,
But will be still tossing him up and down;
Like thee, but makes a Man more giddy-brain'd,
Lets no Man long lie still, or long to stand;
Like thee, still keeps me betwixt Fear and Hope,
Betwixt the Dread of Drowning, and the Rope;
When at an End, I think my Fear, and Pain,
To gain my Port, will throw me off again;
Yet, for a while, I must Trade with her too,
Tho' dang'rous 'tis, to Trade with her, as you;
Since she's a Jilt, mutable as thy Mind,
Changes, like thee, with ev'ry Sigh of Wind,
Her Depth, and Reaches, few (like thine) can find;
Like thee, devouring is, and Bottomless,
Will, what's within her Bowels, ne'er confess;
Since what she gets once, Owners see no more,
She for more Ruines, like thee, seems to Roar;
An Invitation, like thee too, to Trade,
Their Loss most, who, most Happy wou'd be made,
By her, by whom, they in more Hazard prove,
As her, the more they Trust in, and they Love;
Yet, from her, I less Danger undergo,
As at more Distance, I am kept from you;
Thus, out at Sea, like Ships in Storms, I keep,
Risk less in her Deep, than thy Salter Deep;
Who, keeping out at Sea, have from thee found,
I hazard less, running my self aground;
Since you raise Storms, as Raging Tempests do,
And Angry Seas, which Rough and Noise grow,
That Men into you, all they have may throw;
And thee, but as the Loud, and Raging Seas,
They, by their Ruine, only might appease.

MISCELLANY POEMS

An Epistle to a Witty Friend, in Excuse, for not Answering a Long One from Him, as soon as it was expected.

AS Debtors, who ne'er pay great Debts at all,
 Will still be Just, and Punctual, to the small,
 To get more Credit than they had before,
 And but to Cheat their Trusting Friend of more;
 But when their Debt once grows too great to pay,
 No wonder they, their Payment shou'd delay;
 Less Long, less Witty, had your Letter been,
 You my Return to that, e'er this, had seen;
 So, that it might Answer itself, that I,
 So much Wit, cou'd not Answer presently, }
 Since, too much Wit retards a Friend's Reply;
 And since your Writing seem'd to cost you Pain,
 I thought it Rude, to give it you again;
 Did judge it to be more Civility,
 To save you so, the Pains of a Reply;
 You, by not Writing, did I not neglect,
 But by not Writing, paid you more Respect;
 Since putting you to the necessity, }
 Of making to my Scribling, a Reply
 Had been but Disobliging Courtesie;
 Troublesome Kindness sure, had been more Rude,
 And to you, prov'd Ungrateful Gratitude;
 Since you return still our Wit's Scarcity, }
 With so great and profuse Aboundancy,
 That your own Letter hinders my Reply;
 Your Letter I might Answer, not your Wit, }
 Since 'twas too much for me, to Answer it;
 I, by not Answering your Letter so,
 To my small, your great Sense, more Reason do;
 Which proves, that so great, so much, is your Wit, }
 That we, with Sense and Reason sure, think fit,
 The more we have, the less, to Answer it.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*The APOLOGY: To a Jilting Mistrefs of another
Man, for Railing at the Inconstancy of Her
Humour.*

I.

I'LL own, I am to blame, to rail
At your Inconstancy, which did
Make my Love, first on thine prevail,
Which thy Truth did, at first forbid;
Thee Change, to Justice, did incline,
Who, but for Love of Change, wer't mine:

II.

Since all, by Nature's given to Change,
Which does most firm, and stable seem,
Why shou'd Men think it then, so strange,
Weak Women shou'd be false to them?
That Change shou'd o'er their Faith prevail,
By Nature made, more Weak, Light, Frail:

III.

Since Proud Men, who so much will boast,
Their Truth, Faith, and Stability,
We find still, to be given most,
Their Change in Love to justify;
Will in it, boldly Glory too,
Think it their Shame, their Truth to show;

IV.

Since Beauty, like the Glorious Sun,
Is made, to cheer up all Mankind;
Then, Universal Love alone,
In Justice, you from all shou'd find;
You least Just, as most Constant are,
To give One all, which All shou'd share:

V.

So, since we see, you have in One,
The Beauties of all Woman-kind,
Then, Universal Love alone,
You shou'd from All, with Reason find;
Your Love, as Beauty, general
Desir'd by All, is due to All.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*To a Witty Young Man ; who thought by His Wit,
to Recommend Himself to the Favour of the Court,
and Succes there.*

IF in the Court you wou'd more happy grow,
How happy you in Wit are, never show;
Wit's the last Secret you shou'd there disclose,
Where, to hide Wit but much more Judgment shows;
To show your Wit there, let it not appear,
To get Trusts from the Pow'rful, Great, or Fair, }
Where such of most Wits most distrustful are;
There speak no True Word to the Fair, Proud, Great,
If the more Credit with 'em you wou'd get;
Feign Folly, to be Fortune's Favourite, }
Lucky to be, shew not Unlucky Wit,
Where Politicians make least Use of it;
More to be pleas'd, be laugh'd at more at Court,
And be Men's Scorn, not to be Fortune's Sport;
There hide your Wit, your Wisdom more to show;
The Dread of Fools, Wife Men's Aversion too,
Instead of making Friends, makes Enemies; }
Where nought to know, see, feel, is to be Wise,
Since Fools, Knaves, fear or hate none more than Spies;
So too much Knowledge, as 'twas *Adam's* Fall,
Strips his Court-Sons, and thrusts 'em out of all;
For as the Gamester's Skill, when it is known,
Prevents his Gains, Wits are by Wit undone;
Most fear'd, least trusted by the Fortunate,
Who, those they fear most, but most often hate;
At Court, then Folly proves best Policy, }
And seeming Senseless, Ingenuity;
Where great Fools, Knaves, of being known, are shy;
Where, to Proud Fools, 'twere more Respect, (we find)
From Wits, as less what they say, do they mind;
You then at Court, more happy still to grow, }
Shou'd hide your Wit, your Wisdom more to show,
Shou'd act the Fool there, to make others so;
As Gamesters sink at Play their Coin and Skill,
Seem Empty-Scull'd, their Pockets more to fill;

MISCELLANY POEMS

For Court-Fools, like the Stage-Fools, (you must know)
Too hard for Wits so by their Nonfense grow;
Since Men, by being other's Scorn or Sport,
More Friendship, Trust, and Favour gain at Court;
Where Men take Fools Jest in the Best Sense still,
But True Jest, as they've more Sense, but more Ill;
At Court, to gain Men's, Women's Favour so,
Be sure no more Wit than they have to show;
Since each Sex fears Men most, of the most Wit,
Will such into their Secrets least admit,
For fear of their discovering their Shame,
Avoid their Courtship, but to 'scape their Blame,
Their Profit, Pleasure lose, to keep their Fame.

*To an Empty Coxcomb, who call'd Himself a Lover
of Learning, because he had a Fine Study of Books,
better Bound than Read.*

BY thy Books Outsides, most adorn'd and spruce,
We read, they may be more for Show, than Use;
Well-cover'd Books, are like well-cover'd Men,
For fine Outsides, thought to have less within;
Less for Head-Furniture, than Household-stuff,
Not of your Head's, but Pocket's Store, the Proof;
Their Golden Titles, Binding's Elegance,
Are all of them, you'd understand (perchance);
You bestow Gold, instead of Time, on them,
By th' Cover's Show, for Learning, your Esteem;
You cloath in Glory each Sublime Divine,
And in your Study make ev'n *Stoics* Fine,
In a Fine Dress Philosophers to shine;
You with New Coverings cloath Poets too,
Who sure, so Fine elsewhere cou'd never go;
Ev'n in thy Study, Antiquaries seem,
Modish, by your Fine Outsides put on them;
The most Worn-out Historians, there we view,
Though Old within, without appearing New;
Ancients are Moderns, in their Binding there,
And Moderns newer, by their Dress appear;
There Books of Worth, by Title or by Dress;
Or by their Fine Outside's Illustriousness;

MISCELLANY POEMS

We know no more, than Men at Court we do,
By Rich Outsides, which oft Poor Insides show;
So there alike, each Quality, Sect, Sort,
Of Books appear, as Spruce Men in a Court,
Howe'r alike they in their Notions are,
In their Outsides, the same to all appear;
And for their Finery, like Courtiers too,
Are Senseless all within, without all Show, }
If some have some Sense, 'tis more than you know;
Your fine good Books, your Folly testifie,
As Fools expos'd are by Good Company;
Which ne'er did to their Sense, or Morals good, }
By which, their Ignorance, as more they wou'd
Conceal it, is but plainer understood;
Then sell thy Books, gain'd by so much Expence,
To show, by having fewer, the more Sense:
For by wise Friends, from whom the weak Fools can }
Gain nothing, they but more Discredit gain,
Their Ignorance and Folly more explain;
To get more Shame still, by their vain Pretence
To Knowledge, but the less to prove their Sense;
You such a Lover are of Books, that you
Ne'er foil them, or their Faults will look into;
You fine Books, as fine Women Eunuchs keep,
Not to wake by them, by them but to sleep;
And keep them better, more on them bestow,
But as they are less useful too, to you;
By them, but to thy Shame, to testifie,
Rather thy Weakness, than Ability;
For more our Shame will Books, as Women grow, }
As them we keep, when them we cannot know,
Our selves less able for them, by them show;
Sell your Books then, but only on the Score,
Of proving your Ability yet more;
To prove some Sense, or Knowledge, less you lack,
Sell your Books, something of them but to make.

MISCELLANY POEMS

A SONG against Whining Love; To a Timorous, Despairing Lover.

I.

WHY still, such Swearing, Fawning, Lying,
Talking of Killing, and no Dying?
Looking so fad, her Smiles to gain,
Thinking her Pity more to move,
More to compel her to Disdain,
And gain her Scorn instead of Love:

II.

With senseless Speeches, scurvy Faces,
To get a Proud, Young Maid's good Graces;
Like Beggars you, by th' Canting Tone,
With which you'd gain her Charity,
Provoke her more, to show you none,
And make your Pray'r her Grant deny:

III.

Her Pity for you, less Provoking,
And more in vain, by your Ill-looking;
But, if successful you wou'd prove,
In Begging, put your best Looks on;
For but Good Objects, Love can move,
Whilst all the Bad, all always shun:

IV.

Your best Looks sure, wou'd be more Moving,
To make her the more Free, more Loving;
Look on her then more chearfully,
More of her Smiles from thee to gain;
Maids, to fad Looks, Love's Joys deny,
Which Blith, and Good, from them obtain:

V.

Such Sighing, Weeping, but discover
Effeminacy i'th' Male Lover,
Which does the Proud, tho' Soft Sex, move,
But less to Pity, than Disdain,
To more Aversion turns that Love,
By which, Soft Fools, Hard Hearts wou'd gain.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*To my Lord Chancellour Boyle, at once Chancellour
and Primate of Ireland : Written when the Author
had a Suit depending before Him.*

JUST Clergy-Judge, Laic-Conscience of the Laws!
 Who not by Law, but Gospel, tries a Cause;
 Since *Summum Jus*, which is most Injury,
 And does the Law's Injustice most imply,
 You bring to Reason, by your Equity;
 Great Casuist! of Squabbling Consciences,
 And Judge of Heav'nly, as of Earthly Pleas,
 To give your Orators, that Blessing, Peace;
 Not only in the Church, but Chancery,
 Where you, dispatching Suits, show Charity;
 So that you, your Poor Orators, no less,
 As Chancellour, than as a Bishop, Bless;
 When, against Rules of Brib'd Laws, you think fit,
 (And all Courts) to be Just to Friendless Wit,
 Tho' Justice scarce in any's done to it;
 Of which, you for so Just a Judge, are known,
 Reason to Sense, against Law, you have done;
 Since Reason o'er-rules Custom, in your Court,
 Where you, 'gainst Law, will Innocence support;
 Which, scarce was known in any Court before,
 But where you sat, to be too hard for Pow'r;
 Since that at Law, nay more, in *Ireland* too,
 Few Courts, (as we, by Precedents, well know,)
 Against Pow'r, will support the Weaker Laws,
 Or, since the Juster too, the Weaker Cause;
 Which, but on Justice, Reason, does depend,
 Its Right by Sense, 'gainst Int'rest, to defend;
 Whose Owner, but by Right, to Justice does pretend;
 Or thinks, that Reason will, by Law, be done
 To th' Cause, as there's more Reason for it shown;
 Or, that a Man, or Cause, are justify'd
 More, as more Justice is on either side;
 Or, that Poor Men, by Sense, Truth, Innocence,
 Blind Justice, against Bribes, can Influence;
 Since *Summum Jus*, in no Court, e'er thought fit,
 To let, against all Custom, Men of Wit
 Gain any thing, (tho' ne'er so Just,) by it;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Especially, in any Country, where
 (The Fool's, and Knave's Cause is most Popular,)
 Nor any Court, where Custom is (we know)
 Too hard for Reason, ever will allow,
 The Poor Wit's Claim, for Reason, he may show;
 Since no Courts judge Wealth the just Due to Wit,
 But think, Wit is the Forfeiture of it,
 Which it, for Fame, contented is to quit;
 At least, in *Ireland*, it was ne'er thought, that
 Good Sense had Title to a Good Estate;
 For, where'er Fools, or Knaves, most numerous
 Are found, their Right, Poor Men of Sense must lose;
 Must lose their Right to Wealth, as to their Fame,
 According to the Custom, by their Claim;
 Since most, with Reason, against Sense agree,
 Folly to Fortune, is the justest Plea;
 So Wits, who hold their Stores in *Capite*,
 For showing Reason, none have to them done,
 Nor Right in any Court, have to them shown;
 Since *Irish*, *English* Judges, ne'er think fit,
 There any Court of Claim shou'd be for Wit;
 Which rather its own Justice does prevent,
 Where, but the Fool is prov'd an Innocent,
 And Wit is its own Claim's Impediment;
 Then if that cou'd your Court's Exception be,
 Why my Claim shou'd not granted be to me;
 I will, my having any Wit disown,
 Nay prove it, since a Marry'd Man I'm grown;
 Nay Marry'd, Richer, Happier to grow,
 Which none sure, but a Fool, cou'd think to do;
 Yet as you Chancellour and Bishop are,
 I beg you, either way, to hear my Pray'r,
 That you'll dissolve your Church-Injunction, if
 You will not give my Chanc'ry-Pray'r Relief;
 Since, by the Scripture-Law, your Pow'r (we find)
 As Priest, extends to set loose, as to bind;
 Then, since no Pact, or Bargain is allow'd,
 Without Consideration, to be good;
 And since 'twas an Estate, which in my Case,
 Consideration of my Marriage was,
 Your Court, (since 'tis a Court of Conscience) shou'd,
 By right, my Title to me now make good,
 Let my first Pact, whole Plea, be first allow'd;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Confideration of my Bargain give,
Or me from it, (ſince unperform'd) relieve;
Give my Claim (as a Chancellour) Relief,
Or me relieve (as Biſhop) from a Wife,
End my Law-Suit, or my Domestic-Strife;
End but my Law-Suit in your Chancery,
E'er I'm undone there, by your Equity;
Since 'tis a Rule of Chancery, (we find)
Plaintiffs muſt leave there, half their Gains behind;
As the Buſh, ſhelt'ring from the Storm the Sheep,
Does half their Fleeces, e'er they leave it, keep;
Till that their very Gain becomes their Loſs,
And ev'n their Shelter, their Deſtruction grows.

}

A SONG: Upon a Sober Coxcomb, who ſaid, He never Drank in a Tavern, becauſe he wou'd not forfeit his Reaſon, and Reputation, to be a Sot; ſince Drinking debaf'd a Man, to the Degree of a Beaſt.

I.

THE Sober Afs, who never Drinks,
Is more the Dull Sot, or Brute Beaſt;
Since but the more, any Man thinks,
His Cares and Fears more are increas'd;
Then in his true Senſes fure only is he,
Who makes his Senſe moſt with his Senſes agree;

II.

Sobriety more were Man's Shame,
Which makes Youth more Dull and Morofe;
Brave Hero's more Fearful and Tame,
Good Wits, with much Thinking does doze;
Makes more Sots of Lovers, for want of their Wine,
Who, when they ſhou'd force Love, but beg, fawn, and whine;

III.

But no Man can weaker be made,
By Luſty Wine, or by Stout Drink;
Which but our Weak Faculties aid,
And help us to do, talk, or think;
To make the moſt modeſt Wits more to talk on,
Our noiſie weak Brothers more ſoon to have done;

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Wine takes from weak Bablers their Speech,
It to the dumb, modest Man gives;
Makes Silent Men o'er their Cups Preach;
The Dead in Love often revives;
The Lawless Man likewise does Hand and Foot bind,
Yet opens the Heart, and unburthens the Mind;

V.

By Wine then no Reason we lose,
All by it, to all Reason do;
By Wine, more Good-natur'd each grows,
Which makes a good Friend of a Foe;
Then Drinking no Crime is, which Guilt does prevent,
Which makes Man, as more a Beast, more innocent;

VI.

So Drunkenness does not debase
Man, to the Degree of a Beast;
Does Him above Common Sense raise,
Whose Joys are most, as his Thoughts least;
Who, when in Wine-Ecstacies most high he's flown,
All Cares of Life, Fears of Death, to him, are none.

Upon Life, and Death; and the Vain Love, or Fear of them.

WHY shou'd the Fear of certain Death surprize
A Mortal Man? who living, daily dies;
Death is born with him, he but for it lives,
He then in vain, to shun or 'scape it strives;
Since from his Birth, he but begins to die,
By Life consumes, though imperceptibly;
So Death, the Thoughts of which does Life torment,
Is less Life's End, than its Accomplishment;
Then Death shou'd neither be Man's Fear, or Grief,
Which from all Fear, Pain, Grief, is his Relief;
So he from Sense fears Death, most senselessly,
Who hopes, by Death, for Immortality,
Yet fears, but out of Love of Life, to die;

MISCELLANY POEMS

From his Sense, by which he wou'd shun Mistakes,
 Himself more guilty of more Error makes;
 Proud of that Reason, which deludes him, so;
 Which against Nature, makes him think, talk, do,
 More than Beasts, who less against Nature live,
 For Want of Thought, which more does Man deprive
 Of Joys, he thinks more for it to receive; }
 Who, for his Reason, but so Senseless grows,
 His Will, he to his Nature will oppose, }
 Which, by his Reasoning, more his Folly shows;
 Since he finds by his own Experience still,
 In vain, his Reason wou'd oppose his Will,
 Or thwart his Nature, which he well does know,
 He must yield to, whether he will, or no;
 Then Reason grows but more Impertinence,
 Which wou'd withstand our Senses with our Sense;
 Which wou'd make Fancy thwart Experience more,
 As less Man finds, that it is in his Pow'r;
 Who, by his Reason, proves but more a Brute, }
 Whose Passions, for it, are more absolute,
 Which him shou'd, of its Weakness, more confute; }
 Who to his Passion, 'gainst his Reason, so
 Is made to yield, whether he wou'd, or no, }
 Who, tho' he Talks like Man, like Beasts must do;
 So that, Man has less Reason for his Sense, }
 But as to more still, he has more pretence,
 Then has, as more Sense, less Intelligence; }
 Whose Weak Sense thwarts more Pow'rful Nature more,
 But as the less, he finds, 'tis in his pow'r;
 Then Man, less Wise is, as he more wou'd know, }
 Whose Knowledge must, more Guilt and Trouble grow,
 And consequently, prove most Folly so; }
 Which, by its Fore-sight, and its Providence,
 But makes its Reasoning its Impertinence, }
 Man's Guilt, and Fear more, but as more his Sense;
 Which makes his dubious Dread, or Mischiefs sure, }
 His Fore-sight, those he wou'd avoid, procure,
 To feel them, e'er they come, the Past Endure; }
 To doubt the Present Good, and undergo
 The Future Ill, whether it comes, or no; }
 Till Reason, Man's best Guide, does rather grow
 His 'Thought's Confusion, than his Proof of Sense;
 Who, but much less, the Cause, and Consequence

MISCELLANY POEMS

Of Ills to come, by his vain Prescience knows,
Which, on his Knowledge, wou'd his Guests impose;
Till that his Reason's Intellectual Sight,
Grows but the Blinder, for its too much Light;
That *Ignis Fatuus*, his Reason, so,
Does his False Guide, of his Conductor, grow;
Leads him, from his Experience, more astray,
The more that it pretends, to clear his Way;
Whose Search of Knowledge, more adds to his Doubt,
Plung'd in more Error, as he'd more get out.

*To a Fine Young Woman, who lent Him Money after
a Loss at Play ; telling Him, His Luck was not so
bad as He thought it.*

MY late Great Loss at Cards, (I must confess)
Made my Bad Fortune more my Good Success,
Ill Luck, which gain'd your Good Will, Happiness;
If Fortune, cruel to me, had not been,
My *Lucy's* Kindness I had never seen;
Who, to th' Unhappy, proves a Friend alone,
So, my Bad Luck is my Good Fortune grown,
I'd ne'er been made, had I not been undone;
Thus, Losing *Lodam*, was my Play to me,
Since, my self Happy, by my Loss, I see,
Which, since it made me Poor, your Pity gain'd,
Which, my Good Luck, ne'er for me, yet obtain'd;
So, parting with our Gold, does often prove
The Means, of our ensuring more our Love;
Since none for true, can their Friend's Kindness know,
Till Fortune does Unkindness to them show;
Yet for the Favour I had from your Hand,
Your Eyes my Freedom, in return, demand;
And I for Money, which you lent to me,
In Love's Chains, must, for Life, your Pris'ner be,
Who was of Gold, to bind me to you, free;
Me to you so, you bound effectually,
I'd not be (tho' I cou'd) at Liberty;
My Fortune then, is by my Ruine made,
I'd had less Good Luck, had I had less Bad;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Who had not of your Friendship else, been sure,
 Which my Misfortune, for me, did procure;
 A Sign that 'twill, in spite of Fate, endure;
 Since it began by that, which Friendship ends,
 By lending Money, which makes Foes of Friends;
 But, lest the Debt I ne'r shou'd fatisfie,
 My Body take into thy Custody,
 Bankrupts repay Debts with their Liberty;
 So mine, I'm ready to give up to thee,
 Accepting which, more Gen'rous wou'd you be,
 Than in your lending first your Gold to me;
 My Loss then, more my Gain is, I must own,
 By which, your Pity, and your Faith, I won;
 Since in my Loss, I was most Prosperous,
 Which you, my Good Friend, by my Bad Luck, shows;
 Whilst Happy Men, their True Friends cannot know,
 Which all th' Unlucky, in Misfortunes do;
 And I, more Happy, think my self, to find,
 You rather, than Dame Fortune, to me kind,
 Since you Discerning are, whilst she is Blind;
 Since she proves kindest but to Fools, when you
 To Fools (you say,) cou'd ne'r your Kindness show;
 Then, for my Debt, still let me wear your Chains,
 My Losses so, will more become my Gains;
 Pay your self my Debt, with my Liberty,
 My Body take into your Custody,
 At once your self, and me to fatisfie.

*To a Mistress, disappointed by Her Lover's Meeting
 Her too soon; whom therefore She accus'd, Of
 Want of Love for Her.*

THAT of my Love, you found so small Effect,
 Ne'r think, 'twas want of True Love, or Respect,
 'Twas more my Value for you, than Neglect;
 Which rather shou'd, prove my Love to thee more,
 As I, to prove it to thee, had less Pow'r;
 Since Love, like Rage, when it is in Excess,
 But, as 'tis more, can prove itself the less;
 'Tis Mettle makes the Furious Courser fall,
 Who, for his Speed, comes later to the Goal;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Whose Haste, is but his Speed's Impediment,
 Till that, which shou'd most forward his Intent,
 Does its own End, pursuing it, prevent;
 I to you, had sure but so Great a Mind,
 That you, less real Proof of it, cou'd find;
 Out of more Love, I was less to you, kind;
 Yet, if my Love enough I did not prove,
 In doing Reason to thee, and thy Love,
 The Fault, (my Charming Dear!) was none of mine,
 Shou'd not displease thee, since 'twas rather thine;
 Thou wert too Lovely, to be more belov'd,
 Less Active I, as more by thy Love mov'd;
 So 'twas my Love, my Joy's Prevention prov'd;
 I, like Love's Miser, beggar'd by Love's Store,
 Had less Use of it, as I'd of it more;
 Since my Desire 'twas, took away my Pow'r;
 My Pow'r, my Faith, and Love to justifie,
 So that it was my Zeal's Extremity,
 Made my Devotion senseless Ecstasy;
 'Twas only my True Love's, and Faith's Excess,
 Which made in Fact, my Kindness to thee less;
 It was my too much Passion, which did prove,
 The Cause I shou'd you, but so little Love;
 You lost my Kindness, on my Passion's Score,
 My Love prov'd less, as I had for you more.

*A SONG: In the Name of a Lover, to His Mistress;
 who said, She hated Him for His Grey Hairs,
 which he had at Thirty.*

I.

O Hate me not for my Gray Hair,
 Since you love still Variety,
 The Black, the Red, the Brown, the Fair,
 All in their Turns, delight your Eye;

II.

Knots of two Colours, nay of three,
 Can please you better, than of one;
 My Party-colours then shou'd be,
 Better than all White, or all Brown;

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

You, when a Garland, you wou'd make,
Not Flowers of the same Colour chuse;
But Various-colour'd ones wou'd take,
Change, but in me, you wou'd refuse;

IV.

Wou'd you a Bracelet weave, or brede,
You'd different-colour'd Ribbons take;
To fet off your Hair of your Head,
With Powder Grey you make of Black;

V.

You the Grey Morning us'd to love,
Which promis'd you Good Days and Bright;
Why then a Grey Head disapprove?
Promising you a Pleasant Night;

VI.

Then hate me not for my Grey Hairs,
Which are not so much mine, as thine;
Since caus'd but by the Grief and Cares,
Thy Love gave me, so thine, not mine.

*An EPISTLE: To a Handsome, Brave Young Man,
making a Campaign in Flanders, upon Mistaken
Honour.*

I'M much aham'd, to hear such Things of you,
Such brave, vain, weak Things, as they say you do, }
Whose Strength of Arms, does your Mind's Weakness show; }
Nay shows, you had Flaws in your Head, before
That Arms or Head-piece in the Field you wore;
For, had you had a Head-piece Natural,
Then t'other you had ne'er put on at all;
Since you, to gain your Immortality,
But vainly seek, before your time, to die;
But Satisfaction to your Foes to give, }
Your best Friends, seeking your own Death, to grieve, }
Lose your Life, that your Fame may longer live; }
Till you your Honour, with your Life, expose, }
For Fame, the Credit of your Reason lose,
Since such your Courage, it for Madness goes; }

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which, thus unreal'nably does prove you Brave,
 That your right Wits, there's none can think you have,
 Who risk more your own Life, your Foe's to save;
 To gain Fame, whilst the Bold Things by you done,
 Are thought your Good Fate's Deeds, more than your Own;
 Since Happy, Bold Things, you Fame's Franticks do,
 Are to your Stars imputed, not to you,
 Perform'd by you, whether you will or no;
 Thus Honour's Hot-Heads oft, like Drunkards, 'scape,
 But for their Want of Good-Sense, all Ill-Hap;
 And but more Bold, in all their Dangers seem,
 But as they less can be foreseen by them,
 Who, to their Want of Sense, most often ow,
 Both their Good Courage, and Good Fortune too,
 Till their Vain Deeds, but their Dishonour grow;
 Since Valour, (like most Virtues) in Excess,
 As more 'twou'd shew itself, but proves the less;
 Becomes, of Noble Manhood, Brutishness;
 Or, what is yet worse, Senseless Vanity,
 To make our Love of Fame, our Infamy;
 But if you more yet wou'd your Honour shew,
 Scorn Praise, that it may more your Merit grow,
 So more than proudest Hero's will you do;
 Who fear less what Men do, than what they say,
 In order to take their Good Names away;
 If you your Reputation truly prize,
 Fear not what Fools talk of you, but the Wife,
 And Fame, more to deserve it, more despise;
 Not like those, who seek Praise, but to their Shame,
 Whose Virtue, for their Vanity's their Blame;
 Who satisfy not Honour, but their Pride;
 Not to show Courage, but their Fear to hide;
 Their Honour, not from its Abundance so,
 But from their Want of it, they rather show,
 In seeking it so proudly, meanly too;
 So their own selves, by their own Pride debase;
 Showing themselves necessitous of Praise,
 Seeking more Fame, but more to their Disgrace;
 Since that their Seeking it so greedily,
 Shows, they have of it more Necessity;
 As it, they more, from their Inferiours crave,
 But your Fame ne'r to Rumour was a Slave,
 Which you fought more to merit, than to have;

MISCELLANY POEMS

For sure, your ne'er shunn'd other Enemy,
 Then the Brave Man's worst Foe, his Vanity;
 Your Courage never was the Fear of Shame,
 Your Honour, not your Vain Desire of Fame,
 Your Virtue's Merit, not your Virtue's Blame;
 To make your Aim, at more Renown, or Praise,
 By seeking them, more truly your Disgrace;
 You'd rather Daring be, than such appear,
 Nothing but Praise, your Courage e'er cou'd fear;
 But now, your Gallantry I'd have you prove,
 Less by your Enmity, than by your Love;
 To kill abroad your Male-Foes, do not roam,
 But more to kill your Female Friends at home;
 Who from your Dangers there, here undergo,
 More Hazard of their Lives, than you can do
 Of yours, in your provoking fo your Foe;
 So madly do not then, your Life expose,
 Your Credit by your Honour, more to lose,
 In fright'ning here your Friends, as there your Foes;
 Your vain Pursuit of Fame, in Honour quit,
 Lest Wife Men think your Courage, Want of Wit,
 Not Honour, but Distraction, Cause of it;
 Since sure, a Mad-Man's Virtue, as his Crime,
 Is no more Merit, than that Guilt in him;
 Though of your Life, you are so lavish, Friend!
 Be not of mine, which must on yours depend,
 Which can't last, if to yours you put an end;
 And he's a Coward sure, who will not dare,
 To risk his Fame, when 'tis his Friend to spare;
 Who, that I may be still so justly stil'd,
 Can wish you no Success, in being Kill'd;
 Which you seem much more than your Foes, (I doubt)
 To do still all you can, to bring about;
 I wou'd pray for your Life, wer't not in vain,
 For me to hope, I cou'd from Heav'n, obtain
 A Wonder, that is, not to have you slain;
 For your Escape, (since you such Boldness show)
 Wou'd, as your Courage, for a Wonder go,
 Which, to your Life, seems the most deadly Foe;
 So that, (I'm sure) it is a fruitless Pray'r,
 To beg that Life of Heav'n, which still you are
 Determin'd less, than all your Foes, to spare.

MISCELLANY POEMS

To a Handsome Young Woman, who lov'd Play, and sitting up at Cards a Nights; who told Her Friend, She wou'd Play with Him, and lose Her Discretion to Him, but that She was afraid He wou'd brag of His Winnings.

TO gain my Pence, thou woud'st sit up with me,
 To gain more, let me but lie down with thee;
 You sit up long, when you shou'd lie a-long,
 Which wou'd not do your Beauty so much wrong;
 If you, to gain my Money of me, chuse
 Your Sleep a Nights, so willingly to lose;
 Then, sit not up, but go to Bed with me,
 The Mistrefs of all that I have, to be;
 If you wou'd strip me, do't a better Way,
 My Purse, Heart, win, at a more pleasant Play,
 Which you'll do, if your Breech you'll to them lay;
 You'll lose your Fortune by your Winnings now,
 Since, by your Sitting up at Cards, (you know)
 Your Stock of Beauty you must lose, by which,
 You may, by playing with me, grow more Rich;
 For Women, (it is certain) gain more Riches,
 When they to keep their Bubbles, lose their Breeches;
 You, sitting up with others, lose (you know)
 Your Money, Credit, Time, and Beauty too;
 So, whilst your Fortune you'd repair by Play,
 You, by it, bring your Beauty to decay;
 Lose both your Charms, your Pleasure, Honour too,
 By loving Gold, for Mercenary go;
 Nay, lose your Time, which, at this time shou'd be,
 More precious than thy Fame, or Gold, to thee;
 Who hast not much more Time (we may suppose)
 Now left thee (my Dear Gamefome Dame!) to lose;
 Cheat not your self of Pleasure by your Play,
 Since you love vent'ring all you have (they say)
 Your Body venture against mine, to lay;
 Then all about me, wou't thou get from me,
 If I no Shuffling, Cutting, find by thee;
 By which, too hard at our Sport, wou'dst thou be

MISCELLANY POEMS

For me; push freely with me, then my Dear!
My Bragging of my Winnings, never fear;
Which makes the Gamesome, Vent'rous, Pushing She,
To Play with Men, the backwarder to be;
But I, ne'er of Good Fortune (you must know)
Brag, as oft Honour's, and Love's Pushers do,
But, at my Good Luck, silently rejoice,
And only, when I lose Hopes, make a Noise.

*A SONG: To an Angry Mistrefs, who rail'd at Her
Lover's Drinking, calling Him a Sot, for living so
Senselessly.*

I.

AT my best Friend, my Bottle, cease to rail,
Your sparkling Rival, my cheap, safe Delight,
For you, with me, will never sure prevail,
To quit a warm Friend, for a cold one, quite;
Since that gives Joy by Day, Peace, Rest, by Night;

II.

Whilst you disturb my Sense, Rest, Peace, destroy,
With Love, my Heart, Sense, Freedom, from me take;
And make me sad, that gives me Heart, and Joy,
And me, as 'twere, a Brave, or Wit does make,
When I, more Sottish Love, leave for its sake;

III.

'Tis thou so, dost make more a Sot of me,
And make my Love for thee, but more my Shame;
By that I'm made, more Brisk, Bold, Witty, Free,
By thee, more Silent, Senseless, and more Tame;
So more a Sot, for leaving Wine, I am;

IV.

Since Love gives me more Care, Fear, Jealousie,
To make my Pleasure grow but more my Pain;
Makes me do Follies too, more soberly,
By which more Guilt we have, more Censure gain;
Whilst Wine the Heart does cheer, inspire the Brain;

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

So, since our Life's Ease, and true Happiness,
 But less in our Sense, than our Senses lie;
 And since our Thoughts our Cares, and Fears increase,
 Who 'Thinks least, Lives best, so most reas'nably;
 Whose Sense, as least, yields most Tranquillity.

*An EPISTLE from the Country, in Answer to one
 from the Town; written jointly by a Man of Wit,
 and another of Quality.*

TWO to One, in a Letter, needs must be,
 As 'tis at Foot-Ball, too much Odds for me;
 When two such Wits club to run one Man down,
 How shall I hold up against both, alone?
 Profuse Town-Sparks, oft come done to us so,
 Their Friends, with Honours done 'em, thus undo,
 Their Courtesie, but out of Pride to show;
 Not so much to show their Friends, their Esteem,
 As but to get the more of it from them;
 Not so much their Poor, Humble Friends to see,
 As seen, and prais'd by Gaping Clowns to be;
 Their Friends, for their own Pleasure entertain,
 Or Profit, more to get of them again;
 Less out of Friendship, than for Vanity,
 So but oblige their Friends most selfishly;
 To one, I meanly might again return
 His Compliment, but to deserve his Scorn;
 For Fine Words, which shou'd most think to requite,
 Both at once, sure wou'd do less either Right;
 Then, as more Favour both have to me shewn,
 I can return it less to any one;
 So *Jupiter*, and Witty *Mercury*,
 Shou'd Clown *Philemon* so much Courtesie,
 (When him so Low, they Visited from High)
 As did confound the Poor, Plain-dealing Swain,
 How to make, or return it them again;
 Your Store of Sense, Good-Breeding, mine does shame,
 So, shou'd I vainly, to return 'em, aim,
 My Gratitude wou'd grow my Reason's Blame;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Wou'd lefs my Senfe and Reafon to you fhew,
 As more to yours, they Reafon thought to do;
 You club Wit, not for Want, but Lazinefs,
 Which fhows, fure, not your Wit, but Leifure lefs;
 Me, thus at once you fhame, and honour now,
 By Favours, which I can't return to you,
 No *Hercules* in Wit, can deal with two;
 You Both, by fending to me fo much Wit,
 Give me more Reafon, not to anfwer it;
 By Silence beft, I anfwer'd Both, till now,
 Which, fo much Wit (at leaft) did to you fhew,
 That I think none, can anfwer yours, and you;
 So you, my Silence cannot call Neglect,
 Which fhows to you, and your Wit, more Refpect,
 Than thou'd I, to vie mine with it, affect;
 By Silence, Senfe and Breeding's underftood,
 When we can't anfwer Great Men, as we thou'd;
 Then fince Both fet your Wits againft me now,
 I've fo much Wit, that none I'll to you fhew,
 Which wou'd prove lefs, thinking to anfwer you;
 Since by your Witty Letter, in my Praife,
 Your Compliments, become but my Difgrace;
 Who, fo much more Wit, praifing mine, have fhown,
 That all Praife, you wou'd give me, grows your own;
 Since, giving me fo much, you leave me none;
 Which Credit it wou'd do me, does prevent,
 Turns, of my Praife, more my Difparagment;
 So Town-Wits, like Town-Rooks, together join,
 In Praife o'th' Squire, whole Ruine they defign;
 Praife him, and his Wit, fo maliciously,
 But to make more his Pride, or Vanity,
 Till that their Praife becomes his Infamy;
 As Beauties, into Affectation prais'd,
 Are, by the Honours done 'em, more difgrac'd.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*An EPISTLE, to a Brave Young Man, making a
Campaign in Flanders ; said to have done Wonders
there, by which he was Wounded.*

DID you know, how your Wounds lamented are,
 Both by the Brave, the Witty, Proud, and Fair;
 Like Lover's Wounds, they wou'd grow your Delight,
 And you wou'd not have 'scap'd them, if you might;
 Your worst Foes so your best Friends prov'd sure, since
 They fought against you, in your Fame's Defence;
 For all, that by the best Friends can be done,
 Is, to make their Friend's Honour but more known,
 At Venture of their own Lives, and their own;
 So here you triumph, being beaten there,
 Whose Valour gives your Friends, as Foes, still Fear;
 Whose Absence, gains the Ladies to you more,
 Now, than your Prefence ever did before;
 And makes Court-Cowards now speak well of you,
 Behind your Back, which is a Wonder, so,
 That Wonders here, as well as there, you do;
 Right, in your Absence, from the Court, you gain,
 And of your Wounds make envious Foes complain;
 A Conquerour, as here, you there are grown,
 Who have more Courage, being worsted, shown,
 And for your being Beaten, gain'd Renown;
 In losing a Weak Place, so bravely there,
 A whole Town now have gain'd, and taken here;
 And there, as here, no Danger undergo,
 But here, as there, you make Hearts ake for you;
 If not your self, the Ladies shou'd you spare,
 'Tis Cowardise to put 'em still in Fear;
 Consult your Honour, to bear Arms, forbear;
 The Play-house Bully, puts up Sword, and All,
 Rather than make the Ladies to look Pale;
 In Love, as Arms, Men honourably deal,
 Who spare their Foes, their Conquests to conceal;
 To save a Friend, and spare an Enemy,
 Gain o'er themselves the Noblest Victory;
 That is, their Passion, which does so rebel
 Against their Reason, hon'rably to quell;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Therefore, leave off your tempting Danger so,
 Lest your Friend's Fame you call in question, who
 Her Love, wou'd but by her Fear for you, show;
 That Brave a Coward is, who does not dare
 To lose his Fame, his Mistresses to spare;
 Then seek not most dishon'rably, that Praise,
 Which needs must be your Mistresses Disgrace;
 Leave Killing Men, since you, by Fighting, will
 Your Mistress, (but by her Fear for you) kill;
 On Women spend your Mettle (as you shou'd)
 And not on Men, to prove it Right, and Good;
 Love you long Sieges, lay them to the Proud,
 Or Conqu'ring Female Foes, most cruel still
 To Men, most yielding to their Pow'r, or Will,
 Who, Friend and Foe, without Distinction kill;
 If you seek Danger without Armour there,
 More in your Shirt, each Night you may have here;
 Encount'ring here a loving Female Foe,
 Who will, too hard for you, by yielding, grow;
 But you, who love all sorts of Gallantry,
 Slight Conquests most, as gain'd most easily;
 Danger, and Difficulty, thinking so,
 In Love, and Honour, Spurs to them, and you,
 Which more your Praise, as more your Venture grow;
 Since she, who yields soon, makes your Conquest less,
 And Brave Fools, love Things hardest of Access.

*To a Witty, Peevish Mistress; who, to Her Lover,
 who begg'd Her Picture, sent a Cat.*

THY Picture *Vixen!* thou hast sent me now,
 Which I, for thy true Likeness, must allow;
 I, by thy Cat, may best remember thee,
 For like thee, when I wou'd approach her, she
 Will Scratch, and Bite, will Mew, and Spit at me;
 Yet, like thee, she will Purrr about me too,
 The more, the less I mind what she wou'd do;
 And Fonder of me likewise will appear,
 As the more heedless still I seem of her;
 But she, when on my Knee, I'd have her sit,
 Against her Will, will Mew, Scratch, Bite, or Spit;

MISCELLANY POEMS

And from me, with more haste, will frisk away,
 The more I strive, to make her with me stay;
 To Play with her, nor thee, can I prevail,
 Tho' she, like thee, will Play with her own Tail;
 Like thee, she's good for nothing, but to kill,
 Like thee, most often does it, sitting still;
 A Wanton Tyrant is she, like thee too,
 And lets a while her creeping Prif'ner go;
 Some Freedom seems to give him, but in vain,
 To put it, by her Mercy, more in Pain,
 And lets it loose, to pat it back again;
 Gives it some Hopes, but more to torture it,
 Still makes it trembling, in her Presence sit,
 Uneasie in her Company to stay,
 Yet dares not (for its Life) to run away;
 Like thee, with what she means to kill, will Play;
 To it, more cruel, by her short Reprieve,
 Is she, which she does, more to plague it, give,
 Than it from Torment, Death, Fear, to relieve;
 So does her Pleasure of its Terror make,
 Gives it some Hopes, but all from it to take;
 Respites its Death, but with more Cruelty,
 To make her Prif'ner die more painfully;
 My Skin too she, for stroaking hers, will claw,
 And scratch my Face, if I but touch her Paw;
 The Wanton Puffs of my Heart, are you so,
 Who, but to kill me, pat me to you too,
 Yet will not kill me quite, nor let me go;
 Yet I, thy cruel Picture love to see,
 Since, wer't not such, it like thee cou'd not be;
 So, like thee, she does most in Playing kill,
 Does take us more too, by her sitting still;
 Her Eyes, like thine, are Piercing, Fierce, and Grey
 And in the Darkest Night, can find her Prey;
 She has a Tabby-Coat, as well as you,
 And licks her Face all over (as you do)
 E'er that, like thee, she does on Killing go;
 And when I'd get her to sit on my Knee,
 O'th' top o'th' House she will be straight with me;
 Ab, even while she tastes of Love, will Squall,
 Tho' she ne'er yet got Hurt by any Fall;
 Stroaking her Furr, a Pleasure is to me,
 As stroaking thine, wou'd Pleasure to me be;

MISCELLANY POEMS

So much thy Puffs, thy Picture is (I find)
It, when I see it, brings thee to my mind,
To the same Actions, Humours, is inclin'd;
Purrs all the Day about me, Progs by Night,
For Raw Flesh, which she mumbles out of fight,
Mews, Scratches, Squalls, when she has most Delight.

*A SONG: To a Proud Mistress, who said, She wou'd
Marry no Man, who cou'd not carry a Coronet
behind His Coach, or had not some Crown, or
other; declaring, She wou'd Exchange Her Love
for nothing but Honour.*

I.

SINCE none must dare,
Your Chains to wear,
Unless he wears some kind of Crown,
To gratifie
My Mistress, I
Have but, as a Poor Poet, one;

II.

So but with it,
Title to Wit,
I seek, which lost by Praise wou'd be;
For which, no Grace
I seek, or Place,
But what your Heart may give to me;

III.

No Wealth, or Fame,
Honour, Good Name,
Seek, but by Praise I give to you;
Being whose Slave,
I've all I crave,
And, by your Chains, but prouder grow;

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Kings, to the Shame
Of their Kind Dame,
 Degrading Honours oft bestow;
But Poets raise,
More, by their Praise,
 The Humble She, whom they lay low;

V.

Kings to their Dames,
Give Titles, Names,
 As Huntsmen to their Bitches do;
For Sport they give,
To them bequeath,
 The Names of Countesses, Duchesses too;

VI.

Them, so Kings raise,
To their Disgrace,
 Whose Titles forfeit Men's Esteem;
Th' Immortal Wit,
When he thinks fit,
 With Praise, makes Goddesses of them;

VII.

So the Cheap She,
Preferr'd to be,
 The Deifying Poet's Theme;
For his Love, ne'er
Shall Scandal fear,
 But get by him, a Greater Name;

VIII.

Thee then I shall,
My Goddess call,
 Saint, Angel, such Stiles Poets give;
By which, the Fame,
Of each Kind Dame,
 In Verse Immortal, still may live;

MISCELLANY POEMS

IX.

Since her Fame's more,
As is her Store,
Of Christian Faith, Love, Charity;
She who does show
Her Bowels so,
In Scorn of Fame, loves hon'rably;

X.

But she who does
Her Honour lose,
To have her Name by Titles grac'd;
Deserves more Shame,
Selling her Fame,
By Honours rais'd, is more debas'd;

XI.

I honour her,
Who ne'er will fear,
For me, the Public Name of Whore;
She has my Heart,
Who dares to part
With Fame, or Honour, on my Score;

XII.

For Honest She,
Can never be,
Who to Love does not Grateful prove;
To Love she's just,
Who mine will trust,
And pawns her Honour, for my Love.

*To a Little Drawer, and my Great Friend, since the
POET'S only Friend, in Lombardstreet.*

LET me but Credit have with thee, my Boy!
In *Lombardstreet*, let Bankers Boys be coy;
Let me have my Fill of thy *Florence-Chest*,
The Chest, my Boy! that thou shalt think the Best;
Let Half-Pint-Drinkers Chests of Money keep,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which Rest disturb, but thine are Helps to Sleep;
 Their Chests afford them but more Cares, or Fears,
 Thy *Florence*-Chest does ease our Pains and Cares;
 Does us with Satisfaction best supply,
 For he that's Drunk, may Love or Fate defie;
 If he can Pay his Reck'ning for thy Wine,
 Or Credit has with thee, he wants no Coin;
 More, than the Goldsmiths coz'ning Prentices,
 You trade in that, which makes the Poor at Ease,
 Can Pris'ners, Lovers from their Chains release;
 With Wine, more sparkling than their Gold, you can
 Restore Joy, to the lost, or broken Man;
 Best Use of Money you to Misers give,
 When Wine, which gives Joy, for it they receive;
 The Dying too, for Love, you can revive;
 Best all our Cares, Wants, Pains too, can you cure,
 Drown Rich Men's Fears, and Poor Men's Hopes ensure;
 You to Men's Empty Heads, and Pockets, can
 Afford wherewith their Credit to maintain;
 When from your *Florence*-Chest your Sparkling Store
 Makes our Wants less, our Satisfaction more;
 Will, Joys to all your Customers impart,
 Give ev'n to Lawyers Wit, to Cowards Heart,
 Truth to the Courtiers, to the Cullies Art;
 To the close Misers Open-heartedness,
 Thou mak'st 'em, when they have enough, confess;
 To Drunken Sinners, who give thee no Coin,
 Thou't give Repentance, next Day, by thy Wine;
 Thy Wine, which Aid to all our Wants, affords,
 Gives Points to Men's Wits, Edges to their Swords,
 Nay, sharpens both their Weapons, Thoughts, and Words;
 You make the Coward, for a Bravo pass,
 Yet drown Disputes, and Quarrels, with the Glafs;
 You can make Old Men youthful, Matrons kind,
 The Modest Wife show all, the Husband blind;
 So, you revive the State of Innocence,
 Since no Sex, in Good Wine, can give Offence;
 You give Good Nature to the surly Knave,
 Freedom of Speech, to th' Pris'ner, or the Slave,
 Frankness, and Mirth, to th' Formal, and the Grave;
 Friends, Foes, Disputes with Words, or Blows you'll end,
 Prove the Truth of a Lover, or a Friend,
 Make Men and Women, Flinchers discommend;

MISCELLANY POEMS

So, for my best Friend, (you my Boy) may go,
A Friend to Truth, Faith, Love, and Honour too;
Nay, Love himself, is not so kind a Boy,
From Fame, Love, Bu'ness, such a good Decoy;
Nor, making us stark Blind, gives half the Joy,
As we, my Boy! have from good Wine, and Thee,
When we Drink with Thee, till we cannot see.

The Wasted Lover's Complaint, of a Mercenary Mistress, and a Pocky One. A SONG.

I.

I Suffer now, for the dear Sake
Of Two dainty Doxies at once
My Heart does, for *Betty's* Love, ake,
For *Jenny's* my Head, and my Bones;

II.

My Bleer-Eyes, for one of 'em, weep,
For t'other too, somewhat else does;
My Heart for one, cannot I keep,
For t'other, scarce can I my Nose;

III.

The first robs my Nights of my Rest,
The other, my Days of my Ease;
One steals still my Heart from my Breast,
My Money-Cod t'other will feize;

IV.

I, wasted in both Purfes so,
Have neither of them at command;
Yet from the Dear Jades cannot go,
Tho' to them now, scarce can I stand;

V.

Whilst one of 'em squeezes my Purse,
The other does make me to squeeze;
Hands into my Pockets will force,
Whilst mine I force up to her Knees;

MISCELLANY POEMS

VI.

For either's Love thus I pay dear,
Still whether I pay, or am paid;
Yet less, what I spend on 'em, fear,
Than of what they give, am afraid.

*In the Praise and Defence of OLD AGE: To a Vain
Young Man, who said, There was nothing to be
said for it; and that it was more dreadful than
Death, since it made the Best Life more Con-
temptible than the most Ignominious Death.*

WHY shou'd Old Age, to most, so dreadful be?
Which, there are none but wish, and pray to see;
What we, by that, lose in our Appetites,
It, in our Sense and Temperance, requites;
Age, with our Body's Imbecility,
But best our Sense, and Soul, does fortifie;
Weak'ning the Body, strengthens more the Mind,
Which, as more Weak the Body grows, (we find) }
Is, to resist strong Passions, more inclin'd; }
Age, makes Man his mad Passion's Fury sway, }
His Lawless Senses, juster Sense obey, }
When Youth his Sense, wou'd to his Lusts betray; }
Age makes us Visage Death, that Bug-bear, who
Makes Life more tedious, by Man's Living, grow;
For daily Fear of it, which, more he will
Yet suffer, as he does live longer still;
Tho' Death's afar off Grim, 'tis Tame, when near,
So keeps our Huffing Youth but most in fear;
Whilst Age has least Cause for Anxiety, }
They, who can least live, least shou'd fear to die, }
To whom, Life is but Pain, Shame, Misery; }
Yet, Want, Shame, Pain, Age best can undergo, }
Fortune's, and Love's worst Disappointments too, }
Since Lusts benum'd too, with our Members grow;
Then Death to Men, fated with Life, is Ease,
Rest to the Tir'd, to th' Bed-rid a Release;

MISCELLANY POEMS

To the Long-liv'd, the sole Variety,
 Who have done all they cou'd before, but Die,
 And Repetition is worst Drudgery;
 The best of Life, is but the same thing still,
 The Feast is loath'd, when we have had our Fill;
 So Death, like Sleep, its Younger Brother, then
 (Since Life gives Pain, Fear, Labour, to most Men,)

Shou'd our Desire of our Aversion grow,
 Our Comfort be, but of our Terror too,
 Exalts the Soul, laying the Body low;
 And puts an End to Trouble, Pain, Fear, Grief,
 So shou'd not be Life's Dread, of its Relief;
 Nor shou'd Age for a State of Dotage go,
 By which alone, we can know that we know;
 Since all True Knowledge, but Experience is,
 Without which, none can Skilful prove, or Wise;
 True, Just, Exemplary, Brave, Virtuous be,
 Which all Men are much more still, as (we see)
 Their Wills and Inclinations, but more free;
 From Passions of Love, Av'rice, Pride, or Rage,
 Which are most weak, as Men are most in Age;
 Thus Age, what Virtue ne'er cou'd compass, does,
 Makes the Soul, in the Jail the Body, loose;
 And them does best for Diffolution fit,
 Which find it hard, each other else to quit;
 Age, weak'ning Bodies, strengthens thus our Souls,
 Till Sense, our Senses (which fway Youth) controuls;
 And the Mind, by the Body's Weakness, grows,
 To curb strong Passions, but more vigorous;
 Age, for this Life and t'other all does fit,
 Supplies Decays of Sense, and Loss of Wit,
 By Men's Experience, only gain'd from it;
 Lust's Wild-Fire, in Old Age too, must expire,
 For Want of Fuel, to keep in the Fire,
 When Life's its sole immoderate Desire;
 Weak Age, can more than Strength of Reason do,
 Cures Life of the Desire of Living too;
 Tho' most Old Men their rotten Carcasses
 Love, as the Poor, their crazy Cottages,
 More, as of them they've had a longer Lease;
 And, with their Old, Weak Inconvenience, will
 Dispense more, for their Old Acquaintance still;
 Nay ne'er will leave them, till by Force they must,

MISCELLANY POEMS

And headlong are, by Fate, out of 'em thrust;
 Yet since we must Die, by Necessity,
 'Twere Weakness, not to do it willingly;
 When the Soul's Shame, the worn-out Carcase grows,
 Of it we shou'd more freely then dispose,
 And to part with it, shou'd the sooner chuse;
 As we still are more generous, or free,
 Of all our worn-out Old Cloaths, as we see,
 They of less Use, more Shame will to us be;
 Our worn-out Life so we shou'd cast away,
 Rather than suffer Scorn for its Decay,
 For more Pain here, Ease, Rest elsewhere delay;
 When Life grows tedious, and our Living Pain,
 From Death's sound Sleep, 'tis Madness to refrain,
 Since when Fate has decreed it, 'tis in vain;
 For Mortals to resist Death's Blow, of Grace,
 Which puts the Poor, Old, Worn-out Man at Ease;
 Since Life, when Pleasure ceases, is but Pain,
 To the Despis'd, Old, Weak, and Senseless Man;
 Yet Age is not without its Pleasures too,
 Did Weak Old Dotards how to use 'em know,
 He's happy't, who has less of it to go;
 Thus Old Age is the Happiest Age, since that
 Can only make Man not fear Death, or Fate,
 But to desire to change his Mortal State;
 Age then shou'd not Contemptible be thought,
 By which, to Scorn of Life, Death are we brought;
 Can be from other's Scorn but more exempt,
 As we for Life, from Age, have most Contempt;
 So Death shou'd rather give us Joy, than Grief,
 Since less our Punishment, than our Relief;
 Then Old Age may for Honourable go,
 By which our Wants, Cares, Fears, and Troubles too,
 But more supportable still to us grow;
 And we less fond of Tedious Life are made,
 As of approaching Death but less afraid;
 For since Death ends our Fear, Pain, Shame, and Grief,
 And Life prolongs our Fear, Shame, Pain, and Strife,
 So Dreadful nought to Living is, as Life;
 For which, we suffer our Mortality,
 Who, but by Death, can live immortally;
 So, to live longer, we shou'd sooner die.

MISCELLANY POEMS

Upon GOLD; Preferring STEEL to it, as the more Useful, and therefore the Better Metal.

I.

THOU Contradiction to Man's Ease,
Tho' call'd Conveniency to Life,
Design'd our Comfort's best Increase,
Yet Cause of Danger, Care, Fear, Strife;
Man's Happiness, to Misery;
His Plenty, to Necessity;

II.

Design'd, of Old, th' Officious Aid,
To Commerce and Society,
Art now the World's worst Make-bate made,
To make Man his own Enemy;
Once, Soder of each broken Vow,
The Cause of Friends Division, now;

III.

Design'd, to make Life's Burthen light,
Its heavy't Load and Care; yet art,
Meant to keep Faith and Love upright,
Now, the Corruption of each Heart;
More Cause of Death, less Aid to Life,
Than Steel, which now makes here less Strife;

IV.

For Guilty Steel was never known,
But Open Mischiefs here to do;
But by thee, Private Wrongs are done,
Who most art thy Preserver's Foe;
Steel can the Body but annoy,
You Soul and Body both destroy;

V.

Nay Steel does now your Office do,
That very Melancholy Cure,
Poor Mortals have, for Want of you,
Whilst more you make them still endure;
From Heavy Hearts, for Want of thee,
And Spleen you give them, Steel does free;

MISCELLANY POEMS

VI.

In all Obstructions of Man's Ease,
Steel is more Sovereign than you;
Whilst you their Cares and Pains increase,
Men's Buf'ness Steel will surely do,
And them from Cares and Fears will free,
From being Sick, for, or by thee;

VII.

Men falsly call you Sovereign,
Who, for Want, are no Remedy;
Who give the Restless still more Pain,
The more, for Ease, they by you try;
Like other Remedies, so you,
In curing one Grief, give us two;

VIII.

You, but a Quackish Cure, then are
Pretending, to be general;
To give Ease, you give Pain, Care, Fear,
The same Cure of all Ills, in all;
A Cure, worse than is the Disease,
Our certain Pain, uncertain Ease;

IX.

A Cure then you, like others, are,
If Man too much does take of you;
You, of his Hopes, becomes his Fear,
His Grief of his Relief, will grow;
Whose Dangers, Pains, will more increase,
The more he Safety seeks, and Ease.

*In Answer to a Merry Doctor's Advice, which was,
To drink my Spleen and Love away.*

BY Wine, that common Cordial for all Grief,
In vain I seek, for Love or Care, Relief;
Drowning my Sense, can't my Desires, or Cares,
Nor stupefie my Troubles, Pains, or Fears;
I spoil the Strength of my Wine, with my Tears;

MISCELLANY POEMS

It turns, by my sours Humour, Vinegar,
 And, from my Sighs for Love, takes too much Air;
 Till Dead, and not Reviving, 'tis to me,
 Me, from my Spleen's Oppression, cannot free;
 Nor raise my Joy, my Trouble stupefie,
 For Love, Care, Grief, can be no Remedy,
 Nor with new Healths, wash from my Memory;
 Or Breast, Old Grievs, which still lie heavy there,
 And I must still, with Love's Heart-burning bear;
 Fuming in my Head, Broiling in my Breast,
 In spite of Wine, to keep me from all Rest;
 Tho', for some Grievs, both of the Breast and Head,
 Wine's an effectual Remedy ('tis said);
 To make thee Drunk with Love, to bring up all,
 We Love's Heart-burning, or its Sicknefs call;
 The Breast by new Qualms, from old Pains to free,
 But Wine (alas!) can ne'er ease mine, or me;
Chloris, in spite of Wine, lies heavy there,
 No Tavern *Haustus* can my Stomach clear;
 My Friends, like Quacks, repeat their Dose in vain,
 In spite of Wine, my Grief will still remain;
 My Feverish Thirst of Love, I ne'er can quench,
 Tho' me, thus oft, my Tavern-Doctors drench;
 Wine does the Hot Fit of my Love renew,
 Recals my long lost *Chloris* to my View,
 Whose Health mends mine, tho' others make me Spew;
 But turn my Pleasure into Nauseousness,
 And make my Grief but more, as my Sense less,
 With her Health, reasonable is Wine's Excess;
 When I, by Wine, and Loss of my Sense, wou'd
 Recover my good Humour, (if I cou'd);
 As losing Gamesters gain, by Loss of Sense,
 In Wine, Loss of Concern for Loss of Pence;
 But I my Grief, drinking her Health, increase,
 Wine will, in petty Passions, (I confess)
 Change Thoughtful Love to Cheerful Thoughtlessness;
 In Wine, my Soft Love can't be drown'd by me,
 Like Oil mix'd with it, uppermost 'twill be;
 So still I Drink, but as I Love, in vain,
 To cure my Heart-ache, with an aching Brain,
 In Head, and Breast, to feel next Day, more Pain;
 Wine will Desire, as Thirst, but more increase,
 By which, we wou'd have all Desires to cease;

MISCELLANY POEMS

So Love, like Sorrow, Drinking drives away,
With more Grief, to return th' ensuing Day;
As all Excess of Mirth, at first, is seen,
With Joy beginning, to conclude with Spleen;
Yet your Advice I kindly must receive,
Since th' only 'tis, (my Friend) as I believe,
You take your self, of all th' Advice you give;
To which, if you wou'd add your Company,
Wine then wou'd be my Cure infallibly,
Since Physic works best, when the Doctor's by.

*A SONG: To an Old Miser, who drank out of a Cup
of Gold, which he never had above a quarter fill'd,
and generally with Ill Wine.*

I.

GIVE me not empty Cups of Gold,
But one, worth more, fill'd with Rich Wine;
Of more worth, as it more does hold,
More from its Wine than Gold, does shine;

II.

Which makes us not more covetous,
Of its pure Metal, than pure Drink;
But Wine, which makes us generous,
Like it, and ne'er of Gold to think;

III.

Not such Cups, as give us more Cares,
But more Joys, when we Dine, or Sup;
Such as all Jealousies, or Fears,
Take from us, when we take them up;

IV.

Not empty great Gold Cups, which keep
Emptier Owners more awake;
But fuller, which give sooner Sleep,
Our Peace, or Rest, not from us take;

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

Not that Cup, which shines, or weighs most,
Altho' 'twere made of purest Gold,
Think I best, as it most does Cost,
But rather, as it most does Hold;

VI.

For I can ne'r be Merrier,
For the Gold Cup, but for its Wine;
Since it my Heart much more will cheer,
Me to more Joys, Ease, Rest incline;

VII.

Whilst th' empty Golden Cup, awake
May keep me, t'other makes me sleep;
Which I'd have my Friend from me take,
But to my Self the Rich Wine keep;

VIII.

Whether the Cup be Rich, or no,
It is no matter to the Wife;
If it Rich Wine does overflow,
Silver or Gold, we shall despise;

IX.

Since 'tis not Gold's, or Silver's Store,
Is of Man's Joys, or Ease the Proof;
Who, as he has more, thirsts for more,
Whilst Drunkards own, they have enough.

*To a very Noisie, Talkative, Shallow Coxcomb ; who
said, He wou'd Cure my Spleen, by his Conversa-
tion and Discourse, if I wou'd hear Him.*

YOU Talk so much, you less to purpose Speak,
Still to be less Heard, the more Noise you make;
To drive Friends, when you'd speak with 'em, away;
Your quick Speech our Conception does delay;
You talk so much, we mind less what you say;

}

MISCELLANY POEMS

Talk not at all, or less then, if you wou'd
 By more be heard, or be more understood;
 He who talks least, is in the Right i'th' Wrong,
 Since Right grows Wrong, talking of it too long;
 The more you talk, we know your Meaning less;
 As Stammerers, from their Talk's Eagerness,
 Their Minds, by Hasten to speak 'em, less express;
 Your Hasten to speak, but takes your Breath away,
 Till your Speech interrupts what you wou'd say,
 And does your Tongue to Lapses more betray;
 Thorough-pac'd Tongues thus aptest are to slip,
 As Horses, thorough-pac'd, more oft to trip;
 Let your Tongue, to go surer, go more slow,
 And say less, that you may more Reason show;
 Who, more you talk, show more Impertinence,
 Then Speak less, but to prove more yet your Sense;
 At least, talk not so much, so quick, so loud,
 Whose Sense less, for much Talk, is understood;
 For your lame Thoughts, your quick Speech is to blame,
 As oft the Horse's Mettle makes him lame;
 For Want of Words, your Want of Reason, so,
 Might sure for Modesty, nay Prudence go;
 More Spirited, in less Words, is good Sense,
 Does but much more our Reason influence;
 As Spirits on our Body's Humours, so,
 Work better, than dull, heavy Potions do;
 Sense in few Words, in Operation quick,
 Will best down with the Witty Splenetic,
 Whilst much Talk, like much Physic, makes them sick;
 To make the Melancholy Man endure,
 Less from his bad Distemper, than Ill Cure;
 Thus, whether you have any Sense, or no,
 Speak less at least, your Judgment more to show,
 And let us sooner still your Meaning know;
 For if what you say, be True Sense and Good,
 'Twill be thought best, as soonest understood,
 Which by your Talking less, the better wou'd;
 If Bad, it wou'd more Reasonable appear,
 The less our Expectation of it were;
 Then Talk less, but your Reason more to show,
 Which proves Sense, whether Men have it, or no;
 Since Man most by his Speech shows what he is,
 Ev'n the Weak Fool, is in his Silence Wise.

MISCELLANY POEMS

*The Covetous Lover's Answer to His Kept Mistress,
who said, If he lov'd Her so Well, as He pretended
He did, He wou'd not Keep Her so Ill ; more to
His Shame and Dishonour, than Hers.*

THY Torn Cloaths, as Torn Ensigns in the War,
Proofs of your Virtue, not Dishonour, are;
Which like them, only manifest and show,
There still has been old tugging too, for you;
Yet, by thy Ragged Coat it does appear,
As by the Colt's, you ne'r bestriden were;
Since *Phillis's* Fine Coat, as *Filly's* too,
Does, that She's kept for Riding, likewise show;
Then for my Credit, yours too will it be,
That you (Fine Dear!) are kept thus Ill by me;
For if True Beauty more is seen, as less
It, for its Charms, is owing to its Drefs;
And the Fine Shape's, as the Fine Face's Proof,
Is more, as less Art's us'd to set it off;
Then me, (pray) for your Ill Drefs, do not blame,
Which is more for your Honour, than your Shame,
The Honour of your Beauty, and your Fame;
In Rags I keep thee for thy Credit so,
For thy Sake, and my Satisfaction too,
My Love, thy Beauty, but the more to show;
Since, shou'd I keep thee Finer, I shou'd be,
But more in Pain, and Fear of losing thee;
Thus I (my Dear!) now keep thee but thus Ill,
Out of more Kindness, but to keep thee still;
And keep thee worse, the better but to prove,
The Pow'r of thy true Beauty, my true Love;
Since, but as Beauty less to Dressing owes,
Or Art, its Excellency much more it shows;
The Fine, by Nature, are lik'd more, as less
Their Finery seems owing to their Drefs;
Then, but because your Honour's, Beauty's Fame,
I'll keep from Censure of the World, or Shame,
I keep you, but more barely, poorly so,
Out of more Love, and Honour still for you;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since Women's Honour suffers much more, by
Their Drefs's, than their Features Finery;
For a Fine Woman's Pride, her Shame we call,
Who, the more set out, seems more set to Sale.

*A SONG: In the Name of an English Lover, to a
Spanish Mistrefs, who spoke English, and call'd
Him a Boracho, that is, A Hogskin of Wine.*

I.

WHY shou'd you me *Boracho* call?
Since you (my Dear!) are liker one;
Who raise me, but to make me fall,
My Sense, with Love of you, to drown;
You, more like a *Boracho*, are,
The Cure of Love, and Ease of Care:

II.

Since the sole Diff'rence that I know,
There seems to be, 'twixt it and thee,
Turning it up, I joyful grow,
Turning up thee, more sad shall be;
More glad, as it grows emptier,
More sad, as you more full appear;

III.

So both wou'd more my Pleasure be,
Were it like you, you more like her;
Were it, or you, ne'er forc'd on me,
But both at Pleasure, taken were;
If, giving me Joys, it wou'd grow
No Lanker, or no Fuller you;

IV.

If it, when I turn her Tail up,
More empty wou'd not grow to me;
Nor thou, the more I thee shou'd stop,
The fuller, to my Sorrow, be;
With me, like my *Boracho*, too,
Then all the World o'er shou'd you go;

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

You'd now (since Love's *Portmanteau* grown)
 With your *Boracho*, go and come;
 Abroad, move with him up and down,
 But to lie still with him at Home;
 Be like the *Dons Portmanteau* fo,
 At once Life's Ease, and Luggage too.

*To a Sickly, Peevish, yet Ambitious, Vain Male-
 content ; Angry with the World, yet Afraid to
 Die, and leave it.*

WHY so much out of Humour, are you here,
 So fearful yet, of going hence, elsewhere?
 Why thus aweary of your Stay below,
 To Rest eternal, yet afraid to go?
 Why, with the same Joys, still disgusted here?
 Or here, but their Uncertainty to fear, }
 Yet, not desire to go to that Place? where,
 Your Faith alone, wou'd make 'em to you sure,
 Where they, nay you, might evermore endure?
 Are you in Pleasure, or Prosperity? }
 Then you shou'd rather wish, than fear to Die,
 To shun here, Fate's most sure Inconstancy;
 To 'scape the Fear of Death, and Fortune's Pow'r,
 To live more happy here, as evermore:
 In Pain are you? Then wish this Life to quit,
 If but to be, as sooner out of it;
 The Pain, or Shame, the Trouble, or the Grief,
 Does it grow here, of your Ambitious Life?
 To have above you, so many below,
 Why not to Heav'n, to get above all, go?
 Out of a High Place, fear you to be thrown?
 Why go not where no Change was ever known?
 What are the Stale Allurements of this Life?
 That they shou'd make, two such Old Friends, at Strife?
 The Soul, and Body here, shou'd set at odds,
 And hinder Mortals from becoming Gods?
 Since Pleasures here, will from us pass away,
 Thither let's haste, where fix'd Joys for us stay, }
 Where we, nor they, can ever know Decay;

MISCELLANY POEMS

If Change of Pleasures, Life, or Residence,
 Be Satisfaction, why not hasten hence?
 From Joys, which leave us, if we do not them,
 Nay try'd, are contrary to what they seem;
 Whose very Being, they themselves destroy,
 Which cannot satisfy, but they must cloy,
 So more our Pain, or Grief, as more our Joy;
 Since Glory's volatile, Wealth, Joys, unsure,
 Why take not offer'd Joys, which still endure?
 Why more to this Life's Labour, Danger, Pain,
 For Fame, Ease, Safety, Pleasure, seek in vain?
 Since our Desires crave more, the more they gain;
 Which, with our Wealth's, and Honour's, Stores Increase,
 To make us, as they grow more, less at Ease;
 To make (but as the more is our Success)
 Our Happiness, and Satisfaction less;
 Since our Gains, more our Avarice and Pride
 Increase, to make us but as more supply'd,
 To be but the less pleas'd, or satisfy'd;
 Since more Stores, more Desires but multiply,
 Our Plenty grows more shameful Poverty,
 Honour increasing Pride, our Infamy;
 So Honour, Wealth, are more Disparagement,
 Which, growing more, more lessen our Content,
 Our Satisfaction, by Success, prevent;
 Then we, by Pow'r's, Wealth's, Honour's, vain Increase,
 Augmenting our Desires, enjoy 'em less;
 Nay, lessen our own selves, to make 'em more,
 Who, for them, have our Minds less in our Pow'r;
 Since Stores, Stiles, by which Men are Vainer made;
 Great Souls of Honour, by their Height, degrade;
 By which they show, their Spirits are more poor,
 But as they want still, to support 'em more;
 Whilst that Poor Great Man's Spirit best is shown,
 Which is supported by itself alone,
 And under Want, or Shame, does suffer none;
 Who seeks not Honour, to his Virtue's Shame,
 But Honour, to deserve it, does disclaim;
 His Merit (more to prove it) will disown,
 Since Virtue's least by Ostentation shown,
 Which makes Man more Immortal still elsewhere,
 As less he seeks to live in Glory here;
 Which here, but by his vain Presumption too,

MISCELLANY POEMS

As elfewhere, will his Condemnation grow;
Since Virtue of its Merit is debarr'd,
But more, as it claims for it more Reward;
The Credit of our Fame, as Wealth we lose,
Which our Shame, but by too much Seeking, grows,
And being of it but too Covetous;
Presumption will the Fame we crave deny,
Here, elfewhere forfeit Immortality;
The Reputation of True Sense, or Wit,
Which makes Man sooner die, to live by it;
To live by Monument, or Epitaph,
But to renew Friends Grief, and make Foes laugh;
To see Proud Man record his Vanity,
To Defamation of his Memory;
Which, to support his Family's just Pride,
Had better with him in Oblivion dy'd;
Since most Great Tombs their Little Guests belie,
With some such Libelling damn'd Flattery;
As here, in Hopes of an Immortal State,
I' th' Space of Six Foot, lies the Deathless Great;
A Lie, but more to make the Marble sweat.

*The COUNSEL, a SONG: To a very Proud Mistress;
pretending to be very Peculiar in Her Love, and
angry, She was call'd a Common Good.*

I.

SINCE all, you call Honour, or Fame,
On others, not you, must depend;
You more will but lose your Good Name,
The more that you to it pretend,
Your Honour, like Men's Fame of Courage, or Wit,
Is soonest lost by your pretending to it;

II.

For all sorts of Hypocrites, (know)
As well in Religion, as Love,
The more their True Faith they wou'd show,
The less its True Merit they prove;
Stand not on your Honour then, more to your Shame,
Your self, by pretending to Fame, to defame;

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

But if you wou'd not be thought loose,
Appear not to be so strait-lac'd,
Since hiding Love, it you'd expose,
Be more by Feign'd Virtue disgrac'd;
Since Hypocrites still appear nicest to be,
O! then to be thought less loose, seem thou more free;

IV.

Thy Favours in Publick dispenſe,
To all the World in general;
That, that may seem Indifference,
Which others wou'd Impudence call;
And let all your Kindness seem Common, that so,
You, for the less Common with all Men may go;

V.

For since that Peculiar is now,
A Stile of most Infamy grown;
In calling you Common, (then know)
More Honour I to you have done;
Since 'tis much more easie for Women, (we find)
One Man to resist, than to keep off Mankind;

VI.

The Woman then, so like the Man,
For being by Numbers brought down,
Less Shame or Discredit shou'd gain,
Than she that's o'ercome but by One;
So more for your Honour then shou'd it be held,
The more that the Men were, to whom you did yield.

MISCELLANY POEMS

To NATH. LEE, in Bethlem, (*who was at once Poet and Actor*) *complaining, in His Intervals, of the Sense of His Condition; and that He ought no more to be in Bethlem for Want of Sense, than other Mad Libertines and Poets abroad, or any Sober Fools whatever.*

MORE happy you, mistaken Man! are now,
 (If your own Happiness you cou'd but know) }
 In Loss of Knowledge, you complain of so;
 The first and true Cause of all Misery,
 That ever fell upon Humanity;
 By which Loss, others you the better bear, }
 In Chains unfelt, more happy then you are,
 Since by them, free from Thought, Pain, Care, or Fear;
 More free, more happy, as your Sense is less,
 Since 'twas your Sense was your Unhappiness;
 The Want of which, frees Men from Cares, Fears, Pains, }
 Which Lovers feel, in Female-Keepers Chains;
 Wits abroad suffer, but for sounder Brains;
 For whose Food, and whose Lodging, none take Care, }
 Shut out of Doors, kept Hungry, Poor, and Bare,
 Since Great Men their Poetic Fury fear;
 For telling Naked Truths, like Mad-Men, stripp'd,
 For their Poetic Lashing Fury, Whipp'd;
 And having, only, too much Wit, or Sense,
 More to the World's, and vain Great Men's Offence;
 Since, to Discov'ry of their Want of Wit,
 Therefore, can never pardon'd be for it;
 Whilst you grow Wiser now, for Want of Sense;
 Whose Fustian Nonsense now, gives none Offence,
 But rather by that, and your late crack'd Brain,
 You best, your Gaping Audience, entertain;
 Now, not in Word, or Action, are to blame, }
 Nay, showing all you have, are free from Shame,
 Nor now, most madly starve your self, for Fame;
 Which, if your Wits you had had ever right,
 You wou'd have had more Reason, still to flight;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Now, for the World, more Sport you make, and more
 May Rail, at Small and Great, than e'er before;
 More happy are, for having less your Mind,
 For Want of Sense, no Want of it you find;
 Your Fancy now, does all your Wants supply,
 Which once, but by your Frantic Poetry,
 Kept you still, in much more Necessity;
 You, but because you starv'd, fell mad before,
 Now Starving, does your Wits to you restore;
 So thy Life is (like others) much all one,
 Whether thou now, hast any Sense, or none;
 You did, before that you were mad, engage
 With Numbers, and in your Poetic Rage,
 Lash'd (as your Keepers you) the madder Age;
 In Poetry, wou'd have your own mad Way,
 In spite of all, your sober Friends cou'd say;
 Thought others mad, from your own Madness too,
 Because, they did not Talk, Think, Do, like you;
 You mutter'd Fustian, to your self before,
 'Gainst Friend, and Foe, (to show your Wit) did roar;
 Which made your Vain, Poetic Rage, appear
 Less real'nable, as you more sober were;
 You had High-flights, above all common Sense,
 To draw to you your Staring Audience,
 Whom you, more to your Pleasure, entertain'd,
 The less they did your Bombast understand;
 Abroad, as here, thy Life was much the same,
 Pleasing the World, as now, but to thy Shame,
 But now, 'tis true, thy Shame is not thy Blame;
 Nor dost thou find, in *Bethlem*, difference,
 Betwixt thy Diet, Habit, or thy Sense,
 When thou, by Fancy, hadst to Wit Pretence;
 Thou, by thy Fate, wert, as a Poet, stripp'd,
 A Thing to stare at, and, by Critics, whipp'd;
 A Crack'd, and Hot-head, as a Poet, had,
 Which made thy Friends, thy Company to dread,
 Wert forc'd to Rave, in Poetry, for Bread;
 Wert in thy Wits, out of thy Senses more,
 'Gainst Foes, and Friends alike, didst always roar,
 Who wou'd have held thy Scribbling Hand, before;
 When, to your Ruine, you made use of it,
 Who, (since in your own Fancy, such a Wit)
 Above all sober Men's Sense, Spake, and Writ;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Delighted with your own Hot-headedness,
 Wou'd never, your own Want of Sense confess,
 Or rave in Verse, for Friend's Entreaty less;
 Like *Tom of Bedlam*, didst a Feather wear,
 In thy Poetic Scribling Hand, or Ear,
 To make thee, but a Mad-cap, more appear;
 And by thy Vain, Fantastic Use of it,
 To show but less thy Sense, as more thy Wit;
 To draw the Vulgar to thee, didst delight,
 Who thee did, for their Sport, with Scorn requite,
 And came to hear your Fustian then, as now,
 To please themselves, not out of Love to you;
 As now, the Rabble to thee does resort,
 That thy Want of thy Wits may be their Sport;
 Yet, in your Right Wits are you, when you say,
 You shou'd not be the sole Wit, who shou'd stay
 In *Bedlam* when, Poets more mad than thee,
 About Streets, amongst Sober Men, we see,
 Who so mad are, to hope, that Good Sense shou'd
 Be priz'd by all, tho' by few understood;
 So mad, as e'er to hope for Praise, or Fame,
 For Wit, from those whom they for Folly blame,
 Which Ignorance, or Envy, turns to Shame;
 Heroe's and Lovers, stark mad are, who strip
 For their Whore's Honour, to deserve thy Whip;
 Who, but as they more Ease wou'd have, and be
 (More for their Pride, and Pleasure, still) more free,
 Take with their Bodies, and their Heads, more Pains,
 To lose their Rest, and wear Proud She-Foe's Chains;
 Nay, Triumph in their Frantic Slavery,
 In scorn of Peace, Honour, or Liberty;
 The Covetous are arrant Madmen too,
 Who, starv'd and stripp'd, for others sakes will go,
 For Strangers, call'd Friends, whom they cannot know;
 Their gaping Kinsman, or impatient Heir,
 Who ne'er to them, will, what they are, appear;
 So, from themselves, to Foes, call'd Friends, they give
 Their Money, who, that they may better live,
 Will wish them Dead, but for their Living grieve;
 Whose Grief, for their Friends Dying, is but more,
 Because, they did not Die for them before,
 Or have not left 'em all their Wealth, or Store;
 Whilst t'other damn themselves, for Gold they save,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Bury't, that it, their Foes, call'd Friends, may have,
 Who, for it, with 'em bury'd in their Grave;
 Mad likewise is, each Crack'd-brain'd Prodigal,
 Who, whilst he lives, gives, from his own self, all
 To those, who him but Mad-man, for it, call;
 At others Pleasure, not his own, he lives,
 Takes Pains for Pleasure, which, to Foes he gives,
 By which, he Scorn, for Praise he seeks, receives;
 And for his Honour, does his Money quit,
 Which only can be the Support of it;
 Each Heroe, like a *Tom of Bedlam* too,
 With Feathers in his Cap, about does go
 A Stroling, and so far, and near, does roam,
 To make each Man's House, where he comes, his Home;
 So does his Peace, or Ease, he Fights for, leave,
 Which he might, did he not Fight for 'em, have;
 Which yet, he has less, as he seeks them more,
 Who, by his Pride, lessens his Fame, and Pow'r;
 Since 'tis your Humble, Self-denying Man,
 Does Pow'r o'er others, yielding to them, gain;
 And by his Self-condemning Modesty,
 Not Boldness, Fame does get, and justifie;
 The Roaring Drunkard too, runs mad about,
 The Dread, and Sport of all the Rabble-Rout,
 Ne'er leaves, till he does to a Dark Hole go,
 And is shut up, for Mischief he wou'd do,
 And lies in Straw, till he does Sober grow;
 Each Antic Courtier, mad for Pride, we hold,
 Who, for his Shape's sake, goes in Winter cold;
 The Men of Bus'ness shou'd for Mad-Men go,
 Who still the more they do, have most to do;
 Who, tho' Ease is, (as vainly they pretend)
 Of all their Labour but their only End,
 Are for their Labour's, or their Wealth's Increase,
 The more they get still, but less at their Ease;
 The Soldier says too, he but Fights for Peace,
 Which, if he wou'd have, he the sooner might,
 Not Fighting on, but leaving off to Fight;
 Who tho' an Atheist, ready is to die,
 A Martyr, for his Immortality;
 The Roaring Church-Men, seem but Mad-Men too,
 Who, 'gainst the Rules of Life they Preach-up, go;
 Think to guide Men by what they say, not do;

MISCELLANY POEMS

And madly talk of things above the Moon,
 As if to them, tho' not to others known;
 Yet Faith they Preach-up, by their Lives difown;
 In fine, the whole World's giddy, running round,
 So Light-Heads in it only can be found;
 Mad likewise is the *Bedlam-Doctor* fure,
 Who thinks a Crack-Brain'd Poet e'er to cure,
 Since Poets Courts have striv'd to cure, in vain,
 By starving Wits, and keeping them in Pain,
 To make their Bodies Smart, correct their Brain;
 Who stripp'd and whipp'd, their Jest nor Keeper spare,
 Tho' starv'd, and in Obscurity kept bare,
 Like Mad-Men, keep their Keeper still in Fear;
 And are so mad to starve, and sooner die,
 To live but longer in their Poetry,
 To get by starving, Immortality;
 And Praise from envious Rivals, for their Wit,
 But when they cannot better be for it,
 When they the World, and Praise it gives, must quit;
 So to be most Mad, may they well be said,
 Who starve alive, only to live when dead;
 Who rather Voluntary Want endure,
 Pain, Grief, than have from Critic's Lash their Cure;
 Out of their Wits, more to be reckon'd so,
 As they more Wit, but by less Reason show;
 By Wit, which yet but to more Praise pretends,
 As it but most abuses its best Friends;
 Whom to be less in their Wits, Wise Men deem,
 As more Wits in their own Conceits they seem,
 To lose, by craving Praise, all Men's Esteem;
 To prove their Madness more, as more their Wit,
 Since more pleas'd, as more whipp'd, and starv'd for it;
 To make but of their Penance, their Delight,
 Be thought less in their Wits, as more they write;
 Like the Mad Priest, who scribbled o'er and o'er,
 One Sheet, to be still, but as he writ more,
 By the most Wise, and Sober Men, less read,
 As by them less heard, as the more he said.

MISCELLANY POEMS

A SONG. To a Jilting False Mistres, who Swore Fidelity to her Lover, by His Eyes, which afterwards grew Sore.

I.

YOU, by my Eyes swore Faith to me,
By which, your Perjuries I find,
Which, (since thy were sworn by, by thee)
By Love or thee, are stricken Blind;
The Breach of Faith so you commit,
Yet I must punish'd be for it;

II.

In Love, as Trade, Joint-Partners so,
Must suffer for the Fault of one;
And th' Innocent must undergo
The Damage, by the Guilty done;
Whilst the False Partner's Breach of Trust,
Most Loss and Shame is to the Just;

III.

Thy Perjury my True Faith damns,
Whose Innocence must suffer now,
All Love's damn'd Tortures, and his Flames
But for my wrong'd True Faith in you;
The Body's Sin so must torment
The Soul, which gave it no Consent.

To a French DOCTOR, whose Name was Le Roy, or King; and who was as Generous as an Emperour.

POOR Poets, who no Money have to give,
By Verse must make them live, who made 'em live;
Since Money's but a poor Return to you,
Who never like your griping Brethren, do;
Whose Patients Lives are but from Dangers freed,
Not as their Veins, but as their Purfes bleed;
But you can Life upon the Poor bestow,
Without Return, like Life's First Giver too;
Nay, like the Great Physician of the Soul,
Do Good against our Wills, our Fates controul;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Nay Good, without Thought of Reward, can do,
 Can fave poor Patients, and their Money too,
 A Practice but Particular, in you;
 With Bitter Words, no Sow'r Looks, or Morose,
 To Patients more offensive than their Dose,
 Do you, make yours, their Hopes, or Patience lose;
 Nor, like some of your Faculty, do you,
 Make your Poor, Weak, Sick Patients undergo,
 What others often from their Doctors do;
 Who from their Weakness and Ill Humors, more,
 Oft suffer, than from all their own before;
 In your self you, (what is most hard to do,
 By those, whom of your Faculty, we know)
 All Evils cure of your Profession too;
 Pride's Tympany, Hydropic Avarice,
 Against which, few can give themselves Advice;
 Unlike them, you make Patients ne'er endure,
 Less Danger, Pain, from their Disease, than Cure;
 We both serve the same Saving Deity,
 The God of Physic, and of Poetry,
 By which, Men think to live immortally;
 Cou'd I prevent your Death, as mine you do,
 You then shou'd live by me, as I by you;
 Which, if by any's Art, it cou'd be done,
 Cou'd be, by none sure, so sure as your own;
 You make Fate on you, you not on it wait,
 Thus over-pow'ring it, you grow Fate's Fate;
 Not, like your Brethren, its Minister,
 Fate's King, and not its Executioner.

A SONG: To the Indifferent in Love.

I.

BE Friend or Foe,
 More Kindness show,
 Or show me yet more kind Disdain;
 Your Torturing Indifference,
 Worse than your Scorn,
 Is to be born,
 My Passion does to Rage Incense;
 To make us, of your Mercy, more complain,
 When constant Cruelty wou'd end our Pain:

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

If I must Die,
Kill suddenly,
If Sentence on my Life must pass;
I, by more Grief, more Ease shall gain,
Dispatch in Love,
As Death will prove,
But much more Pity, as more Pain;
More Cruelty, more Mercy were, and Grace,
By which, vain Hope, and certain Fear, wou'd cease:

III.

To end my Care,
Give soon Despair,
To make me less of thee complain;
Give no more Hopes, if no more Love,
In Mercy, do
More Cruel grow,
Thy Kindness to me, more to prove;
Since Love, like Cordials given us, in vain,
More cruel is, prolonging Life, by Pain.

*To an Affected, Proud JILT, who Quarrel'd with
Her Friend, for calling Her, A Common Good,
or Blessing ; tho' She said, She, for Her Honour,
had no Lovers at all.*

IF that, to be Close-Fisted, be the Blame
Of Men of Honour, and a Stile of Shame,
To be Close-Thigh'd, in Women, is the same;
Why Honour to Men, shou'd it only be,
To be still of their Flesh, accounted free?
Yet, shou'd it be the Woman's Loss of Fame,
Which gives the Pushing Heroe his Good Name,
Be the Man's Honour, yet the Woman's Shame?
Shou'd Cheerful Giving, Givers more disgrace?
The Voluntary Gift, bribes most our Praise;
Great Ladies, like Great Men, are but more Great,
But the more they, themselves Communicate;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Justice, the World's great Mistrefs, in her Hall
 Of *Westminster*, for being general, }
 Or Common, is but fu'd to more, by all;
 And only more, shou'd all Men's Cenfure fear, }
 But as ſhe, to more Suiters, does appear, }
 In Love, or Pity, more Particular;
 Since Honour lies in Generofity,
 Which nothing can (when ask'd by Friends) deny;
 The Dame of the moſt Hofpitable Heart,
 Who, to Mankind, her Bowels does impart,
 Her Love does then more Honourably prove,
 As ſhe ſeems Nobly Freer of her Love;
 For fure, if Selfiſhneſs be moſt the Shame, }
 Of a true Great Man, or a Noble Dame, }
 She who ſcorns moſt her Honour, or Good Name,
 When 'tis to ſerve, or pleaſure her True Friends,
 In ſpight of Fame, juſtly to more pretends;
 The leſs her Debt of Love is, by her Pride,
 To her Friends Love, ungratefully deny'd;
 So ſhe ſhou'd, for moſt Honourable, paſs,
 Who leaſt, for one Man, fears from all Diſgrace;
 Who, Honour, Int'reſt, does for Love deſie, }
 Who, rather than let them, who love her, die, }
 Can to them nothing, which ſhe has, deny;
 She more Diſgrace, ſhou'd rather undergo,
 Whoſe Pride lets her, to Love, no Juſtice do,
 But on her Honour, ſtands diſhon'rably, }
 And of her ſelf, more to her Infamy, }
 So vainly Choice is, or ſo Niggardly;
 That ſhe her ſelf, will, from her Pleaſure, Faſt;
 Rather, than let her Friends her Bounty taſte;
 Nay, thinks her ſelf more Honourably Kind,
 As more to one, her Charity's confin'd;
 Whiſt ſhe leſs Worthy of your Praise appears, }
 The more ſhe thinks to gain more Worſhippers, }
 As feweſt Men, ſhe favours, or ſhe hears;
 Tho', ev'n the Gods themſelves (all Mortals know) }
 Wou'd loſe our Praise, their Glory, ſhou'd they grow }
 Particular, and but their Favour ſhow
 To one poor, ſingle, kneeling Supplican;
 But they their Grace to all, who ſeek it, grant;
 Then Angel-Women but like Angels are,
 More fam'd and honour'd by Men's Public Pray'r;

MISCELLANY POEMS

They then are mean, unheeded Goddeffes,
 Who bring but few Devoto's on their Knees,
 Who will but hear Particular Complaints,
 So must have few, and senseless Supplicants;
 Your Pride does you then of our Praise defeat,
 'Tis Public Worship makes Earth's Angels Great,
 That House most Noble is, which most does Treat;
 Common is not a Stile then of Disgrace,
 To be call'd Common, is the greatest Praise;
 The Commonwealth, is the Concern of all,
 The Commons House, we Honourable call,
 And the Proud Town yields to the Common Hall;
 The Common Law, is that which bears the Sway,
 But for which, God's Law Man wou'd not obey;
 The Common Good, does most our Service claim;
 For being so, why then, a Common Dame,
 Shou'd we not, but as more a Common Friend,
 Esteem the more, more commonly commend?
 Why shou'd that Epithet of Common, prove,
 Honour to Friendship, yet Disgrace to Love?
 Why must that Epithet, to all apply'd,
 But Woman, be the Stile of Pow'r, and Pride,
 Yet she be for it but more vilify'd?
 The Sun, the greatest Beauty sure of all,
 If 'twere not Common, wou'd have none to fall
 Down on their Knees to it, or it to call
 A Deity: Why shou'd all Public Men
 Get Praise and Fame by that Stile, which has been
 The Public Woman's Infamy and Blame,
 If Praise be due still to the Public Name?
 And she most prais'd is, most remarkable,
 Who most known is, and follow'd by the Rabble;
 Queans, Queens alike, are to the Public known,
 Why then to Women, shou'd it be alone,
 Shame to be known by all, to Men Renown?
 Women, like Books, shou'd valu'd be the more,
 As by more Men, more tumbled o'er and o'er;
 And her, the best sure, like them, shou'd we call,
 Who has not been by one Man known, but all;
 The Public is the noblest Proof of Wit,
 Beauties get Praise but by the Test of it;
 Each is most follow'd for her Public Fame,
 So Public is a Stile of Praise, not Shame;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Whilst that of Private or Peculiar grows,
To a Great Woman's Honour, infamous;
Man's Public Name, and Open Heart's his Praise,
Why shou'd they be, the Public Dame's Disgrace?
The Public Stamp, the Price of Gold does raise;
And Books, as Coins, are priz'd more by most Men,
As the more current, both about have been;
She, who most Public Approbation has,
For the most Honourable she, shou'd pass;
Like Armour, each shou'd for her Public Proof,
Go better with most Public Chapmen off;
'Tis no Dishonour, to be ask'd and woo'd,
Of many Lovers, Women shou'd be proud;
Then Infamous we her can only call,
Who (more to her to Shame) has had none at all.

*To a Proud Mistress, who us'd to say, Her Lover's
Courtship was Her Dishonour; bidding Him still,
to be Gone.*

I.

LOVE, which we cannot help, can go
For no Fault, till Presumption 'tis;
Why shou'd you, Men's admiring you,
(If Proud, as you seem) take amiss?

II.

Love without Hope, is Punishment
Enough, for your bold, loving Swain;
Since I ne'r ask'd your Love's Consent,
Why shou'd you give me your Disdain?

III.

If more you'd under-value me,
Your self then over-value so,
As not to let your Pride to be,
My Hinderance from serving you;

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Shou'd I obey you, leave you now,
 I shou'd but lessen more your Train;
 Since but in vain I follow you,
 You, by my Love, but Honour gain;

V.

Indulge your Pride, if not my Love,
 Since to me you no Pity shew;
 My Love in vain your Praise does prove,
 Thus honour'd by my Love you grow.

*Upon the Favour of a Cook-Maid, who staid a
 Hungry Lover's Stomach, in Her Larder.*

LARDELLA was, or ought to be the Name,
 Of the warm, juicy, wholesome, Kitchen-Dame,
 Who burnt no Flesh, yet did my Heart inflame;
 Made my Blood, like her Pot, boil o'er, till that,
 She, like it, made its Froth to quench its Heat;
 And like her Roast-Meat, with her Dripping so,
 Made my Flesh keep itself from burning too;
 Stirr'd up the Fire in her Hearth, and my Breast,
 And made herself, for Love, a bounteous Feast;
 So did the Hunger of Love's Famish'd lay,
 Whose Stomachs for a Set-Meal cou'd not stay;
 I so, who love a wholesome, ready Bit,
 More than to stay for better, did think fit,
 The Cook-Maid, to quell Hunger, then to spit;
 Who, when i'th' Kitchen she my Hunger spy'd,
 Into her Larder me she led aside;
 First wound, at once, her Jack up, and my Love,
 That it, and I, might in her Service move,
 More briskly, and to her more useful prove;
 By which, she shou'd, 'twas her Care, and Concern,
 No Flesh, she had the handling of, shou'd burn;
 Which made me have more Stomach still to her.
 Wherefore, I follow'd to the Larder, where
 She bid me fall to, what best pleas'd me there;

MISCELLANY POEMS

When I, that I might my worst Hunger stop,
Fell to her Free Flesh, eating her Lips up;
And without more Entreaties (as we say)
To satisfy me, claw'd her Flesh away,
Who wish'd me, all the while, much better Cheer,
Which, tho' 'twas coarse, I thought more wholesome Fare;
And therefore did more greedily fall on,
Than I to Flesh, more dainty, shou'd have done;
For to those, who their Chaps with Dainties treat,
The most Coarse Fare, becomes most delicate;
Because it is, as 'twere, a Novelty,
And I before, no Cook-Maid's Flesh did try;
Yet, since Good Fare, by the Good Stomach's made,
But Good, or Ill, as that is Good, or Bad,
And Nothing's best, but what we ne'er yet had;
Then that Flesh, for Good Stomachs, is the best,
Which is not Rarest, but is Readiest;
So to her Best, I greedily did fall,
First thought, I cou'd have eaten her up all;
Yet I, but for my Fasting, found on Proof,
I sooner of my Cook-Maid had enough;
I did my Self, and Treater, entertain,
Who did her best, to please me; then again,
Making Excuses for her Homely Fare,
Which, I told her, (with Thanks) she might forbear;
Saying, She best wou'd satisfy me still,
When I her Belly, she, not mine, did fill;
Since, to Good Stomachs, which mind least their Fare,
The best, the cheapest, and the readiest are;
And to the Hungry, least Nice in their Taste,
The Welcome, not the Dainty, makes the Feast;
So not behind, in Love, with her to be,
Her Belly I fill'd, as she mine for me;
The Difference betwixt us, only was,
She me to Satisfie, to Treat, or Please,
(Or that, at once, both's Hunger she might Ease;)
But out of others Bellies spar'd, what she,
To satisfy my Hunger, spar'd to me;
Whilst I, to fill her Belly, ('tis well known)
Did even spare it hers, out of my own;
Yet pardon me, (Dear Cook-Maid!) that I tell,
You Treated me, since it you did so well;
Thy Kindness, 'twere ungrateful to deny,

MISCELLANY POEMS

And I cannot ev'n with a Cook-Maid Lie,
But (if I like her) Roast-meat must I cry;
Since *Cupid*, in Form of a Scullion-Boy,
Himself, to ease my Hunger, did employ,
My Heart but to support, not to destroy;
Not with his Common Dart, has wounded it,
But has transfix'd it, with the Cook-Maid's Spit,
Made it a Sacrifice i'th' Kitchen Fire,
To satisfy my Hunger of Desire.

*A SONG: Upon a Vain, Foolish Coxcomb, who was
Banish'd the Court, for owning a Witty Libel,
Written by Another.*

I.

THE Witty Lines you call your own,
Are more, for their Wit, your Disgrace;
By which, your Folly more is shown,
Who wou'd, for others Wit, get Praise;
The Libel made by Wits, on Vain Fools, so
You make your own, by Vanity, you show;

II.

Thus Handsome Brats, whom Foul Sires own,
The more for theirs, they'd have 'em pass,
Make Sense, and Beauties, of the Son,
More the vain Owning Fool's Disgrace;
Who, more the Brat's True Wit, True Shapes appear,
Show, they but less their True Begotten were;

III.

Yet the Sharp Lines you boast of so,
Which so, both Knaves and Fools expose,
Had ne'er been made sure, but for you,
As all the Court and City knows;
Their Author thus, in some Sense, are you then,
As most (indeed) you have their Subject been;

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

By th' Libel's Wit, and Truth, 'tis shown,
'Twas made on you, not by you; so,
Yet more your Shame, the Libel's grown,
But as the more 'tis own'd by you;
Since Fools are not expos'd for Want of Wit,
So much, as for their Vain Pretence to it.

*To a Young Courtier, who was as great a Gamester
as a Talker, and Adviser of others, and too Open
in declaring His Mind.*

IF that, at Court, you'd show more Sense, or Wit,
There show it less, more to demonstrate it;
To prove your self there, more for Counsel fit,
Your Counsel keep; let none your Weakness know,
The more your Strength of Parts, you mean to show;
And, if at Court, (which is a Lottery)
Young Pusher! you your Fortune mean to try,
Depend not on your Parts, your Wit, or Sense,
To give you, to more Fortune, more Pretence;
If there you'd Play a Profitable Game,
Let not your Friend, or Foe, discern your Aim;
Since Gamesters, for each other, are too hard,
By Playing still the least Suspected Card;
At Court, concealing what you drive at, you,
But with less Skill, more Fortunate will grow;
Both your Design, and Art from all conceal,
That better with 'em you may know to deal;
Seem a Plain-Dealer, more a Cheat be,
By Fraud, be from Suspicion of it free;
Where Open Truth is thought Simplicity,
Secure your Credit by your Fallacy;
Since to be cheated, our Dishonour grows,
Then others cheat, your Honour not to lose;
For of necessity, we find and see,
A Man must be the Cheat, or cheated be;
To show more Cunning, it then more conceal,
Since useless 'tis, when it once you reveal;

MISCELLANY POEMS

To prove thy Sense more, show but less thy Wit,
More silent be, to make more Proof of it;
Since silent Nonsense will for Prudence go,
And 'tis true Wisdom, Folly not to show,
Which, talking too much, even Wise Men do;
Let then thy prudent Taciturnity,
Make Dulness pass for Thought or Mystery;
For Silence the Fool's Sanctuary is,
By which he's safe from Scorn or Injuries,
From others Censure, or Self-Prejudice;
Since Men, by more Wit, oft less Judgment show,
By which their Minds they let their false Friends know,
Then Silence is both Wit and Wisdom too.

Damon's *Request to Phillis* ; to give Him more Love,
or more *Despair*. (A SONG.)

I.

PHILLIS ! pray give me now your Heart,
Or mine to me now back again resign;
If you with yours will never part,
It is but just, I shou'd again have mine;

II.

Be more kind, or be more severe,
Your Coldness and Indifference I hate,
My living still 'twixt Hope and Fear;
An Open Foe's less hurtful than a Cheat;

III.

And Doubt is the worst sort of State,
Impatient, faithful Lovers can endure;
When once we know but our Love's Fate,
Our very Pain does Ease for us procure;

IV.

In our Despair we Comfort find,
Which puts us out of Hope, Desire, or Fear;
Or does dispose both Heart and Mind,
What we can't 'scape, by bearing best to bear;

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

Owning your Scorn, were Courtesie,
Kindness, no true Love for me to pretend;
Since 'tis the lesser Injury,
To wrong a Foe, than 'tis to cheat a Friend;

VI.

So Quiet, Ease I cou'd regain,
No matter by what Course or Means it were;
When your Reprieve gives Hopes in vain,
Giving Despair, less cruel you'd appear;

VII.

Then bid me live, or let me die,
And say, that me you more will love, or hate;
Since sudden Death's less Cruelty,
Than dubious Grace, for which in Pain we wait.

A SATYR. *Against* Ambition, Avarice, Ostentation, *and* Vanity.

LIKE seal'd Doves, Proud Men from their Blindness too,
Higher and higher still aspire to go,
Till like them, they by their high-flying find,
They grow but the more giddy, weak, and blind;
So, to get out of others Sight's more soon,
But as the sooner made out of their own,
And in aspiring, they grow higher-flown;
By their Rise, swifter to their Downfal go,
To fall, as their Aims are more high, more low;
From their Desires enlarg'd still, by their Store,
Become less satisfy'd, for having more;
And from their Blindness, have their Restlessness,
In Quest of Ease, their Labours, Pains increase,
Till them, their vain Hopes of true Joys bereave,
For Casual Things out of their reach, they crave,
And Goods in Prospect, lose all those they have;
Their Thoughts on Things which ne'r may come employ,
Till those more in their Pow'r, they less enjoy,
Their Joys so their Enjoyment but destroy;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Till in their full Possession and Excess,
 As they grow more, their Satisfaction's less;
 Till their Fruition, like the Lover's too,
 Makes their Desire their Disappointment grow,
 Their Pleasure, their Dissatisfaction so;
 Their Wealth of less Use to them, for their Store,
 Who but like *Æsop's* Dog, for craving more,
 Lose both the Taste and Use of what they had before;
 The Shadow for the Substance fondly chuse,
 For the fantastic Good, the real lose;
 To make their own Ambition and Self-Love,
 Like Bawds, of Aids to their Desires, to prove
 Impediments and Checks to both; but he,
 Who still wou'd with Success ambitious be,
 Himself above Mankind wou'd sooner see;
 Must with his wild, mad Passions not comply,
 But them (which is most hard to do) deny,
 His Pow'r, Sense, Honour, best to justify;
 Since, as the Difficulties of the Deed
 Are more, more Honour is it to succeed;
 That Man may prove his Sense, Pow'r, Glory, more,
 But as he has the Best, and Noblest Pow'r;
 Pow'r o'er himself, which for him must obtain,
 More Honour, as it is more hard to gain,
 Which is more hard, as he's more Rich, Great, Vain;
 Since, but as a Man's Wealth, Pride, Pow'r, are more,
 His Passions grow more, so less in his Pow'r;
 But that Man, all his Aims at once, has gain'd,
 Who gets himself under his own Command,
 Who can resist Desire, may Fear withstand;
 Most Shameful and Tyrannic Bondage, which
 Does most Enslave the most Proud, Pow'rful, Rich,
 To make but their own Pow'r, and Wealth, the more
 Their Danger, Pain, than others Wealth, or Pow'r;
 Since, as their Wealth, or Pow'r grow greater, so
 Will, both their Av'rice, Pride, Injustice grow,
 So more their Enemies, and Rivals too;
 Whilst that their Wealth's Increase, augments their Cares,
 As likewise does, their Pow'rs Increase their Fears;
 Since those we Fear or Envy, we must Hate,
 Who are more Proud, Fierce, as more Fortunate,
 Then Pow'r, or Wealth, make not the Happy State;
 Which, but our Pride, Fear, Avarice, augment,

MISCELLANY - POEMS

To give us, as more Fame, Wealth, less Content,
 To make Wealth, Honour, our Disparagement;
 By Vain Desires, which with them must increase,
 To make our Satisfaction but the less;
 Since, all our Wealth, or Pow'r, are less, or more,
 But as they less, or more, are in our Pow'r;
 Not, as that we possess 'em, more, or less,
 But as that us, they more or less possess;
 Since nothing, to be ours sure, can we say,
 But what we can give our own selves, or may,
 From our selves, when we please too, take away;
 For we grow those things Things, and they not ours,
 Which have our Inclinations in their Pow'rs;
 We Slaves, not Masters, of all those Things are,
 Which keep us, to keep them, in Pain, or Fear;
 So Prince's Guards have them in Custody,
 On whom depends all their Security;
 Thus become Pris'ners to their Vassals, who,
 That they dare not to stay without 'em, know,
 At Home, or Out, without 'em, dare not go;
 Then, there's no Man can many Vassals have,
 But he must be, to more, a Truckling Slave;
 Mens Honours, their Ambitious Aims Increase,
 Their Pow'r Abroad, gains them at Home less Peace,
 For having more Wealth, are but less at Ease;
 Have Bodies, Minds, but less at Rest, as more
 At Ease, in Wealth, and Great in Envy'd Pow'r;
 Whose Great Wealth, most prevents their Use of it,
 Which they but less, as they have more, can quit;
 They then are under the most Shameful Want,
 Who their own, to their own Use, cannot grant;
 And theirs is the most beggarly, mean Pride,
 Which, with more Pow'r, Fame, is less satisfy'd;
 Man's Wealth, Pow'r, Honours, grow more his Disgrace,
 As more by them, his Av'rice, Pride, increase;
 Till, to his Shame, his sought-for Honours turn,
 Augmenting more his Pride, and others Scorn;
 And his Incumb'ring, Useless Plenty too,
 Of Life's Support, does its Destruction grow,
 As a great Weight of Fruit, does break the Bough;
 Which else, had higher risen, lasted more,
 Had it not been oppress'd with its own Store;
 So, betwixt Great and Small, the Rich or Poor,

MISCELLANY POEMS

There's small Odds, since there's not a Pin to chuse,
 'Twixt having no Wealth, or none for our Use;
 The Cafe 'twixt Prodigious and Miser so,
 For much the same, with Reason, ought to go;
 Whom, both alike, we Miserable call,
 This for his Spending, that, for Saving all;
 Only the Miser's wilful Beggary,
 (Since but his Fault) is more his Infamy;
 Whilst the Just Poor Man's Well-born Poverty,
 (For which, not he, but his Ill Fate's to Blame)
 Is sure, his Honour, rather than his Shame,
 Bearing which well, he gets, not loses Fame;
 Since no Man's Fate, whether 'tis Good or Bad,
 To be his Praise, or Shame, can e'er be said,
 As, by his Fate, but by his Fault, 'tis made;
 Which, to his Shame, or Credit, sure must turn,
 Not as him, more or less, Men for it scorn,
 But as by him, 'tis worse, or better born;
 'Tis not he who has most, but wants the least,
 Who shou'd be judg'd the Happy'st Man, or Best;
 The Poor want less, who with less are supply'd,
 The Rich want most, with most least satisfy'd,
 Whose Satisfaction they themselves prevent,
 Since their Increase does their Desires augment,
 By yielding them, as more, but less Content;
 So the Poor Miser's thriftless Avarice,
 His own Desires, by their own selves, denies;
 Augments his Want, but by his Wealth's Increase,
 Which, but as more, makes him less at his Ease;
 And him does less suffice, by growing more,
 Thus he's more Sham'd and Beggar'd by his Store,
 Since Man, from what he craves, not wants, is Poor;
 Whilst him, most Rich and Happy shou'd we call,
 Who, for his Wants, within himself has all;
 Since his is sure the best Establishment,
 Who, from himself, not Chance, has his Content,
 Which no Fate (if he pleases) can prevent;
 Whilst Wealth, which does but our Desires increase,
 Makes Man, for having more, less at his Ease,
 His Wants, Cares, Fears more, less his Happiness;
 Ambition is base Covetousness, so
 Of Honours, by which Great Men lesser grow,
 Whose Height makes them, in Mens Esteem, more low;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Whose Vanity grows greater, with their Fame,
 Till their Affected Honour turns their Shame,
 Their Ostentation but their Virtue's Blame;
 And their Necessity of Praise they show,
 Makes their Ambition their Dishonour grow;
 Makes their Pursuit of Fame, so their Disgrace,
 Whilst them their Pride does, by their Rise, debase;
 Whose Greatness grows uneasy Monstrousness,
 For which, in Wise Men's Thoughts, they seem but less;
 For it, are made the Public Sport, or Show,
 To have, for Followers, the Rabble too;
 Who, for their often seeing them, but turn
 Their Admiration at 'em, into Scorn;
 To make their Greatness, for which they'd be priz'd;
 But more, to make them yet the more despis'd;
 Since each most oft in Sense and Spirit is,
 But less, as he the greater is in Size;
 Like all great Beasts, but for their Greatness then,
 Less useful are; the Monsters too of Men,
 Uneasy to themselves, and others grow,
 Of Common Aids, so Public Burthens too;
 With Minds more low, as they more high appear,
 But true great High Minds, like each Fix'd great Star,
 Seem less, as they the greater, higher are;
 Whilst flashy vain Men are like Meteors, which
 Are nearest falling, at their highest Pitch;
 Less, for their Splendor dure, are much more low,
 More Great they seem, and more they make a Show.

A SONG. To Chloris the Mercenary; who said,
 There was nothing more Dishonourable to a
 Woman, than to be said to be Cheap.

I.

O TELL me *Chloris* ! prithee tell,
 (Since sure you can) the Reason why?
 The best-stor'd Beauties Love shou'd sell
 Most dear, and Poor Men dearest buy?
 That Women shou'd Injustice do,
 Before they love, and after too?

MISCELLANY POEMS

II.

You Fair in Looks, not Actions are,
From Men exacting Pay and Pains;
Since Woman has a double Share
Of Pleasure, she shou'd have less Gains:
Not from her Labourer require,
The more he does for her, more Hire;

III.

If you pretend your self undone,
By Credit, your Friends from you take;
Therefore you, Reparation soon,
Require, your Rifler's Gold shou'd make;
Silly, proud, craving Mistrefs! know,
Bribes, or Hire, more wou'd lessen you;

IV.

Thee, thy Love, I prize so, that I,
With Bribes can't undervalue thee;
For he who wou'd thy Favour buy,
A Mercenary makes thee be,
Your Love, and you, I value so,
I'll nothing give for it, or you;

V.

Of the more Value that you are,
To me you shou'd the cheaper grow;
The more dear, you grow less my Dear,
The more cheap, more I'd honour you;
Thee more, the less I give, I prize,
From Cheapness, thou't in Value rise.

*To an Old Miser, who call'd His Gold His Mistrefs ;
therefore said, He cou'd not part with It, to any
body.*

GOLD is, as you say, and as most Men find,
The bright deluding Mistrefs of Mankind;
Which, but like other Mistresses,
Design'd but for Man's Pleasure, Quiet, Ease,
Is but the worst Disturber of his Peace;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Like an Inconstant Jilt, a Foe to Sleep,
 Hard to part with, and harder yet to keep,
 Bright Mistrefs! whom all Old Men doat on most,
 Ev'n when they most the Use of it have lost;
 Hard, like all Shining Beauties, to be gain'd,
 More by Men's Industry, than Wit obtain'd;
 Like most Bright Beauties, kept with Privacy,
 To rob its Keeper of Tranquillity;
 Kept, to secure, for Life, his Peace and Joy,
 Which them does most by his own Care destroy;
 For Cares design'd the Sov'reign Remedy,
 Yet them does for its Keeper multiply,
 Whose Love for it, begets its Jealousie;
 Like all Bright Jilts, does most dishonour them,
 Who for it show most Passion and Esteem;
 And like most Shining Beauties, does think fit,
 To run to Rich Fools, from Poor Men of Wit;
 Tho' like them, it Man's Pleasure can but grow,
 But when, for others, he parts with it too;
 For whilst that it its Jealous Friend does keep,
 It takes away his Quiet, Fame, and Sleep;
 Since Gold kept up, but like each kept-up Dame,
 If not, his Friend's Enjoyment is his Blame,
 If not his Ease, or Credit, Pain or Shame.

}

*To a Great Country-Drinker, valuing Himself upon
 His Hospitality, calling Himself Good Company ;
 and having a Handsome Wife, (whom yet He
 neglected for the Bottle ;) and drank for me all the
 Glasses I refus'd.*

IN vain you think, to get a Good Name, by
 Inhospitable Hospitality;
 Which makes us your Good-Fellowship avoid,
 Since it is rather suffer'd, than enjoy'd;
 For your Friends by your Kindness are destroy'd;
 So, but Affronts your Invitations grow,
 Made, to make Friends sick of your Wine, and you;
 Who, for your Kindness, dread your Company,
 Since kind to them, but to their Injury,
 Making them drink, till they grow more a-dry;

}

}

MISCELLANY POEMS

To make them merry, till they grow more sad,
 And are worfe treated, as more welcome made;
 Till your Love lefs is by more Kindnefs shown,
 Drinking your Friends Health, till you leave them none;
 Making them fo Good Company, till they
 Have not a Thought to think, or Word to fay;
 You make them swallow Meat, Drink, Nonfenfe too,
 Till they more empty, more you fill 'em, grow;
 You fill their Guts, only to make 'em Burft,
 And Drink with you, till you quench Life, not Thirft;
 So Treat not your Friends, but your Enemies,
 But their Difeafes, and Infirmities,
 Till each, by Life's Supports, the fooner dies;
 Then, if you'd Treat your Friends moft gen'roufly,
 Prefs nothing on 'em, but their Liberty;
 And if you wou'd feem Bountiful, and Free,
 Of Freedom, then, that Dainty let it be,
 The greateft Kindnefs you cou'd fhow to me;
 Your Wine, and Wit, fophifticated ftill,
 Make me not swallow then, againft my Will;
 Which wou'd alike, make your Friends fick of you,
 And Spue, with too much Talk, prefs'd on 'em too;
 Therefore, let others Talk, thy Wit to fhow;
 Our Tender Ears, and Nice Tastes, do not pall,
 With fo much History, Dull Froth, or Ale,
 And let thy Jelt, no more than Wit, be ftale;
 No more than thy Beef, to want Salt, to be,
 The better Entertainment fure, for me;
 If me you wou'd ftill, with moft Kindnefs Treat,
 Force not on me, your Wit, your Wine, or Meat;
 Since we with forc'd Wit, as forc'd Wine, are made,
 By that which thou'd make more our Mirth, more fad;
 Do not, by your too Lufcious Compliment,
 Eating, with Invitations, more prevent;
 Since Ceremony will, in Eating, prove
 Our Pleafures Interruption, as in Love;
 But, if you fay, That any Friend fhall be,
 To any Flefh, in your Houfe, always free,
 And is more welcome (as we have been told
 Oft by you) as he with it makes more Bold;
 Your Fine Wife's Flefh then, my beft Choice thou'd be,
 Who, for my Belly-ful, thou giv'ft to me,
 Wou'd give to her, her Belly-ful for thee;

MISCELLANY POEMS

She, better emptying my Belly, wou'd
Treat me, than by your Filling it, you cou'd;
So, for thy Drinking thy self Drunk, for me,
I Reason to thy Wife, shou'd do for thee;
For since you, by your Drinking for me so,
Lefs Reason to your Wife, as made to do;
'Tis just, I Reason do to her for you.

}

The Interpretation of the FABLE of Pegafus, showing what sort of Horfe he was.

POETS, to give of their Invention proof,
Time out of Mind, have Talk'd, and Written of
Their Flying *Jennet Pegafus*, (we find)
Begotten in their Empty Heads, by Wind;
But fure, their Airy, Light, High-flying Horfe,
In Good Truth, is no better yet, or worfe,
Than the Good Dray-Horfe, who drags up and down,
Wine, by which Men grow more Wits, more High-flown;
Best Drawer of the Tavern, is he, who
Drawing Wine thither, draws Wits thither too;
Brings Good Wine thither, whence their Good Wit springs,
Since, but by his Help there, the Poet fings;
Then he but is the High-flown Poet's Steed,
His Fancy's Aid, when High-flights it may need;
Whilst *Pegafus*, the Poets write of so,
Does but himself, a Horfe of Fancy show,
But on Poetic Feet, alone to go;
Then 'tis the Dray-Horfe caufes Sprightly Wit,
(Tho' without Wings) Aid and Support of it;
By dragging to the Tavern, the Good Wine,
Which, to most High-Flights, Poets does incline,
Exalts their Thoughts, which elfe wou'd meanly ftoop,
To Cares, and Fears, to make their Fancies droop;
Raifes Good Conversation to the top,
To Noife, and Nonfense, often puts a ftop;
From the Bafe World, above the Moon, does bear
The Poor Wit's Thoughts, from Trouble, Care, or Fear;
And to them, oft does Inspiration prove,
But more, to show their Courage, Wit, or Love;

}

MISCELLANY POEMS

To make Men Heroes, Good Companions, Wits,
At least, in their own Fanciful Conceits;
Wine makes the Modest Man his Silence break,
Dull Sots to hold their Tongues, the Wife to speak;
The Noise of Empty, Sounding Things, to lay,
So make some Wits, taking their Speech away,
Since 'tis some Wit, no Foolish Thing, to say;
So that the Dray-Horse then, (we must allow)
Our only Aid to Wit is, that we know;
Since, by the Wine's Help, he to Taverns brings,
Each Dumb Fool's, Sober Sot's Good Humour, springs,
Cits Play at *Crambo*, the Hoarse Poet Sings;
But for whose Help, each Sober Wit had found,
His Fancy still, but as his Feet, aground.

A SONG: To a Lewd Woman of Affected Modesty, who had yet the Art of Blushing.

I.

YOUR Modesty grows Impudence,
By which, you for a Maid wou'd pass;
So that to Virtue, your Pretence
Makes your feign'd Honour your Disgrace;
Your Truth, none wou'd in Question call,
Wou'd you pretend to none at all;

II.

You Blush, but out of Impudence,
Not to show Grace, but hide your Shame;
Which proves your Guilt, not Innocence,
And does your Modesty defame;
You Jilt us, by feign'd Virtue, more,
Were less a Cheat, if more a Whore;

III.

You Blush then, to your Infamy,
Stand falsely on your Truth's Defence,
Give your Sincerity the Lie,
The more you feign your Innocence;
Since, most Diffimulation's shown,
By its pretending to be none;

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Be not so bold, in Blushing so,
 Us of thy Shame more to convince;
 For Bashfulness to make that go,
 Which is the Height of Impudence;
 For, like the Hypocrite, the Jilt,
 Hiding her Faults, shows more her Guilt.

The Disappointment, by Meeting too soon ; to Celia.

THY Beauty, which invited first my Love,
 And me to taste the Joys of yours did move,
 Did first both's Fatal Disappointment prove;
 Thy sudden, unexpected Meeting me,
 Made me to fail (in what thou met'st for) thee,
 More backward, for thy Forwardness, to be;
 Thy Beauty, which first rais'd my Passion so,
 Its own Delay did make my Passion grow;
 At once its Cause, and its Impediment,
 And made my Love its own Desire prevent;
 The Cause then of my Love, is now its Blame,
 My Love, since not my Sin, is more my Shame;
 So that my most unpard'nable Offence,
 Was my most guilty, treac'hrous Innocence;
 My Fault is more, but as my Sin is less,
 As your Consent begat my Backwardness,
 My Joy was frustrated by its Success;
 So, your surprizing unexpected Love
 More Cruelty did, by more Kindness, prove;
 Your Favour turn'd your Kindness into Spight,
 Yielding too soon, prevented my Delight;
 By that Haste you to gratifie me made,
 My Joy you by your forward Love delay'd;
 Ungrateful made me, by your Kindness so,
 Out of more Love, less Gratitude to show,
 Out of more Service, to do less for you;
 Yet know it is but just, Kind-Cruel-Dame!
 You now shou'd without Pleasure suffer Shame;
 Since Pain, for Pleasure, I'd have giv'n you, you,
 First made me (for my Kindness) undergo,

MISCELLANY POEMS

And made you too fure Friendship balk my Love,
 My Joy's Poffeffion, their Prevention prove;
 Your fudden Grant did my Defire delay,
 My Pleasure, giving, it, you took away,
 Your hafty Love did put mine to a Stay;
 Too much Blifs cauf'd our Infelicity,
 As too much Store, the Mifer's Mifery;
 Since, as my Love and Paffion was the more,
 It, to do yours more Reafon, had lefs Pow'r;
 As oft the Fulnefs of the Purfe, (no doubt)
 Prevents the Coin in it from fhaking out;
 Our Paffion then, as in Revenge, in Love,
 (As us 'twould more to Satisfaction move)
 Does more our Impotence in Action prove;
 As too much Hafte is our Design's Delay,
 Too much Rage does its Execution ftay,
 Tongue-ties a Man, when he has moft to fay;
 Enfeebles moft his Limbs, as he wou'd more,
 Exert his Paffion, fhew his Strength or Pow'r;
 Then as our Dumbnefs oft proves more our Love,
 Impotence does our Strength of Paffion prove;
 So call not Want of Love, my Love's Excefs,
 I'd fhown you more, had I had for you lefs.

*To the KING my Mafter ; after His Mercy, to a
 Fault, fhown to fome Conſpirators againſt His
 Power and Life.*

IF you were not, by Heav'ns peculiar Choice,
 A King, you'd be fo by your People's Voice;
 Whoſe Subjects Volunteers, not Vaſſals are,
 Their Duty, but th' Effect of Love, not Fear;
 Your Pow'r does them lefs than your Juſtice aw,
 Who ſo juſt are, your Will's the ſafeſt Law;
 Your Mercy does your Empire beſt maintain,
 O'er yours, a Pow'r more abſolute you gain,
 Becauſe you can't be their Dread Sovereign;
 All things are in your Pow'r, but Tyranny;
 You Juſtice only to yourſelf deny,
 Preferving Traitors Lives, againſt the Law,
 Who their Swords 'gainſt you, to their Danger draw;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Since against your Protection, their Revolt,
 Wou'd their own Safety but in yours assault;
 Luckily unsuccessful, so, were they,
 Missing their Aim, to take your Life away;
 Upon whose Life their Safety does depend,
 Since 'tis your Faith does theirs and them defend,
 Whose Mercy does ev'n to your Foes extend;
 Till merciful you to a Fault appear;
 For Kings, who Fathers of their Countries are,
 Less Mercy show, when Rebel-Sons they spare;
 Since you, by Merciful Correction, wou'd,
 Prevent by shedding Blood, their spilling Blood;
 Who but the Sword of Justice only draw,
 And that too, less to punish, than to aw,
 Rebels, who madly on it dare to run;
 Since less to your Destruction, than their own;
 So, to be Self-Destroyers may be said,
 Who sever wou'd their Body from their Head,
 Innocent Blood to save the Guilty, shed;
 Then, that Prince who to such wou'd Mercy show,
 Wou'd by most Mercy, most Injustice do;
 By pitiless Good-Nature, but prevent
 Free Justice, in remitting Punishment;
 By Pardons wrong all th' Innocent and Good,
 In sparing cruelly the Guilty's Blood;
 Then Kings by their Excess of Mercy, so,
 O'th' Laws Defenders, their Offenders grow
 Against all Good Men, Heav'n, their own selves too;
 Letting Bad Men unpunish'd still live on,
 The same Injustice by a King is done,
 In pard'ning all Men, as forgiving none;
 Clemency stands the Worst Men in most stead,
 Since Just and Good Men, will no Pardons need;
 Yet, must I still own, that the Greatest King,
 May less by Rigour, than by Pardoning,
 Right himself, and his Injur'd Subjects, who
 Does God's Vice-gerent, by his Mercy, grow,
 As, by the want of it, the Devil's too;
 Who, by his Mercy, lessens not his Pow'r,
 But shows it more, as o'er his Passions more;
 Who proves his Pow'r is more, as less his Fear,
 Who has Pow'r, Foes in his Pow'r, to forbear;
 So, by his God-like Mercy, does appear

MISCELLANY POEMS

More a King, as more his own Conqueror,
 When overcome, by Wretches, in his Pow'r,
 Whilst his Revenge, upon his Foes, does more
 His Conscious Weakness, and Fear of 'em, prove,
 As him, they more, to their Destruction move;
 He yields, to his Offenders, Gloriously,
 Who gains most, o'er himself, a Victory,
 By Sparing, nay Pard'ning his Enemy;
 Whilst they, who their Offenders dare not spare,
 But punish, less for Justice, than for Fear,
 But Executioners of Judges are;
 Kings Right themselves, when Wrongs they can Forgive,
 Their Honour save, by th' Criminal's Reprieve;
 But you so guiltily seem Just, that you
 Your self, against Law, but by Mercy, show,
 Can, but against your self, Injustice do;
 Who no Wrong, to the Public, e'er have done,
 But by your saving Lives, which Risks your own;
 Are Guilty of your own Læs-Majesty,
 By Justice you, but to your self deny,
 Making Slaves Traitors, by your Clemency;
 Merciless Pardons, make Kings share the Guilt,
 Of their Good Subjects Blood, by Bad Ones spilt;
 And yet, if Mercy proves a Crime, it is
 Such an one, as of Kings, makes Deities;
 If a King's Pow'r be more, or better known,
 As more by Mercy 'tis, than Vengeance shown;
 Since nothing, to the Great, and Proud Men, who
 Love Difficulties, is so hard to do,
 As to forgive Wrongs done 'em, by their Foe;
 Then, a Great King shows most, his Pow'r is more,
 The less he shows, over his Slaves, his Pow'r;
 Since, to subdue his Passion's Tyrannies,
 Which lessen him more than all Enemies,
 Is sure the hardest of all Victories;
 Of Consequence, the greatest Triumph Man
 Can Gain, is, that he o'er himself can Gain;
 Which gives him, o'er himself, so great a Pow'r,
 That that, which in Great Men, did use before,
 To lessen Justice, in him, shows it more;
 Who shows his Pow'r is more, as less his Fear,
 Who, Foes in his Pow'r, has Pow'r to forbear;
 Who, his Revenge, but for his Honour's Sake,

MISCELLANY POEMS

On his Foes, in his Pow'r, dares not to take;
 Who, as he has more Mischief in his Pow'r,
 Does use it less, so to his Honour more;
 Revenge against Law, any Man may have,
 None but a Prince, can 'gainst it, any save;
 A Prince, without Rage, is more Glorious far,
 As the High Heav'ns, most without Tempests are;
 In Mercy, Kings more Pow'r and Honour have,
 Than when Mankind they Punish, or Enslave,
 As 'tis less Glorious to Destroy, than Save;
 Then all Men's Saviours, all Men must esteem
 Greater, than them who are preserv'd by them;
 So that, a Prince his Pow'r and Honour's more,
 As more his Passions are, in his own Pow'r;
 Who shows, and proves himself, the Greater King,
 In Pard'ning Criminals, than Punishing;
 Since Princes, Devils, when they Punish, are
 Gods, when Offenders they Forgive, or Spare.

To a LADY, who wore Drawers in an Ill Hour.

FROM Letts to Love, I thought I had been free,
 Which cou'd retard my Coming nearer thee;
 Had quite pass'd all Obstruction, or Delay,
 E'er laid in an Impatient Lover's Way,
 That e'er were thought on by Shy Modesty,
 Or practic'd by Discerning Jealousie,
 I thought I had prevented, or pass'd by;
 I pass'd thro' Bolts, Locks, Centeries, and Spies,
 Yet found a Linen Guard upon thy Thighs,
 To keep from me thy Virgin Treasure, more
 Than Rival's Love, or Mother's Care, or Pow'r;
 A Pair of Draw'rs, more than a Pair of Spies,
 Secur'd your Honour from my Love's Surprise;
 Their String, in vain to loosen, did I try,
 The Girdle 'twas of thy Virginity;
 Whose Strait Knot, was Love's *Gordian Knot* to me,
 To hinder me from over-coming thee;
 Curs'd Knot, like that which *Lapland* Witches tie,
 To slacken Nerves, cramp Active Lechery;
 To Men, their Use of Women to deny;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Curs'd Witches Knot! made of an Elf-lock fure,
 My Bold Love's Disappointment to procure;
 To render all my Strength and Passion vain,
 For nothing, to give thee and me more Pain;
 For nought, to make you Cry Out, as you did
 Cry Out, for not losing your Maiden-head;
 Not Wedlock's Noose, bilk'd Lover's Hempen String,
 Which Deaths, untimely to them, often bring,
 E'er interrupted more the Joys of Life,
 Or, betwixt Friends, begat such needless Strife,
 Or, caus'd to Lovers, more Shame, Pain, or Grief;
 No *Turkish* Bow-String to Love's Soldier, did
 His Hopes of gaining Honour, more forbid;
 Or, the Brave Man's Good Fortune more prevent,
 In being his Bold Aim's Impediment;
 The Knot made me, but a Vain Fumbler prove,
 My Hafty Passion, to retard my Love;
 The Knot, so like the Jealous Marriage Noose,
 Made me less Free with thee, and thee less Loose;
 The Knot, Love's Ties betwixt us, did prevent,
 Turn'd to my Curse that Blessing, thy Consent;
 So made thy Kindness, and thy Willingness,
 More my Love's Torment, as meant more its Ease;
 For tho' at last, you Cry'd Out, as you did,
 'Twas more to keep your Fame, than Maiden-head;
 And you did but oppose my Passion more,
 That it might more, to quell yours, raise my Pow'r;
 Yet 'tis not strange, that you (my Dear!) should be,
 (Tho' I was uppermost) too hard for me;
 Since that, at that time, you, fierce Dear, did wear
 The Drawers, which the Breeches were, as 'twere,
 So but, as thou thy self do'st by thy Dress,
 Thy self, but an Hermaphrodite confess;
 Like one, thy Strength was but thy Pleasure's spight,
 Had'st (as the more of Man) the less Delight;
 Yet you, your self more strong for me had shown,
 Had you not struggled, but let me alone,
 When I'd have pull'd (as 'twere) your Breeches down;
 Since over me (dear She-Sir) had your Pow'r,
 (Had you had less of Man) been much the more.

MISCELLANY POEMS

A SONG: To a Young Woman, who said, She cou'd not be weary of Dancing ; and that She Danc'd to no other End, but to mend Her Motions at other times.

I.

POOOR *Phillis*, who does Pain endure,
From the *Tarantula* of Love,
Hopes, that her Dancing may her Cure
Of her Hot, Am'rous Frenzy prove;
That Motion, and her Sweating, may
Love's Fever without Man allay;

II.

But giddy Girl! I prithee know,
Motion turns more thy weak Head round;
The more thou woud'ft bestir thee, thou,
In Love more idle wou't be found;
But since thou canst not weary be,
Of Motion, lie thou down with me;

III.

Then to some Tune I'll shake your Breech,
Since shaking it to Tunes you love;
New Motions to you will I teach,
Which looser too will make you prove;
Since Loofness does with Dancers pass,
But for a Grace, not their Disgrace;

IV.

And since that you, dear *Phillis* ! say,
You dance, but to that only End,
That you, but by your Dancing may,
At other times your Motions mend;
Then, but to please your Partner more,
Your tiresome Motions pray give o'er;

MISCELLANY POEMS

V.

If all your Dancing-Motions are
Your Lovers but the more to please;
Then all your Pains in Dancing spare,
To give, and have more Pleasure, Ease;
A-weary of that Motion grow,
For that, which ne'r will weary you.

*The GOOD CONSCIENCE, the only Certain, Lasting
Good ; since, the only in Our own Power, and out
of Fortune's.*

IN vain Fools think, all true Felicity,
In Wealth, and Honours, Outward Goods does lie,
In Cloying Pleasures, and in Tiresome Ease,
When 'tis but in the Sound Mind's Rest or Peace;
To which, with Wealth or Pow'r we ne'r attain,
But by a Quiet Heart, and Settled Brain;
Which give us, in all Fortunes, our Content,
And best ensure the Good, the Bad prevent,
So prove our sole, safe, sure Establishment;
Without Content, Good Fortune, were in vain,
But by Content, we Happiness obtain,
Since our Content, ev'n in our Loss, is Gain;
For Peace of Mind, is Rest, and Heaven here,
Securing Man from Trouble, Care, or Fear;
Which Pow'r, Pride, Plenty, but most oft increase,
As our Wants, with our Avariciousness,
To make by Plenty, Satisfaction less;
So 'tis our Store of Virtue, not of Wealth,
Which gains and keeps our Mind's Ease, Body's Health;
Our Temperance of Mind, or Appetite,
Which makes our Scorn of Pleasure, our Delight;
Which does in War, secure our Peace of Mind,
In Trouble, makes us Satisfaction find;
Free, though in Gaol; and though in Pain, at Ease,
No Quarrel fear, by keeping our own Peace;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Which Man can't have by Fortune's Goods, (we find)
But by the Best Goods, his Good Heart and Mind;
So Man's Good Conscience is its own Relief,
From Passion, Shame, Misery, Fear, or Grief;
From Nature's Debt to Death, the best Release,
Whilst Wealth without it, makes Man less at Ease;
But he must live well in the Poorest State,
Who still contented is with his own Fate,
In spite of Fortune, be most Fortunate;
Since Peace of Mind, Ease, Rest, Security,
Are all that Pow'r can give, or Wealth can buy;
Whilst Pow'r, Wealth, which shou'd them for us procure,
Make oft our Lives and Joys, more short, less sure;
When them we can secure but by Content,
Which the Good Mind does give, the Bad prevent;
Whilst Wealth, or Pow'r, augment Cares, Fears, or Strife,
By Cares for Living, more to hazard Life;
With Avarice, increasing Misery,
To make our Rich Want more our Infamy,
But as it is more Wilful Poverty;
So 'tis not Good Luck, but the Good Mind, that
Makes the Good Life, and the most Happy State,
Rewards itself so best, in spite of Fate;
Which keeps Man from the Fear of Punishment,
And makes him Bold, since Just and Innocent,
By his Good Conscience to secure Content;
Whose Conscience, Judge, Party, nay Witness is,
Arraigning all, within itself, amiss;
Our Crimes may 'scape, the Judges, and the Law,
But Conscience our own Lives will judge, and aw;
Within itself, will to its own self, do
Justice, itself condemn, and punish too;
Is, to its own Crime so, but most severe,
Since its own Judge, and Executioner;
Its *Forum* too, from whence none can Appeal,
Where Man, of his own Justice, cannot fail;
And the Sole, which Innocence needs not fear,
Yet where most Punish'd, but the Best Men are;
A Court wherein, to Guilt, no Favour's shown,
Which fears no Witness, is in want of none,
Clear'd, or Condemn'd, but by itself alone;
So Conscience, even here, is Heav'n, or Hell,
Joy to the Just, Dread of the Criminal;

MISCELLANY POEMS

A Good, for which, to Fate, we nothing ow,
Which, but our selves, can on our selves bestow,
Nay, whether Fickle Fortune will, or no;
Our only stable, certain Happiness,
Good Fortune cannot add to, Bad make less;
Heav'n, and Eternal Rest, which here Below,
As that Above, but less Great Rich Men know,
The Poor, in spite of Fate, can on themselves bestow;
Thus, the Good Conscience still is understood,
To be, the best of all Things, reckon'd Good;
Since other Goods, in Fate's Pow'r, are alone,
But our Good Conscience, only in our own,
Without which, ev'n all Happiness were none;
Since Happiness is truly such, or no,
Not, as in others Thoughts, but ours, 'tis so;
For he, who is, in his own Conscience, Just,
Needs not fear Fate, or Providence distrust.

*The Apology for Kindness on Compulsion: To a
Forc'd Mistress, who accus'd Her Lover, for Want
of Love, by His Want of Respect for Her, in
forcing Her to Her Pleasure in spite of Her
Honour; which, She said, She lost by Him.*

I.

THAT my Love was most Brutal, and to Blame,
In Forcing you, how (Dearest!) can you say?
Who, but to save you, both from Guilt, and Shame,
Your Honour, you'd have giv'n up, took away;
I Ravish'd thee so, but to save thy Fame;

II.

Nothing's your Crime, which was not your Intent,
Then I, by forcing to my Pleasure thee,
Did give thee Joy, thy Shame and Guilt prevent,
Of yielding too soon to my Love, or me;
Debauching thee, I thee prov'd Innocent;

MISCELLANY POEMS

III.

So, like the Kindest Lover, have I done,
Have made thee, with me, the whole Pleasure share,
Yet, wholly made our Mutual Crime my own,
Have thus, of thy Lost Honour, taken Care,
And fav'd it, tho' thy Maiden-head be gone;

IV.

To save your Honour, I have lost my own,
The Honour to be known, t'have conquer'd you;
Who, tho' I conquer'd, brag not what I've done,
Lose the next Joy to Love's Enjoyment so,
Which is, next having it, to have it known.

*Upon an Ill Physician's putting out the Candle, by
Snuffing it : Given, by a Witty Woman present, for
a Subject to Write upon.*

YOU, like a Doctor, on the Dying now,
Your Skill did, but, as on your Patients, show;
So, when e'er you, to save Life, go about,
You Vital Heat, which keeps it in, put out;
With Fatal Thumb, and Finger, so you steal
Life from the Vein, the Thread of Life you feel;
Your Dying Candle, like your Patients too,
Damn'd Doctor! now, is Treated by you, who,
Reviving it, have it extinguish'd, so,
At your Bold Hand's Approach, the Dying Flame
Trembled, and Paler, Patient-like, became;
So them, whom longest you wou'd keep alive,
From Dying, as it were too, wou'd revive,
Of Life, you soonest, by your Aid, deprive;
Thus, all your Patients (we see) must endure
Less Danger from their own Ills, than your Cure;
By your Skill, you (to save them) on them try,
And make them last more, you more suddenly,
But like your Wasted Candle, make 'em die;
Till that your Aid does their Destruction grow,
To make them, by it, but the sooner so,
To Waste, to Tremble, Stink, and out to go;

MISCELLANY POEMS

*To a Proud, Painted LADY, Handsome in Face, but
Stiff and Formal in Her Motions and Humour;
using Affectedly, and too often to say, I protest.*

IF us you wou'd, to Worship you, provoke,
Seem not a Painted Image, liveless Stock;
Kneeling to Statues, is Idolatry,
Move, and be Mov'd, our Faith to justifie,
Turn from an Idol, a Divinity;
Like Diamonds, Eyes ne'er Sparkle, till they move,
Their Value so, but by their Motion prove;
A Painted Flame, can nothing set on Fire,
Form gives us Liking, Motion our Desire;
Your Stiff Joints but respect your own Long Back,
Which, since so Stiff, you seem afraid to Crack;
But, senseless Maid! with all thy Stiffness, know,
You, like the Bow, kill more, the more you bow;
Leave being Stiff to Men, that they to thee,
(More to thy Credit) may the Stiffer be;
That the more Pliant you grow to their Love,
They less so, from more Love, may to you prove;
Protecting Lovers, (you must know) Stiff Dear!
But like Protecting Christians, always are,
To Statues never make vain Vows, or Pray'r;
If thou, (my Goddess!) wou'dst be mov'd by me,
And sensible of Vows I make thee, be,
On my Knees often, I'll bow down to thee;
For nothing more I to you pray for now,
But to you Reason on my Knees to do,
To Sacrifice, to th' God of Love, and you;
But if to me you'll seem a Stock, or Stone,
Thee for my Goddess, I no more can own;
Since vain Idolatry were sure my Pray'r,
To that cold Image which no Pray'r can hear;
Nor to her Suppliant afford her Grace,
For his Devotion to her, Pray'r, or Praise
Then to deserve, and have my Worship, be,
But less a painted Stock, cold Stone to me,
To make me warmer Flesh and Blood, to thee;

MISCELLANY - POEMS

That I may your devouter Sinner grow,
May love, fear, serve, and only honour you,
Nor any other jealous Goddes know;
Since all that we can call Idolatry,
Is making our own selves, our Deity,
Of a deaf, senseless, living Piece of Imag'ry;
Since 'tis the same Fault in us, to make Pray'r,
To those, who will not, as who cannot hear,
Who give us, for our Faith in them, Despair;
To have, for wrong Faith in 'em, which shou'd gain
Us Joys and Rest, Eternal Flames and Pain;
To make our Superstitious Worship, so,
In Quest of Bliss, but our Damnation grow,
In Flames of Love, like Hell's, perpetual too.

}
}
}
}
}

*A SONG. To the Proud, Faithless, and Perjur'd Jilt;
desiring Her to Promise me less Faith and Con-
stancy, not to Deceive me more.*

I.

SINCE me you swear, you do not love,
Of your Love am I more secure;
My Hopes your Faithlessness does prove,
Your Love to more, makes me more sure;

II.

So, for your Want of Faith alone,
Are all my Hopes, and Faith in you;
Since you, no Truth have to me shown,
I hope, you'll none against me show;

III.

Your Love of Change, makes my Love more
Me on your Faithlessness relieve;
Since you still hated me before,
I hope in your Inconstancy;

MISCELLANY POEMS

IV.

Be more false, but more true to be,
To my Love, (dear Jilt!) if you can;
And show thy Kindness but to me,
For being, like thee, thy False Man;

V.

Since Likeness oft begets our Love,
Me should'st thou then the sooner trust;
But more a Jilt to me to prove,
And cheat me more, be thou more just;

VI.

Then me you wou'd but more deceive,
The less you wou'd deceive me, who,
Shou'd thee sure, but the less believe,
More Truth you'd to me seem to show;

VII.

Since in Love, as Religion too,
Your great Professions prove Faith less;
So less Truth to me wou'd you show,
The more Faith to me you profess;

VIII.

Out of more Kindness, then, to me,
To keep your Faith, no rash Oath take;
Left your Vow your Temptation be,
Your Word and Faith with me to break.

*In Praise of a PRISON, call'd by its Prisoners their
College; and written there.*

THOU! the best College art, to make us know,
Ourselves, and Mankind, which few Free-Schools do;
The prating Free-Schools of Philosophy,
Whose Sense, or Reason does in Fancy lie;
But your Philosophy is Practical,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Whilst that of other Schools, but Notional;
 You teach all Ignorants of Life, their Part,
 Increasing more their Knowledge, by their Smart;
 By Sufferings, and sharp Necessity,
 To teach them Patience, Fool's Philosophy;
 By thee, the Thoughtless may be Pensive made,
 Men, and the World, and thee too, best may read;
 A Man, in thee, may study best, Mankind,
 And the true Knowledge of the World may find;
 The most hard, and most useful Knowledge, which
 The World can least teach, least known, by the Rich;
 Art, as a College, the best sort of School,
 School of Affliction, for the thoughtless Fool;
 Which teaches vain Man his own Self to know,
 Most hard for proud, rich Libertines to do;
 Knowledge, by Libertines but less obtain'd,
 A Science, best by Fools Experience gain'd;
 Which least the Bookish Men, can understand;
 Dost learn Men best the False World to despise,
 By their past Follies, to become more Wise;
 Dost teach the Knowing, not themselves to Trust,
 But their Experience, its Best Proof, and Just;
 So, whilst all others Knowledge is but Guess,
 Yours Demonstration is, (we must confess);
 You then, as all Schools of Philosophy,
 Learn us to bear, without Shame, Infamy,
 To yield, by Starving, to Necessity;
 Since the Vain Libertine, abroad, is here
 For his Past Life, a Willing Sufferer;
 More Humble, Patient, in Word, Thought, less loose,
 By which, he more Sense, and Religion shows;
 The more in Body, and in Purse, decay'd,
 The more in Mind, as in his Body, stay'd,
 And more undone, the Better Man, is made;
 Thus, we have Sense, Peace, Quiet, Safety here,
 He who has nothing, nothing has to fear;
 Within thy Walls, so Hospitable *Fleet*!
 A Man is Safe, from all Arrests i'th' Street,
 Of News-mongers, Whores, Borrowers, Men meet;
 Courtiers, False Friends, to get out of whose Way,
 A Man, safe from 'em, wou'd in Prison stay;
 Who (the more they to Friends, were near, and dear,
 Abroad) in Prison, to them, less come near;

MISCELLANY POEMS

Prisons are best Retirements from Mankind,
 Where we, from our Constraint of Body, find
 More Liberty, both of the Tongue, and Mind;
 Where Man is safe, from Fears, and Dangers too,
 Attending all, who still Abroad may go;
 No Bailiff, Thief, or Pick-Purse, fear we here,
 Who Debtors, nay Creditors, fear elsewhere;
 Fear not the Crowd, or Bustle of the Great,
 Which make the Proud, oft from the World retreat;
 Fear not to be Run Down, in Court, or Street,
 Or, to be Press'd into another Fleet;
 Nor need a Pris'ner fear a Dun, or Whore,
 Of whom, there's nothing to be gotten more;
 Needs fear no Clap, o'th' Belly, or the Back,
 Or, that Proud Courtiers e'er will Visits make
 To Pris'ners, who, so Poor are still, that they
 Can't, ev'n to Friends, their Visits e'er repay;
 Then, my Restraint is Liberty to me,
 Which from False Friends, False Whore's Arms keeps me Free;
 So, no Shame my Imprisonment can prove,
 Which keeps me from the Shameful Chains of Love;
 I (tho' a Pris'ner) think my self more Free,
 Than if Abroad, a Keeper, I might be;
 For Love, more to my Grief, Plague, Infamy,
 Has more than Debt, caus'd my Captivity,
 So Chains Abroad, shou'd wear more shamefully;
 Since out of Prison, Men are more constrain'd,
 By Ceremony bound, by Love enchain'd;
 Whom our Ambition, Lust, or Av'rice hold,
 Pris'ners of State, Love, Fear, in Chains of Gold;
 We so, from Worse Ties, are in Prison free,
 In fear of Love's, nor Wedlock's Chains, can be;
 Since now no Wife, or less Enslaving Whore,
 With Wedlock's Chains, or Love's, load Pris'ners more,
 For having put their Bodies in their Pow'r;
 Nor o'er the Liberties of Men prevail,
 To make themselves o'er to the Churches Gaol,
 Wedlock, to be Love's ruin'd Pris'ner's Bail;
 A Prison is, from Marriage, a Reprieve,
 To keep Men from, Hanging themselves, alive,
 About the Neck of a Kept Whore, or Wife,
 To make a Man suffer more in this Life;
 A Prison so, may for a Convent go,

MISCELLANY POEMS

Keeps Men from use of Wives, and Money too,
 A College, in which Fools may Wiser grow;
 Where Poor Men, well-read in Adversity,
 From Fickle Fate, learn Sense and Constancy; }
 So the most Strict School of Philosophy,
 A Prison is, and for such ought to go, }
 Where Men, Truth, Patience, Self-denial too, }
 May Learn, and Practice, learn themselves to know;
 Improving both their Virtue, Faith, and Sense,
 By Wise Necessity, Chaste Abstinence;
 Where Men, for this Life, have the least Concern,
 To scorn Death, by the Grave o'th' Living learn;
 Where lie still, Carcasses of Skin and Bone,
 From which, Life, Soul, Spirit, are dead, and gone;
 Our selves then, we best in the Prison know,
 Since 'tis a College, and a Convent too;
 A College, where each Fool becomes more Wise,
 A Convent, where Men Death, nay Life, despise;
 Since Death is, from their Prison, their Release,
 And puts them, by its Starving them, at Ease;
 Where, the most Wretched Men, as in the Grave, }
 As well the Libertine, as Reason's Slave, }
 Equality, without Distinction, have;
 So, from the World, the best Retirement 'tis, }
 Whence Men, their Way to Heaven, cannot miss, }
 Since that, the Way to that, a strait One is;
 So, but the Pris'ner is said properly,
 Ev'n in this Life here, to the World, to die;
 Since Pris'ners ever such Recluses were,
 As, we may swear, repent their Past Lives here;
 And for this Life, have least of Care, or Fear,
 Who, whilst Life lasts, Shame, Pain, and Want, must bear, }
 So still, the ready't to resign it are;
 Whose very Wants, their best Relief may be,
 Their Souls may, from their Body's Prison, free;
 By Starving them, their Wants so best supply,
 And make them Live, by Death, Eternally.

MISCELLANY POEMS

A SONG: To a Proud, Mercenary Mistress, who said, A Poor Man's Love, like His Wit, was Nonsense.

I.

SINCE, by the Fair Sex, Men are priz'd,
Not for their Wit's, but Money's Store,
And Wits, for Want of Coin, despis'd;
'Tis Nonsense to Love, and be Poor;

II.

Since Noble, Wife, Good, Rich Men are,
By Women thought, for Money's Store,
And Love can, but by Gifts, appear;
'Tis Miserable to be Poor;

III.

Since my Saint, but with Offerings,
Her Kneeling Lovers must adore;
Our Empty Vow no Blessing brings,
The heavy't Curse, is to be Poor;

IV.

Since in Love's Purgatory, Man,
In Chains, Flames, lies for evermore;
Till but his Gifts his Blifs can gain,
It is Damnation to be Poor;

V.

Since thou, like Heav'n, Good, Glorious art,
Thou shoud'ft be (like it) gain'd the more,
Not by Man's broken Gold, but Heart;
Damn thy Rich Beggar, save thy Poor;

VI.

Since thee the Proud, Bold, Rich Men claim,
Not on their Love's, but Money's Score;
Them then, for their Presumption dam',
To Pains, Flames, give Joys your Poor.

TEXTUAL
NOTES

Miscellany Poems

OF these Poems first printed, folio, 1704, there is (with the exception of *Upon the Idleness of Business*) only that one text. To this book Wycherley, after The Contents, has prefixed a Note: "ERRATA, In General the whole Book: In Particular, . . ." Then follows a list of seventeen misprints, which have all been duly corrected in the present edition.

Upon the Idleness of Business. A Satyr. had been separately issued in folio, 1704, as *The Folly of Industry, or, The Busy Man Exposed*, and the title-page bears the motto "Luxuriam fugito, &c." This edition was "Printed for A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane." There is a Preface which states that the Poem was "Dropt in the Publick Walks of the New Exchange." As was his wont, Narcissus Luttrell inscribed upon his copy the date of purchase, 16 March, 1703-4. No exemplar of this first issue can now be traced, and we only know of it from a note by Haslewood who had examined Luttrell's copy. The above particulars were communicated to me by Mr. G. Thorn-Drury.

The Second Edition, a small folio of fifteen leaves, has as its title: THE / Idleness of Business: / A / SATYR. / Address'd to One who said, / A Man shewed his Spirit, Industry, / and Parts, by his Love of Business. / (rule) By WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, Esq; / Author of *The Plain Dealer*, A Comedy. / (rule) *The Second Edition.* / (rule) LONDON: / Printed for Benj. Bragg in *Ave-Mary-Lane.* / MDCCCV. The half-title reads: THE / Folly of Industry: / OR, THE / Busy Man Expos'd, &c. It seems pretty certain that this tract consists only of the sheets of the first issue with a new title. Of this Second Edition, which I have collated with the text given in the 1704 folio of Wycherley's Poems, only one copy is known. This rarity, possibly a unique exemplar, is in the library of Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, who generously lent it to me for my work.

- p. 103, l. 13. *satisfie*, 1705: satisfy.
- p. 103, l. 24. *a Third*. 1705: a third.
- p. 103, l. 24. *Gain*. 1705: Gains.
- p. 103, l. 32. *Increase*. 1705: increase.
- p. 104, l. 6. *our Purpose*. 1705: on purpose.
- p. 104, l. 25. *Busie-Bodies*. 1705: busy-Bodies.
- p. 104, l. 32. *Busie-Motion*. 1705: busy-Motion.
- p. 104, l. 40. *for less*. 1705: far less.
- p. 106, l. 15. *spirit*. 1705: Spirit.
- p. 106, l. 35. *busi*. 1705: busy.
- p. 107, l. 26. *Money*. 1705: Mony.
- p. 109, l. 9. *Public*. 1705: Publick.
- p. 109, l. 15. *most a Drudge*. 1705: most-Drudge.
- p. 109, l. 23. *Drudgery*. 1705 prints at the conclusion FINIS.

EXPLANATORY
NOTES

Miscellany Poems

- p. 8. *cries Whore first.* An allusion to this venerable old proverb may be found in Mrs. Behn's *The Feign'd Curtezans ; or, A Night's Intrigue*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1678-9 (4to, 1679), V, 4, where the old precisian Tickletext, being discovered in a supposed bordello by Sir Signal Buffoon, cries: "I am undone,—but, good Sir *Signal*, do not cry Whore first, as the old Proverb says." Cf. also *The Town-Fopp ; or, Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, produced at Dorset Garden in the winter of 1676 (4to, 1677), IV, 3: where Mrs. Driver, the bawd, says to Sir Timothy of Betty Flauntit, that when the knight who keeps her is "out of the way, she comes to me to pleasure a Friend." "But what," asks Sir Timothy, "if the Fool miss her?" "She cries Whore first," is the answer, "brings him upon his Knees for her Fault; and a piece of Plate, or a new Petticoat, makes his Peace again."
- p. 11. *Barbarous Indian.* Cf. Hudibras, I, 11, 23-28:
- So a wilde *Tartar*, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valient, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks to inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
- p. 12. *D. Cart.* Denys the Carthusian (Denys van Leeuwen, also Leuw or Lieuwe), the famous theologian and mystical writer, Doctor ecstaticus, was born in 1402 and died 12 March, 1471. In 1423 he entered the Charterhouse of Roermond (Dutch Limburg). His literary activities were immense, and his works may be considered to form a vast encyclopædia, a complete summary of the Scholastic teaching of the Middle Ages. An accurate edition of all those which are still extant is now being issued by the Carthusian Press at Tournai, Belgium, and will comprise forty-one large quarto volumes. Among his best known treatises are: *De Laudibus B.V. Mariæ*, *De Præconio B.V. Mariæ* (in both of which he maintains the dogma of the Immaculate Conception); *De uenustate mundi et pulchritudine Dei* (a most remarkable æsthetic dissertation); *De perfecto mundi contemptu*; *De doctrina et regulis uitæ Christianæ*; *De Meditatione*. Although the official cause of his Beatification has never yet been introduced, S. Francis de Sales, S. Alphonsus Liguori, and many other writers of note style him Blessed; his life is in the *Acta Sanctorum* (12 March) of the Bollandists, and his name occurs in many martyrologies.
- Both Professor Bensly and myself are of opinion that this quotation from Denys the Carthusian unquestionably points to the use by Wycherley of a *Florilegium* of some kind.

MISCELLANY POEMS

- p. 12. *Sperantes illorum*. Professor Bensly has obliged me with the following note: "See Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Democritus to the Reader*, p. 6, line 12 from foot in the Sixth Edition (1651-2), Vol. I, p. 20 in Shilleto's edition: ". . . scarce able to hold a pen, they must say something, and get themselves a name, saith Scaliger, though it be to the down-fall and ruine of many others." The margin has: *Ex ruinis alienæ existimationis sibi gradum ad famam struunt*. Burton gives no reference, but the passage is from the *Confutatio stultissimæ Burdonum Fabulæ*, not very far from the beginning: "Itaque ad maledicendum, qui suoapte ingenio non incitatur, exemplo aliorum pertrahitur, ut quemadmodum illi, ex ruinis alienæ existimationis sibi gradum ad famam struunt." Though Scaliger here has *gradum ad famam struunt*, yet he uses the verb *grassantur* (cf. *grassari* in Wycherley's quotation) a page before. At the beginning of Fable XLV, Gay writes:

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

There would certainly seem to be some common source.

- p. 13. *Peffimum genus*. Tacitus, *Agricola*, XLI. One may compare Julian's twelfth letter (to Basil) where a similar sentiment is elaborated.
- p. 15. *Paupertas impulit audax*. Horace, *Epistularum*, II, 11, 51-2.
- p. 15. *Prætulerim, Scriptor delirus*. Horace, *Epistularum*, II, 11.
- p. 15. *nonumque prematur*. Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 388.
- p. 15. *Si meliora dies*. Horace, *Epistularum*, II, 1, 34.
- p. 23. *The Author to the Bookseller*. The 1704 folio *Miscellany Poems* is particularly esteemed for the mezzotint portrait of Wycherley after Sir Peter Lely's famous picture, one of the finest portraits found in any English book. This frontispiece has the poignant tag: *Quantum mutatus ab illo*.
- p. 41. *Jack in the Lantern*. A common name for Will o' the Wisp. Cf. the Song in Dialogue, Act III of Sir Robert Stapylton's comedy *The Slighted Maid*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in February, 1663 (4to, 1663):

Evening. I am an Evening dark as night,
Jack-with-the-Lantern, bring a light.
Jack. Whither, whither, whither? (*Within*.)
Evening. Hither, hither, hither.
Jack. Thou art some pratling Echo, of my making.
Evening. Thou art a foolish Fire, by thy mistaking:
I am the Evening that creates thee.

Enter Jack in a black suit border'd with glow-worms, a coronet of shaded beams on his head, over it a paper lantern with a candle in't.

Jack. My Lantern and my Candle waits thee.

- p. 67. *Canonical Galloshoes*. Randle Holme, *The Academy of Armory* (folio, 1688), has: "Galloshies are false shooes or covers for shooes." They were especially favoured by county clergy, who often had to trudge through muddy lanes and over fields. In *The Man of Mode*, produced at Dorset

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Garden in the spring of 1676 (4to, 1676), Medley jeers Young Bellair with, "'Tis but despising a Coach, humbling yourself to a pair of Goloshoes." Tuesday, 15 November, 1665, Pepys saw "my Lady Batter walking through the dirty lane with new spicke and span white shoes, she dropped one of her galoshes in the dirt, where it stuck, and she forced to go home without one, at which she was horribly vexed, and I led her."

p. 75. *Gun-powder Spot*. Cf. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letter to Abbé Conti, 31 July, 1718: "The women have their arms and their necks and faces adorned with . . . various sorts of figures impressed by gunpowder." In *The Souldier's Fortune*, IV, 1, Beaugard says of Sir Jolly Jumble: "He keeps a Catalogue of the choicest Beauties about Town, illustrated with a particular Account of their Age, Shape, Proportion, Colour of Hair and Eyes, Degrees of Complexion, Gun-powder Spots and Moles." Cf. also *Petronius*, translated by Wilson, etc., 1708: "Fine Gentlemen in the Boxes with their Patches, Gun-powder Spots, and Tooth-pickers."

p. 86. *a Green-Gown*. To give a woman a green gown is to roll her, in sport, upon the grass so that her gown is stained with green. Cf. Robert Greene's *George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield* (1599), where Jenkin says: "Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate-close. . . . And first I saluted her with a greene gowne, and after fell as hard a-wooing as if the Priest had bin at our backs to haue married vs." *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (circa 1700) has: "*Green gown*. A throwing of young Lasses on the Grass and Kissing them."

p. 86. *Squeeze'd*. See Vol. II. p. 308, the note upon *Squeeze Wax*.

p. 86. *Slabber'd*. To slabber is to wet with saliva. The more recent form is "slobber." Cf. *The Way of the World*, III, where Witwoud repulses Sir Wilfull's embrace with, "You think you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a Call of Serjeants.—'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear Brother."

p. 89. *Crimp-Match*. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (circa 1700) has: "*To play Crimp*, to lay a bet on one side, and (by foul play) to let t'other win, having a share of it. *Run a Crimp*, to run a Race or Horse-match . . . knavishly." Cf. *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, II, p. 54:

And then makes Racing a Trade . . .
And many a Crimp Match has made,
By bubbling another Man's Groom.

p. 98. *Upon a Lady's Fall*. This poem was no doubt suggested by some French *vers galants*, as very similar lines "From the French" may be found in a *Poetical Miscellany*, 1673. Oldham, also, has a copy of verses from the original of *Voiture*, upon practically the same subject. Grammont's anecdote of the Duke of York and the charms of Arabella Churchill seems not impertinent.

p. 121. *Sir C.S.* Sir Charles Sedley, or Sir Car Scroope.

MISCELLANY POEMS

- p. 127. *Mumping.* To mump is here to grimace affectedly. Cf. Cotton's *Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil Travestie*, 1664:

Venus at that wrigling and mumping
Cries, pray young man, leave of your frumping.

- p. 139. *St. Dunstan's Giants.* Cf. *Love for Love*, III, where Sir Sampson says: "When the Alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the Figures of *St. Dunstan's* Clock, and *Consummatum est* shall ring all over the Parish."

- p. 155. *Sappho of the Age.* Mrs. Aphra Behn. Robert Gould more than once refers to Mrs. Behn as Sappho. Cf. *The Poetess, a Satyr* ;

Sappho famous for her Gout and Guilt.

And also *The Play House, a Satyr*, wherein, stung by Mrs. Behn's success, he derides that

clean piece of Wit
The *City Heiress* by chaste *Sappho* Writ.

With Wycherley's poem one may compare the following verses from a bitter pasquil, *An Epistle to Julian* (circa 1686-7):

Doth that lewd Harlot, that Poetick Quean,
Fam'd through *White Fryars*, you know who I mean,
Mend for reproof, others set up in spight,
To flux, take glisters, vomits, purge and write.
Long with a *Sciatica* she's beside lame,
Her limbs distortur'd, Nerves shrunk up with pain,
And therefore I'll all sharp reflections shun,
Poverty, Poetry, Pox, are plagues enough for one.

- p. 156. *Half a Crown.* The price of admission to the pit. There are very numerous references. 1 January, 1667-8, Pepys at the Duke's house reflects: "I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. a-piece as now." The epilogue (spoken by Mrs. Boutell) to John Corye's *The Generous Enemies* ; or, *The Ridiculous Lovers*, produced at the Theatre Royal in 1671 (4to, 1672), has these lines:

Though there I see—Propitious Angels sit [*points at the Boxes*]
Still there's a Nest of Devils in the Pit,
By whom our Plays, like Children, just alive,
Pinch'd by the Fairies, never after thrive;
'Tis but your Half-Crown, Sirs: that won't undo.

- p. 163. *Mr. Swan.* There are not infrequent contemporary references to this inveterate punster, of whom Dennis said, "for the management of quibbles and dice there is no man comes near him." In *Joe Miller's Fests* (first edition, 1739), we have: "*Swan*, the famous Punster of *Cambridge*, being a Nonjuror, upon which Account he had lost his Fellowship, as he was going along the *Strand*, in the Beginning of King *William's* Reign, on a very rainy Day, a Hackney-Coachman called to him, Sir, won't you please to take Coach, it rains hard? Ay, Friend, said he, but this is no *Reign* for me to take Coach in."

EXPLANATORY NOTES

In the Dedication to his *Juvenal* (1693) Dryden, commenting upon Horace, *Sermonum*, I, vii: *Proscripti Regis Rupili pus atque uenenum* . . . remarks: "A miserable Clench, in my opinion, for *Horace* to record: I have heard honest Mr. *Swan* make many a better, and yet have had the Grace to hold my Countenance. But it may be Puns were then in Fashion, as they were Wit in the Sermons of the last Age, and in the Court of King *Charles II.*" Ravenscroft in the Prologue to his last tragedy, *The Italian Husband*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1697, has:

*With Swanish Puns you may regale the Cit
Their swinish taste delights in husks of Wit.*

- p. 192. *To an Empty Coxcomb.* One may compare my Lord Foppington's account of his library in *The Relapse*, when he tells Amanda: "I have a private Gallery, where I walk sometimes, is furnished with nothing but Books and Looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded them, and ranged 'em, so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the World to walk and look upon 'em." "Nay," answers the lady, "I love a neat Library too; but 'tis, I think, the Inside of a Book shou'd recommend it most to us." The peer murmurs mincingly: "That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fond of. For to mind the Inside of a Book, is to entertain one's self with the forc'd Product of another Man's Brain. Now I think a Man of Quality and Breeding may be much diverted with the Natural Sprouts of his own."
- p. 195. *Lord Chancellor Boyle.* Michael Boyle, the younger (*circa* 1609–1702). A stout royalist, he was in 1663 created Archbishop of Dublin, in 1665 Chancellor of Ireland, and in 1675 Archbishop of Armagh. On the accession of James II he was continued in his office, as Lord Chancellor, and for the third time appointed Lord Justice. He died at Dublin, 10 December, 1702.
- p. 200. *Losing Lodam.* A very popular card game at which, as in reversi, the loser won, the object being to gain no tricks. Cf. Cotgrave (1611): "Coquimbert qui gaigne pert. A game at cards like our losing Lodam." In *Love for Love*, I, Valentine says: "To converse with *Scandal* is to play at *Losing Lodam*; you must lose a good Name to him before you can win it for your self."
- p. 208. *Clown Philemon.* For the legend of Philemon and Baucis, the hosts of Jupiter and Mercury, see Ovid's *Metamorphoseon*, VIII, ll. 611–724. The history of the original of this story seems entirely unknown. Thomas Farnabe, the celebrated English scholar (*circa* 1575–12 June, 1647), suggested that the incidents are founded upon the Biblical narrative, *Genesis* xviii and xix, the visit of the Angels to Abraham and the destruction of Sodom. He was followed in this conjecture by a famous French savant, Pierre-Daniel Huet, Bishop of Avranches (born 8 February, 1630, at Caen; died at Paris, 26 January, 1721). Huet, who was a master of Scriptural exegesis, considers that many of the fictions of heathen mythology are mere glosses or perversions of the Old Testament histories.

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The eminent German humanist, David Ruhneken (1723-97), would derive the story of Philemon and Baucis from a lost poem by Callimachus, but it must be confessed that his grounds for doing so are very slender, and seemingly based upon a few inconsiderable fragments of the Greek poet.

- p. 213. *Progs.* Shadwell included "*Prog. Meat.*" in "An Explanation of the Cant" prefixed to *The Squire of Alsatia* (4to, 1688), and the verb is, of course, common, being in fact in use to-day.
- p. 228. *Boracho.* Spanish, *borracho*, a leathern bottle, whence *borracho* = drunkard, from the large leather bottles or bags used in Spain to hold wine. Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, III, 3, Borachio's jest upon his name: "I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee." Also *The Way of the World*, IV, where Lady Wishfort reproves Sir Wilfull, who is drunk: "Fogh! how you stink of Wine! D'ye think my Niece will ever endure such a *Borachio*? you're an absolute *Borachio*."
- p. 233. *Nath. Lee.* Lee was confined in Bethlem on 11 November, 1684, and he was detained here some five years. Returning home intoxicated from the "Bear and Harrow," in Butcher Row (a close, narrow thoroughfare), he fell down and was next morning found stifled in the gutter, or, as some say, dead on a bulk. He was buried at S. Clement Danes, 6 May, 1692. Famous as a poet, Lee failed as an actor. Downes, having told the tale of Otway's stage fright, "a sweat, and tremendous agony," when he appeared for the first and only time as the King in Mrs. Behn's *The Forc'd Marriage; or, The Jealous Bridegroom*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, December, 1670, continues: "Mr. *Nat. Lee* had the same fate in acting *Duncan*, in *Macbeth*, ruin'd him for an actor too." *Nat. Lee*'s name stands to the small rôle of the Captain of the Guard in Nevil Payne's tragedy *The Fatal Jealousie*, produced at Dorset Garden at the close of July, 1672.
- p. 239. *Pride's Tympany.* A tympany is a tumour, or more generally any morbid swelling. The word was in common use from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. It is often used figuratively of arrogance. Cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), I, 11, 2, xiv.: "Puffed up with this Tympany of self-conceit." John Barrett, a Nottingham divine, commenting upon *S. Luke* xiv, 2 (*circa* 1702), writes: "He that before their eyes had cursed a man of a bodily dropsy, attempts to cure [them] of the tympany of pride."
- p. 250. *Æsop's Dog.* Who, carrying a piece of meat over a narrow bridge, saw in the water below the reflexion thereof, and snapping at the shadow in his greed to gain a double portion, lost what he had already got.
- p. 258. *Crambo.* Capping verses. A common pastime. So *Love for Love*, I, Valentine bids Jeremy "get the Maids to Crambo in an Evening, and learn the knack of Rhiming."
- p. 263. *Letts.* Impediments; hindrances.
- p. 263. *Lapland Witches.* The Lapps had so universal a reputation for witchcraft that Tornæus tells us: "The Laplanders bequeath their Demons as part of their inheritance, which is the reason that one family excels another

EXPLANATORY NOTES

in this magical art." Warlocks and witches were known to observe certain rites and to practise certain charms which prevented coition and destroyed fertility. Thus Innocent VIII in his celebrated Bull of 1488 emphatically declares, as one of the gravest offences sorcerers can commit, that "they blight the marriage bed." Witches were especially able to render impotent the male generative organs. Thus Henri Boguet, *Discours des Sorciers*, Lyons, 1608, p. 211, says: "Ils font encor cacher & retirer les parties viriles, et puis les font ressortir quand il leur plaît. Ils empeschent aussi tantost la copulation charnelle de l'homme & de la femme, en retirant les nerfs, & ostant la roideur du membre; et tantost la procreation en des tournant ou bouchant les conduits de la semence, pour empescher qu'elle ne descende aux vases de la generation." Reginald Scot in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) paraphrases this passage thus: "They also affirme that the vertue of generation is impeached by witches, both inwardlie, and outwardlie: for intrinsecallie they repress the courage, and they stop the passage of the mans seed, so that it may not descend to the vessels of generation: also they hurt extrinsecallie, with images, hearbs, etc." The famous Bodin particularly remarks that witchcraft can seriously hebetate the male member. Glanvil, when dealing with the Scotch trials of 1590, speaks of "some Effects, Kinds, or Circumstances of Witchcraft, such as the giving and taking away power from sundry men's Genital-members, for which Jannet Clark was accused." In the official records Jonet Clark was tried and condemned for 'gewing of ane secret member to Iohnne Contis; and gewing and taking of power fra sindrie mennis memberis. Item, fylit of taking Iohnne Wattis secret member fra him."

One of the surest ways to effect male impotence was by tying a complicated knot of various enchanted threads, sometimes intermingled with a hair of the person to be temporarily eunuchized, a spell being muttered the while. It is to this charm that Wycherley refers. In French witch-trials the phrase "nœur l'anguillette" frequently occurs.

In Heywood and Brome's *The Late Lancashire Witches*, "A Well-Received Comedy" (4to, 1634), Mal Spencer, a witch-maid, who has been jilted by Lawrence, comes in friendly fashion to his wedding with Parnell, and presently accosts him with "Looke you, Mr. Bridegroom, what my care provides for you." "What, a point?" he asks. "Yes," she replies, "put it in your pocket, it may stand you instead anon, when all your points be tane away, to trusse up your trinkits; I meane your slopes withal." In Act IV we hear that "Lawrence and his late bride Parnell are fallen out by themselves . . . the quarrell began, they say, upon the wedding-night, and in the bride-bed." "For want of bed-staves?" inquires Bantam. "No," answers Mr. Shakstone, "but a better implement; it seems the bridegroom was unprovided of, a homely tale to tell." "Witchery, witchery," cries Doughty, "more witchery, still flat and plaine witchery. Now do I thinke upon the codpiece point the young jade gave him at the wedding: shee is a witch, and that was a charme, if there be any in the world." "A ligatory point," comments

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Arthur. Presently Lawrence and Parnell appear, and the lass laments pretty plainly: "Wa wartt the day that ever I wedded a Downought. . . . Ware ever poore mayden betrayed as ay ware unto a swag-bellied carle that cannot, aw waw, that cannot?" "Lawrence has had a lusty name among the batchellors," remarks Doughty. And Parnell blubbers out: "What he ware when he ware a batchelor, I know better than the best maid i' th' tawne. I wad I had not. . . . 'Tware that cossen'd me; he has not now as he had than. . . . For then he could, but now he cannot, he cannot. . . . I say agean and agean, hee cannot, he cannot." "Here's good stuffe for a jurie of women to pass upon," comments Doughty.

- p. 264. *Elf-lock.* The elf-lock was a tangled lock of hair fantastically supposed to have been dishevelled by Queen Mab. It was unlucky to comb it straight. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 89:

This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night:
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.

Cf. also Tate's *The History of King Lear*, III: "This is the foul *Flibertigibet*; . . . he gives the Web, and the Pin; knits the Elflock; squints the Eye, and makes the Hair-Lip."

- p. 272. *a Prison.* The Fleet. In 1681 the Countess of Drogheda, whom Wycherley had married, died. Her will was questioned, and a law-suit ensued. This involved Wycherley, already heavily encumbered with debt, in such expense that presently his creditors cast him into prison, where he remained seven years. One day when James II had been present at a performance of *The Plain-Dealer* and expressed himself delighted with this comedy, Colonel Brett took the opportunity to lay before His Majesty the sad straits of the author, and this excellent monarch not only gave orders that Wycherley's debts should be immediately paid, but even added thereto a pension of two hundred pounds whilst the poet resided in England.

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